THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

DECEMBER, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Four of a Kind.

The recent death of Mrs. Mary J. Holmes at the age of seventy-six has called out a good deal of comment, largely from those who have always looked down from superior heights upon the many novels which this writer composed during her long life. It was as far back as 1854 that she wrote her first book, *Tempest and Sunshine,* and since then she did a novel nearly every year, their net circulation being reported as more than two million copies. Here is a concrete fact which is very interesting. More sophisticated writers have had their brief seasons of popularity—often meteoric—and they then have passed out of recollection; but the public to which Mrs. Holmes appealed was faithful to her until the very end. Mrs. Holmes as a young woman taught a district-school, and hers was the point of view of many millions whose education and experience are limited to the country village and the small town. She thought as they thought and she wrote the sort of thing which they could best appreciate. She gave as much pleasure to her particular readers as Thackeray and Meredith ever gave to theirs. Her art was simple and her ethical code was not complicated by sophistry. She rewarded virtue and punished vice in the good old-fashioned way, which the majority of human beings thoroughly approve. Slightly didactic, her teaching was, after all, the sort of teaching which endures; and with her, no less than with Aristotle, art was linked with fundamental morality. There is always some writer of this sort, usually a woman, who may be neglected by the critics or even mocked at by the supercilious, but who, nevertheless, goes straight to the hearts and consciences of the average untutored man and woman. The literary school of Mrs. Holmes was earlier represented by Miss Susan Warner, who was born in 1819 and who wrote *The Wide, Wide World* in 1851. This is one of the novels which publishers long rejected, but which, when it appeared, swept over the reading public irresistibly. Perhaps no one reads it now, for it is even more old-fashioned than the books of Mrs. Holmes; yet in its day it was translated into French, German and Swedish and is said to have been the most widely circulated American book next to *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Miss Warner's second novel, *Queechy,* which appeared in 1852, was almost as popular; and she continued writing until 1868.

To be grouped with these two is Miss Maria Susanna Cummins, who in her own field—the same field which belonged to Mrs. Holmes and Miss Warner—was a brilliant light. The name perhaps means little now; but in 1854 *The Lamplighter* was the most talked-of novel of its time throughout the United States. Of it more than 100,000 copies were sold, and this at a period when a sale of 5,000 copies was considered a remarkable success. The subsequent books of Miss

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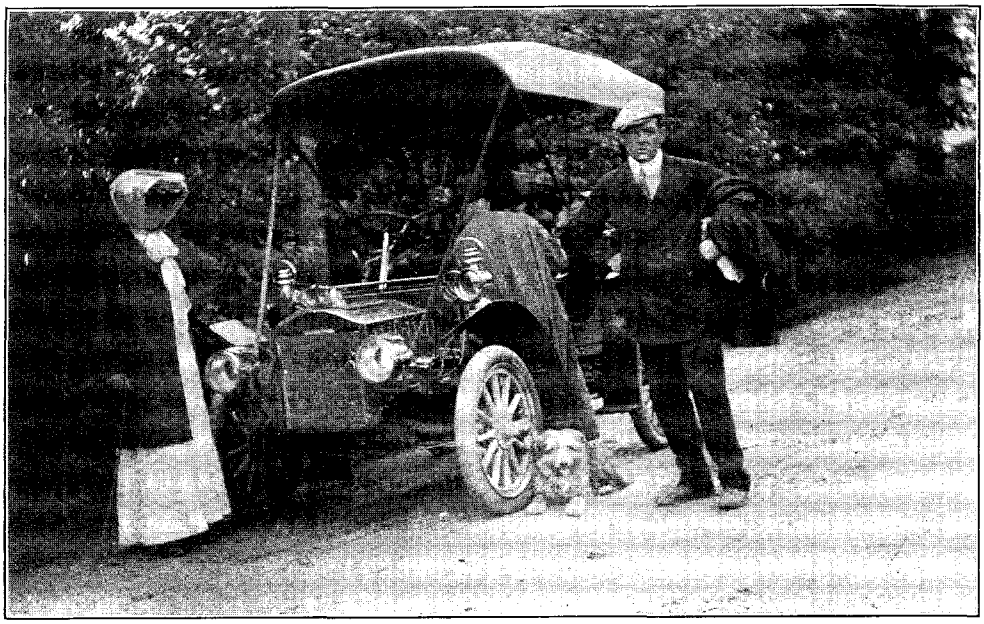

MRS. DAVIS FRED, THE CHAUFFEUR MR. DAVIS

AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE

V. Richard Harding Davis and his Cadillac on the road from Mt. Kisco to Marion, Massachusetts

Cummins, however, did not meet with the same favour; and after a short time she fell into obscurity,—in this respect failing to sustain the parallel which has just been drawn. Now that Mrs. Holmes has died, the torch is kept alight by Miss Laura Jean Libbey (since 1898, Mrs. Van Meter Stilwell), of whom much the same thing may be said as of Mrs. Holmes. Miss Libbey has been more prolific as a writer than any other feminine representative of her school. She has already published some fifty books and has contributed voluminously to story-papers. Cheap editions of her novels are to be found on almost every news-stand, and there are no signs that her vogue is lessening. In truth, these four writers sufficiently illustrate the fact that while the highly cultivated public is one of varied tastes, the far greater public which critics do not recognise holds fast to certain primitive ideals, both ethical and literary, which are unchanged amid the clash of Romantics and Realists, of Naturalists and Symbolists. These last may rage together and imagine a vain thing; but the boy or the girl who is trained in a district school and who lives the simple life holds fast always to certain fixed ideas which, from generation to generation, remain immutable.

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Put Yourself in Their Place

Englishmen are fond of ascribing our alleged anti-British feeling to the text-books which are used in American schools. It is believed, at any rate, that these books foster and keep alive many old-time prejudices inherited from the Revolution and the War of 1812. American boys are supposed to be fed on the horrors of British prison-ships, and on massacres like that of the Wyoming Valley, and to think of the burning of the Capitol at Washington with undying resentment. In all this there is some little truth, but much more nonsense. Were the same thing to be said of the relations of Northerners to Southerners, based on text-book influences, the assertion might be viewed more seriously. The North and the South have come together very close-

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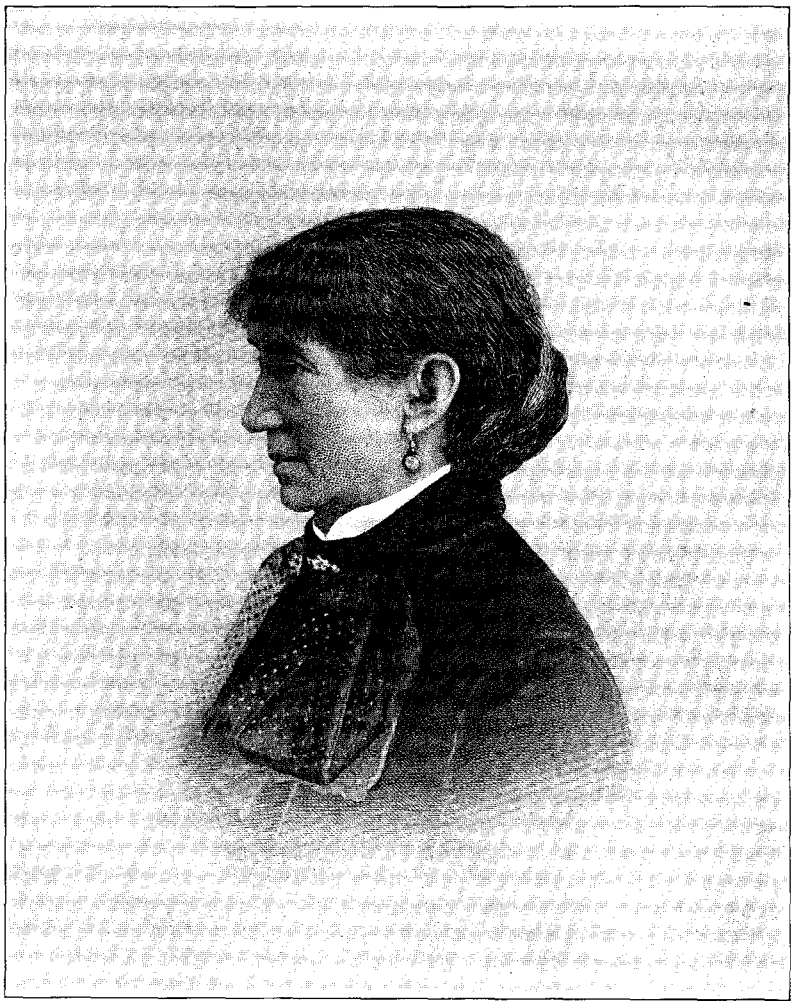

THE LATE MARY J. HOLMES

ly during the past twenty years. Common interests, commercial relations and personal friendships have banished much of the old-time mistrust. Any one who in the North should to-day talk about "rebel brigadiers" would be laughed at. There are not many inhabitants of the South, we fancy, who still feel that they are living in a foreign land and that all other Americans are aliens and outsiders. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Southerners read about the Civil War too exclusively in books of Southern origin and that Northerners seldom even see the literature which the South produces on the subject of that great crisis in our history. Of late something has been done by historians to correct this one-sided tendency. Mr. J. F. Rhodes in his remarkable *History of the United States,* has drawn very freely upon Southern sources of information and has used them impartially and with a desire to be absolutely just. On the other hand, the history written by Professor J. P. Gordy—a native of Maryland—is read throughout the North. But these books are far too expensive and, indeed, too exhaustive for general circulation. What is needed is a series of brief historical works that may be interchanged, so that Southerners shall come

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JOHN H. REAGAN
Postmaster-General of the Confederacy

GENERAL BASIL W. DUKE
Author of *Morgan's Cavalry*

ALEXANDER HUNTER
Author of *Johnny Reb and Billy Yank*

JOHN H. ALEXANDER
Author of *Mosby's Men*

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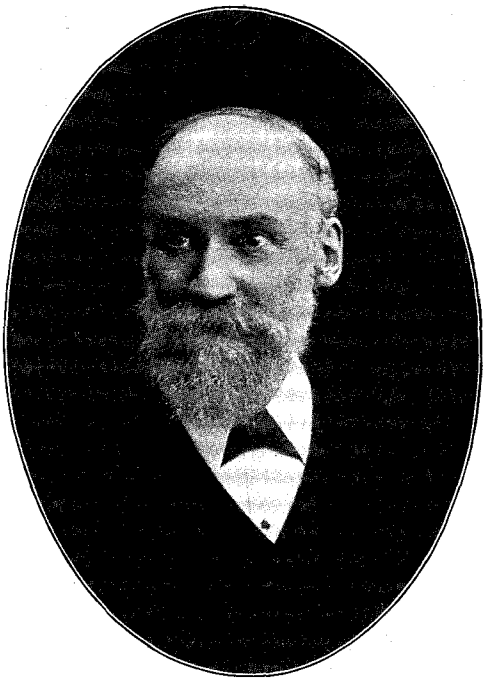
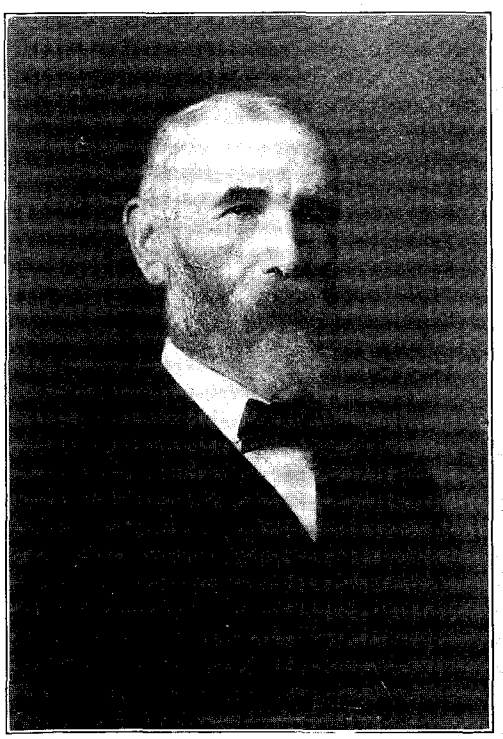
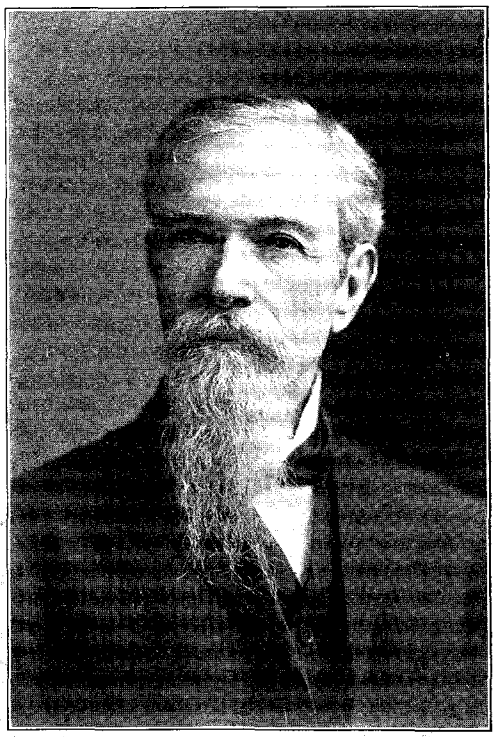
GENERAL G. M. SORREL
Author of *Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer*



MAJOR ROBERT STILES
Author of *Four Years Under Marse Robert*



EDWARD A. MOORE
Author of *The Story of a Cannoneer Under Stonewall Jackson*



CAPTAIN JOHN W. HEADLEY
Author of *Confederate Operations in Canada and New York*

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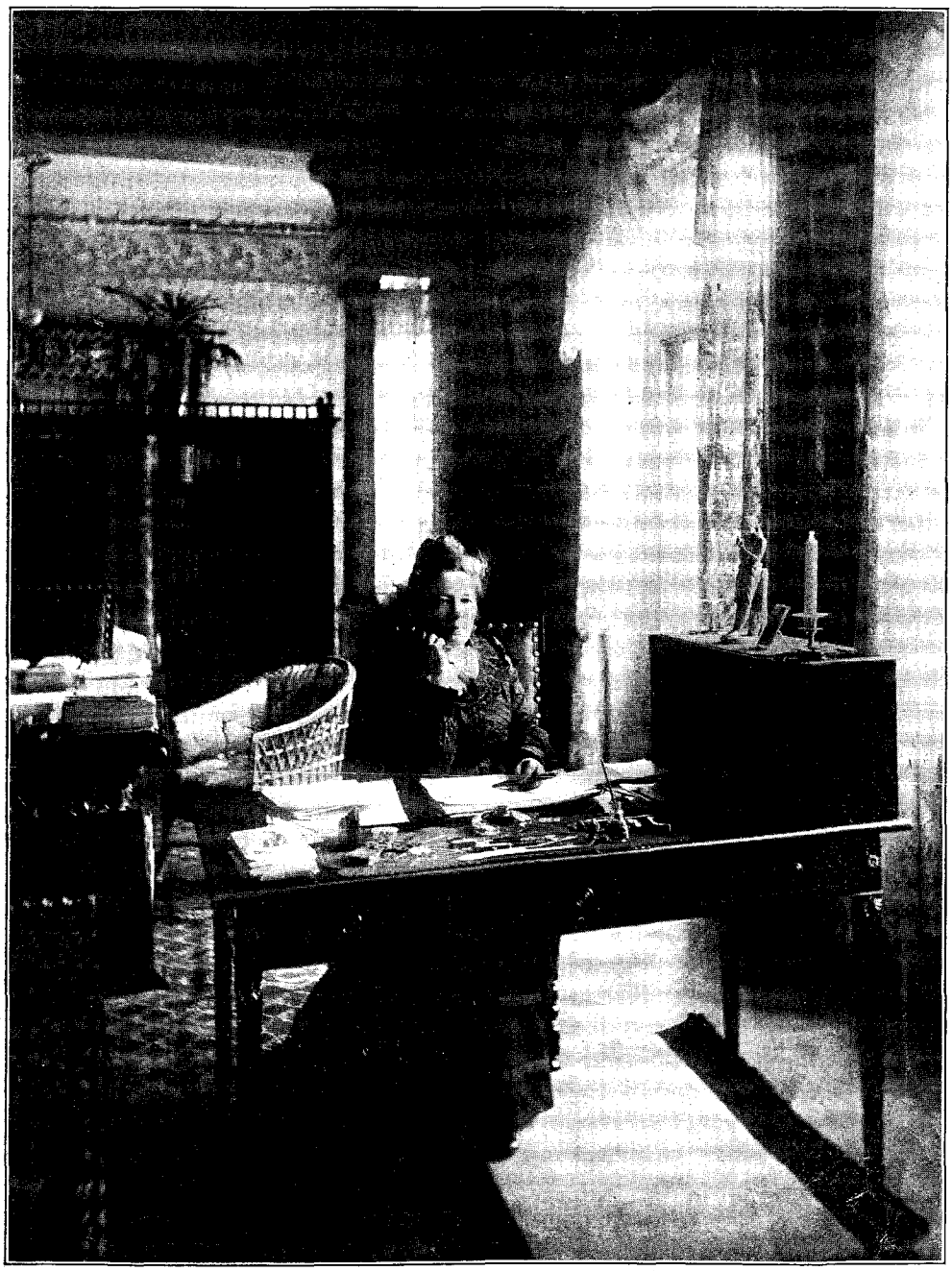
to understand just how the men of the North felt in the days of blood and flame, and so that Northerners may have an intelligent sympathy with Southern sentiment. When the power of literature shall have been invoked to unite both sections in a perfect understanding with each other, then, indeed, will Americans become a unified and harmonious people.



SELMA LAGERLÖF IN HER STUDY

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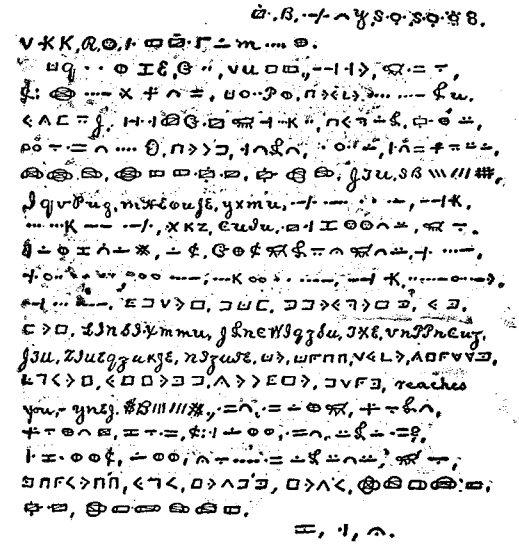
It is with genuine pleasure that we have examined a number of books issued by the Neale Publishing Company of this city. They all relate to the events of the Civil War and are told from a Southern point of view. At the same time they make very interesting reading on their own merits. They are adventurous, anecdotal, sometimes humorous and always good-tempered; and, taken together or even separately, they make one see the South of 1861 as the men of the South themselves then saw it. Thus, General Duke's story of *Morgan's Cavalry* is a stirring account of that boldest of Southern leaders whose fierce raids and hair-breadth escapes struck terror to the heart of the Middle West. *Four Years Under Marse Robert,* by Major Stiles, and Mr. Hunter's *Johnny Reb and Billy Yank* show us the dashing, rollicking side of some Confederate campaigns. Again, Captain Headley's *Confederate Operations in Canada and New York* covers a chapter of hitherto secret history which will be read with keen avidity. We trust that Northern readers will appreciate the value of these books and of others of the same sort which have been published. They are full of things that are new to us, and many of them must be new even to the most patient investigator of the records of the Civil War. Some of these volumes we shall review at length at an early date. In the meantime we commend them to the many thousands of those with whom the great period of storm and stress is not yet a fading memory but remains a very living actuality.

Confederate Cipher Codes

The subject of cryptography and the deciphering of codes is always more or less fascinating, and perhaps the most interesting chapter in David Homer Bates's *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office* is that which treats of the intercepted Confederate despatches during the war. Lincoln, Mr. Bates tells us, took a strong personal interest in the ciphers brought to the War Department for translation. On the whole the codes used by the South seem to have been much easier to read than those employed on the Northern side. For example,, when General J. E. Johnston, in May, 1863, wished to communicate with Lieutenant-General Pemberton he put his message into cipher by the rather elementary expedient of using as key words "Manchester Bluff," and adapting it to an alphabet square. The message was intercepted and deciphered by the experts by trying first one word and then another until by analogy it had been worked out.

At other times the Confederates did not use the alphabet square with a key word, but adopted the still simpler method of going ahead or back in the regular alphabet a certain number of



letters, as prearranged. In December, 1863, a letter was picked up in the New York post office and forwarded to the cipher operators of the War Department. When translated it was found to be intended for Judah P. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of State. This cipher was wholly different from any that had before appeared in the War Department and it was hours before it was successfully translated. We reproduce the message as it appeared in cipher. The following is the translation:

HON. J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State, Richmond, Va.:

Willis is here. The two steamers will leave here about Christmas. Lamar and Bowers left here via Bermuda two weeks

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ago. 12,000 rifled muskets came duly to hand and were shipped to Halifax as instructed.

We will be able to seize the other two steamers as per programme. Trowbridge has followed the President's orders. We will have Briggs under arrest before this reaches you. Cost $2,000. We want more money. How shall we draw? Bills all forwarded to Slidell and rects recd. Write as before. J. H. C.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has lately been very much in what has come to be styled "the public eye," partly by his ingenious detective work in the case of the young Anglo-Syrian, George Edalji, and partly because of his recent marriage. His successful detective work is especially interesting for reasons which it may be worth while to recall. After Sherlock Holmes had become so famous, many persons were ready to believe that the creator of Sherlock could himself do things quite as remarkable. When Dr. Doyle (as he was then) visited South Africa during the Boer War, he was a good deal annoyed because people would persist in sending him envelopes and pieces of writing and other things, with the request that he would examine them closely and deduce from them all sorts of facts. Of course, this kind of thing was a nuisance, and Dr. Doyle took refuge in a vast stolidity, declaring that he could make nothing of all this material, and that he was unable to deduce from them any facts whatever. Then public opinion changed, and it was said: "Oh, it's easy enough to write detective stories, because you simply commence at the end and work backward to the beginning. No matter how ingenious the puzzle may be, the man who contrives it could not himself work out a puzzle which someone else contrived." And so Dr. Doyle no longer got any credit for being himself a real Sherlockian. But the Edalji case has shown that Conan Doyle is not only a Sherlock but also a Mycroft. Roused by the injustice done to an innocent man, he set himself to work, exposed the incompetence and prejudice of the local Lestrades, proved that their deductions were entirely false, and showed that the evidence upon which the court had convicted Edalji was absolutely worthless. It was a brilliant demonstration, and the Home Secretary was fairly forced to release Edalji from imprisonment.

Conan Doyle in America

This triumph of Conan Doyle's ingenuity came just at about the time when he was married. Some sensational correspondent cabled the news of his engagement and coupled it with a statement to the effect that Sir Arthur had been one of the three most inveterate bachelors in England and that no one had supposed that he would ever marry. We have already pointed out in these pages that, so far from having been a life-long bachelor, he had, in fact, been married many years and that his first wife had died not very long before. Indeed, those who remember his visit to America in 1894 will also remember that he cut short a highly successful course of public reading, so that he might go back to England to spend Christmas with his wife, who was an invalid. As this seems to have been generally forgotten, it may be of interest to recall some of the facts connected with Conan Doyle's only visit to the United States. He came here in October, 1894, and gave forty public readings under the direction of Major Pond. He was immensely successful. A certain frank heartiness, curiously tinged with timidity, greatly took the fancy of his audiences; and he might have continued here indefinitely had he cared to do so. He was pleased with everything, prowled about in all sorts of unusual places, and took a sort of boyish delight in his adventures. The only thing which seemed to trouble him was our over-heated railway cars, hotels and houses. He was himself an exceedingly warm-blooded person, wearing no overcoat even in the coldest weather, and preferring to lecture in a frock-coat so that he might dispense with his waistcoat, the absence of which he concealed by buttoning up his "Prince Albert." Dr. Doyle's popularity was a source of great embarrassment to him; for his audiences always remained in the hope of meeting one whose personality had so charmed them. As a rule, at at the moment when he stopped reading, he would rush for the wings and

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escape through the stage-entrance to a cab. On one occasion, just before a lecture, his manager, Major Pond, told him that a number of very well-known and very fashionable ladies had especially requested that they might meet him after his reading. The Doctor was flurried to an extent that was almost painful. He begged to be let off, saying piteously: "Oh, I cannot, I cannot. What do they want of me? Do let me get away! I haven't the courage to look anybody in the face." This was not so much bashfulness as it was a settled conviction that he was an utter failure as a public entertainer. Nevertheless he did, at one time or another, meet a good many Americans and was immensely liked, especially by newspaper men. He was showered with invitations from clubs and all sorts of societies and associations, not one-tenth of which was he able to accept. Not long before his departure for England, the Aldine Club in New York gave him a farewell dinner where he made an off-hand speech, a part of which is worth repeating here. He began by telling how, on his arrival in Boston, the cabman who drove him from the station refused to accept any fare but politely asked for a ticket to the reading. Dr. Doyle expressed surprise that the cabman should have recognised him, and asked: "Tell me how you found out who I am, and you shall have tickets for your whole family and such cigars as you smoke here in America, besides." Whereupon, according to Dr. Doyle, the cabman answered:

"If you will excuse personal remarks, your coat lapels are badly twisted downward, where they have been grasped by the pertinacious New York reporters. Your hair has the Quakerish cut of a Philadelphia barber, and your hat, battered at the brim in front, shows where you have tightly grasped it, in the struggle to stand your ground at a Chicago literary luncheon. Your right overshoe has a large block of Buffalo mud just under the instep; the odour of a Utica cigar hangs about your clothing; and the overcoat itself shows the slovenly brushing of the porters of the through sleepers from Albany. The crumbs of doughnut on the top of your bag—pardon me, your luggage—could only have come there in Springfield; and stencilled upon the very end of the 'Wellington,' in fairly plain lettering, is the name, 'Conan Doyle.'"

Somewhat more veracious than this anecdote is the story which Conan Doyle tells of an experience which he had when leaving school. His teacher must have been one of those noble old Romans such as Thackeray describes as roaring at young Pendennis when the Major, his uncle, called to take the boy away. When Conan Doyle had finished his course in school, the head-master called him aside and, after eyeing him with ominous disfavour, spoke to him in measured tones as follows: "Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something which you will remember in after-life. Doyle, you will never come to any good!"

The Fleshly School

We sympathise very cordially with the spirit which led our contemporary, the London *Bookman*, to print in its October issue the article on "The Fleshly School of Fiction," although on one or two points we consider the article rather extreme. Heine once said somewhere that he found a praying Englishman a spectacle more repulsive than a blaspheming Frenchman. While we do not endorse this view we can understand perfectly what he meant. Certainly there is nothing very edifying in the idea of the number of English women who, during the past four or five years, have been turning out books of particular nastiness. The author of "The Fleshly School of Fiction" examines twelve novels of to-day and finds generally disordered sex relationships, with cruelty, cynicism, and blasphemy. He bewails the popularity of the tainted novel:

The great stories that shine in literature have kept their place by the faith, hope, justice, purity, strength of conviction shadowed forth in them. No supreme book preaches moral anarchy. The alternative to be decided by readers—chiefly women—who make the fortune of English fiction, is whether we shall continue the splendidly wise and tender-hearted tradition of Scott,

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Dickens, Thackeray, or fall upon the garbage spread out in the sun by imitators of the erotic, absinthe-drenched, nerve-racked decadents who swarm about Paris cafés. Do we choose the latter? Then our novel is doomed. It will be a thing illicit and unmentionable, to be shunned by the self-respecting; a bad habit which lowers vitality, clouds the brain, and clamours for increase of poison till nothing remains but an appetite, *le soif de la mort*. Literature will have sunk to pathology; and the physician may be compelled to treat the modern story as if it were a shameful disease.

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The Great Sarah

Candour so extreme that at times it might be called eccentricity is the keynote of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's *Memories of My Life*, which appeared in England under the rather unusual title of *My Double Life*. The first impression that one derives from these pages is that they have been written with the most absolute sincerity; the second is of a vivid and erratic personality that somehow explains if it does not justify all the ridiculous stories that have been launched at the expense of the "Divine Sarah" during the past half century. She herself says that she is quite different from other persons. We believe it readily. The portrait that she gives of herself is astonishing in its frankness. She narrates her outbursts of temper without the slightest thought of apology. If on a certain occasion she boxed another actress' ears she says so. She paints all the moods of her petulance, her unhappiness, her disappointment and does not in the least try to obscure the story of her early failures. In a word the text of the book makes us comprehend thoroughly its many and unusual portraits. After reading we regard without surprise such a picture as that which shows the great actress sleeping in her coffin.

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The story of a life such as Madame Bernhardt's is inevitably rich in incident. Perhaps there is in the book nothing more unconsciously humorous than the description of her first visit to America in the autumn of 1880. Americans who have had experience with the New York custom house will grin at the mere thought of Madame Bernhardt's rage as her trunks were unceremoniously emptied on the docks. Almost as irritating she found the importunities of the American reporter. But her exasperation was roused to its highest pitch by the whale of Boston harbour which followed her with the same persistence that Tartarin's camel showed in following Tartarin back to Tarascon after his disastrous experiences with the African lions and the Montenegrin prince. A fishing boat had captured an enormous whale. Madame Bernhardt was inveigled into the indiscretion of going to see it and was pushed down a flight of steps until for a moment she stood on the whale's back. The ingenious and not over-scrupulous showman who had purchased the whale saw to it that everywhere that Sarah went the whale was sure to go. She was not long left in ignorance. No sooner had she reached New Haven after leaving Boston than her attention was attracted by the most infernal noise of blaring instruments.

> I saw an immense carriage surrounded by an escort of negroes dressed as minstrels. On this carriage was an abominable, monstrous, coloured advertisement representing me standing on the whale, tearing away its blade while it struggled to defend itself. Some sandwich men followed with posters on which were written the following words: "Come and see the enormous cetacea which Sarah Bernhardt killed by tearing out its whalebone for her corsets. These are made by Mde. Lily Noe, who lives, etc." Still other sandwich men carried posters with these words: "The whale is just as flourishing (sic) as when it was alive. It has five hundred dollars' worth of salt in its stomach, and every day the ice upon which it was resting is renewed at a cost of one hundred dollars."
>
> My face turned more livid than that of a corpse and my teeth chattered with fury on seeing this. Henry Smith advanced toward me and I struck him in my anger, and then rushed away to my room, where I sobbed with vexation, disgust, and utter weariness. I wanted to start back to Eu-

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rope at once, but Jarrett showed me my contract. I then wanted to take steps to have this odious exhibition stopped, and in order to calm me, I was promised that this should be done, but in reality nothing was done at all. Two days later I was at Hartford and the same whale was there. It continued its tour as I continued mine. They gave it more salt, and renewed its ice, and it went on its way, so that I came across it everywhere. I took proceedings about it, but in every State I was obliged to begin all over again, as the law varied in the different States. And every time I arrived at a fresh hotel I found there an immense bouquet awaiting me with the horrible card of the showman of the whale. I threw his flowers on the ground and trampled on them, and much as I love flowers, I had a horror of these. Jarrett went to see the man and begged him not to send me any more bouquets, but it was all of no use, as it was the man's way of avenging the box on the ears I had given him. Then, too, he could not understand my anger. He was making any amount of money and had even proposed that I should accept a percentage of the receipts. Ah! I would willingly have killed that execrable Smith, for he was poisoning my life.

MADAME BERNHARDT

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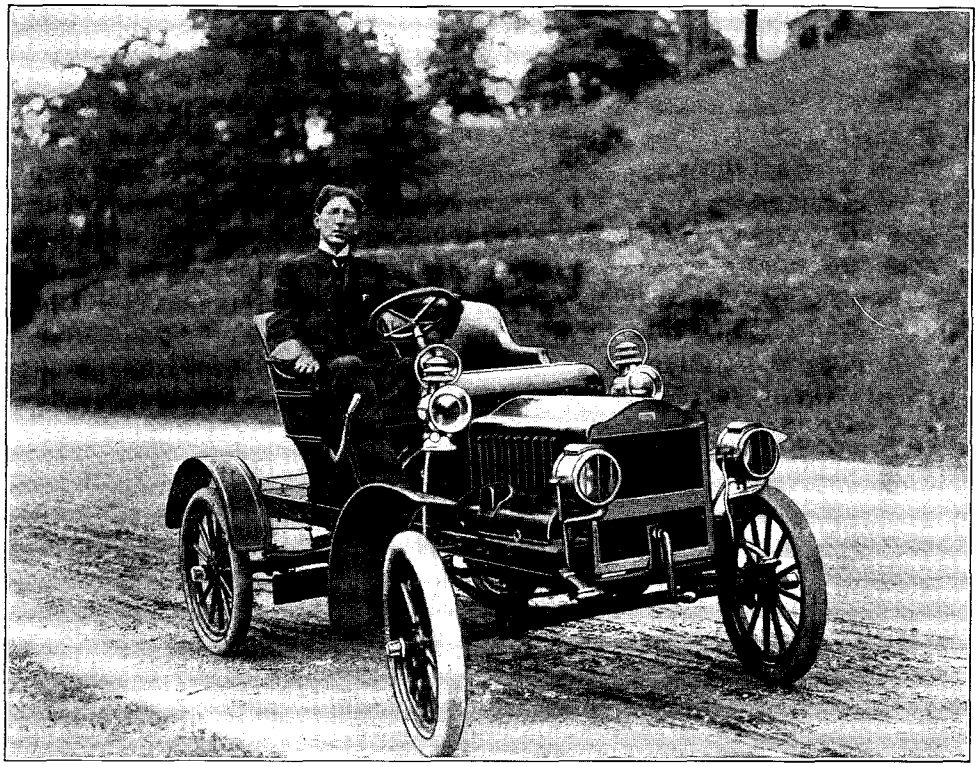

AMERICAN WRITERS AND THE AUTOMOBILE

VI. Lloyd Osbourne and his Maxwell "Baby Beautiful." Mr. Osbourne's five cars have been named respectively "Baby Bullet," "Hell-Hound," "Dandy Dick," "Baby Beautiful," and "Chug"

Stevenson to Crawford

There are those who profess to find Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new Christmas story, *The Little City of Hope*, a strong suggestion of Robert Louis Stevenson. *A propos* of this, there has recently come to light the following hitherto unpublished letter of Stevenson to Crawford in the spring of 1890. It was about this time that Stevenson was making himself a permanent home among the people of Samoa. The letter was sent from Sydney, New South Wales, and the only way of fixing the date of sending was the postmark, on the envelope, which read April 15th, 1890. One word near the end is illegible and is here indicated by a blank space. All that part following P. S. is written diagonally across the reverse of the single half sheet in a very small hand:

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.
(Postmark, April 15th, 1890.)

DEAR SIR: I sail in some forty hours back among the islands, which are now more homelike in my eyes than the world to which I once belonged; I have a thousand calls upon my time; I do not know you, it is likely we shall never meet, and I think it not improbable that my literature may be abominable in your eyes. For all that I sacrifice some of my last moments to send you my salutations and thanks. Years ago I read *Mr. Isaacs;* I did not like it—I suppose I was a fool; and read no more of you, till the other day, when I fell a prey to *Greifenstein;* and I am now surrounded by your works, and in the middle of *With the Immortals.* It is reviving to me to know I have a contemporary of your strength; though I suppose you are younger, as I hope you will soar higher and farther than

Your admirer,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P. S.—I trust you will not think I expect an answer; it is my weakness to rush in with encumbering gratitude when I am pleased; but the act suffices. And indeed I cannot now be said to possess such a thing

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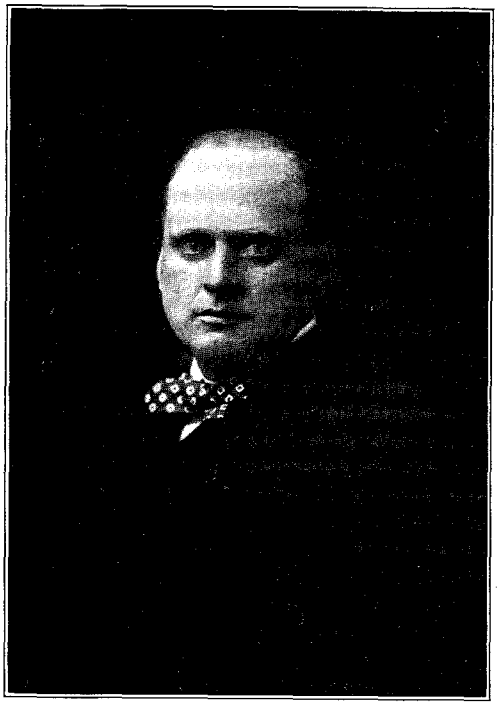
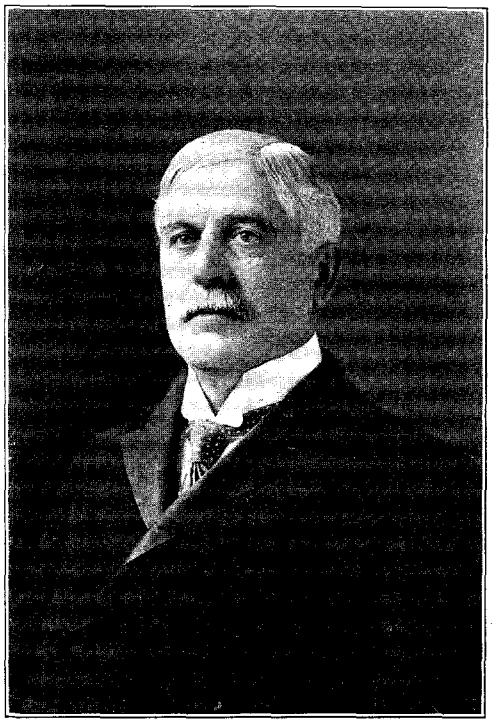
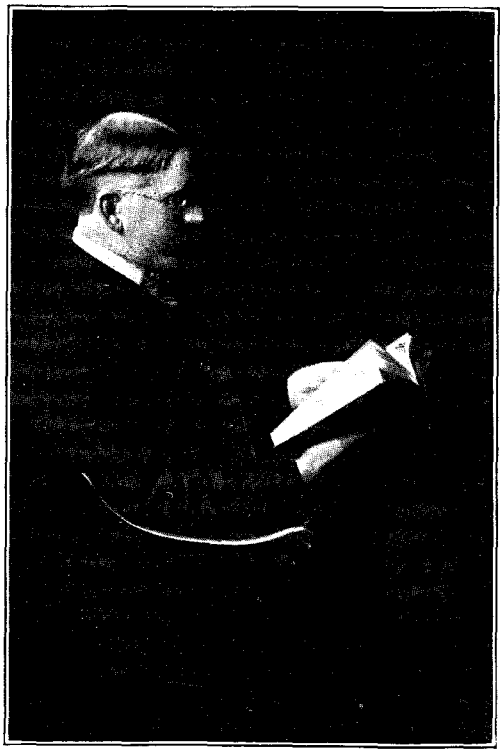


HERBERT QUICK
Author of *The Broken Lance*



DAVID HOMER BATES
Author of *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office*



WARREN CHENEY
Author of *His Wife*

HENRY C. SHELLEY
Author of *John Harvard and his Times*

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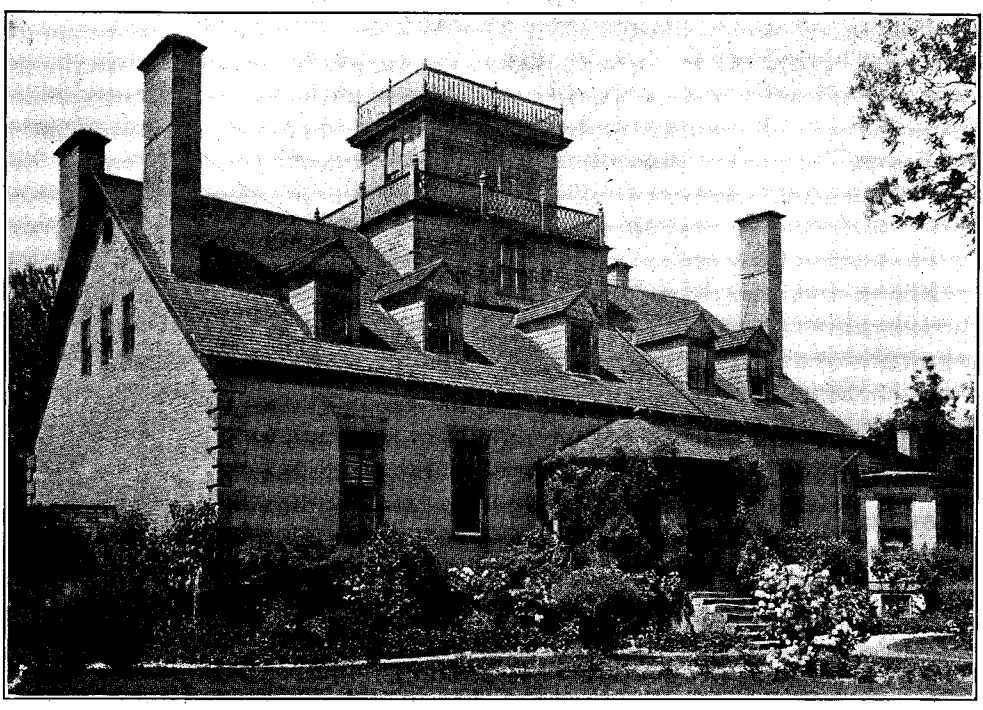

GUNSTON HALL

as an address; the ship in which I leave sails with sealed orders, and I myself am ignorant whither I am bound or where I may bring up. Some of your books—poor waifs!—are to make the same blindfold launch; they will be read in a better climate and in lovelier places than their author dreams of, Italy not being forgotten. R. L. S.

No pure translations in music? A symphony rendered on the piano; an air from the Queen of Night played on the piccolo. And you forget there are *foreign tongues* even in music: Indian music, with its innumerable scales, Chinese music, of which you speak very lightly, but have you ever heard it? even my Polynesian music in which I delight, but most Europeans declare to have no sense or loveliness whatever. I think there is nothing so parochial as music, where all* with its little patrimony of twelve sounds, chosen, heaven knows how or why, out of the millions possible. But it is just the narrowness of its patrimony that enables it to be so great.

*One word illegible.

Vaughan Kester

"The scene of the first part of Vaughan Kester's *John o' Jamestown,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is laid in Westmoreland County, England, where Mr. Kester lived two summers ago at Augill Castle. The little village of Brough is the village mentioned in the book, and stands very near to what was once a Roman camp. The lead seals of the Roman soldiers are still dug up there, and on the place was an old Roman well, while a road built in the time of the Cæsars crossed before the house. But while the idea of the book suggested itself in England, it was written at "Ben Venue," on the banks of the Potomac, which John Smith was the first man to discover and map. The book really follows the chronicles very clearly, on from the point where the ships of the London Company sail for Virginia."

From "Ben Venue," where *John o' Jamestown* was written, Mr. Kester is

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now moving into Gunston Hall, Gunston, Fairfax County, Virginia, one of the oldest and most historic places on upper tide-water. It was the home of George Mason, author of the Virginia Bill of Rights, and first senator from Virginia; and it is a tradition that Jefferson there made his first rough draft of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Kester, by the way, is a cousin of William Dean Howells and a brother of Paul Kester, the playwright.

Jean Jacques

The McClure Company are publishing this autumn a translation, by Mme. Charles Bigot, of Jules Lemaître's *Jean Jacques Rousseau*. The chapters of this work were originally written as lectures and were delivered last winter before the Société de Geographie of Paris, where they formed one of the principal social and intellectual events of the Paris season. It is even intimated that

VAUGHAN KESTER
Whose *John o' Jamestown* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

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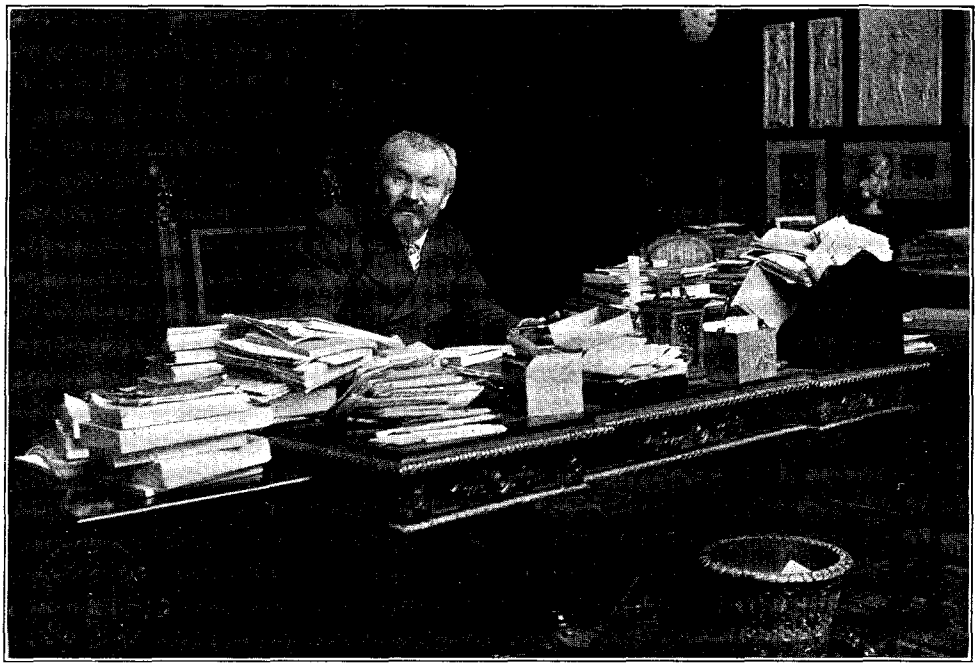

JULES LEMAÎTRE IN HIS STUDY

the veteran critic whose return to literature they marked after a long political divagation, was much irritated by the numbers of fashionable women who thronged the hall and did their best to turn the event into what it was as far as possible from the determination of the lecture to make it, a *cours aux dames.* M. Lemaître has been preceded in previous years by a succession of distinguished lecturers, among whom two or three years ago was the late M. Brunetière.

The Queen of Sheba

Among the books of the season which may be regarded in the light of literary curiosities, individual mention should be made of *Magda, Queen of Sheba,* which after being turned into French by the eminent critic Hugues Le Roux has been translated into English by Mrs. John Van Vorst. *Magda, Queen of Sheba* is the ancient chronicle upon which Menelik II., Emperor of Abyssinia, bases his royal lineage and his claim to be the only living descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. In his introduction to the book Messieur Le Roux tells the story of the manuscript and how it came to his attention in 1904. This manuscript, which relates the history of the Queen of Sheba, the ancestress of Menelik, her journey to the court of Solomon, the birth of her son, and the visit which this son later made to Jerusalem, was captured by the English soldiers in 1868 after the battle of Magdala and four years later returned to the King of Ethiopia by the trustees of the British Museum.

Bettina von Hutten

While it was not until two or three years ago with the publication of *Pam* that the Baroness von Hutten took her place in the first flight of popular novelists, her name had for some years been a very familiar one. For example, *Our Lady of the Beeches* had been a very genuine success. Perhaps a good deal of the versatility which her books have shown has been due to her cosmopolitanism. Born in America, where she passed her childhood, she went, while still in her teens, to travel

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in Europe with her parents, and to study singing and music in Rome and Florence. It was in the latter city that she formed a friendship with the late Hubert Crackanthorpe, who inspired her with the desire to write. It was also there that she met the young Bavarian baron who wooed her in French because he knew little English, and she knew less German. She is described as doing her work in her husband's ancestral Castle of Steinbach with grey stone turrets and time-worn walls. Once started on a novel, she writes for hours every day in a white heat of enthusiasm, never allowing herself to be disturbed until her alloted task is finished.

❧

Kipling's Choice

For what might with justice be termed a reprint, *The Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling* has a very unusual significance. It represents Mr. Kipling's attitude to-day towards all his verse, and consequently every Kipling admirer is likely to have an opinion of his own on the

THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN

Whose new novel, *The Halo*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

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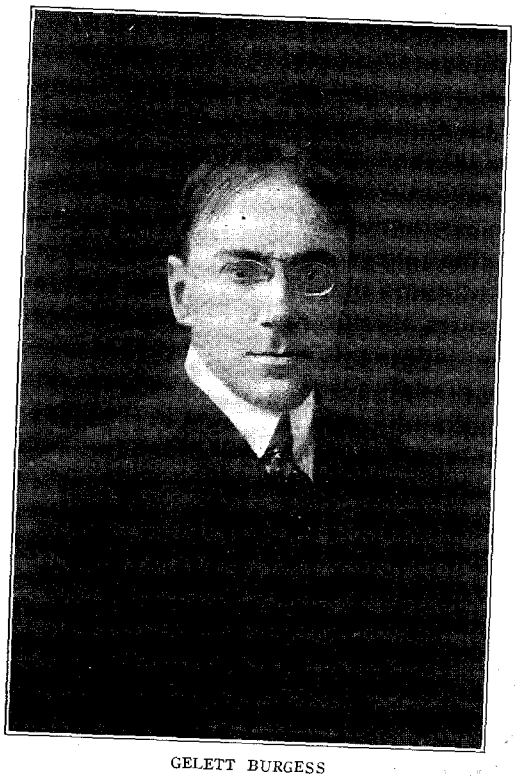
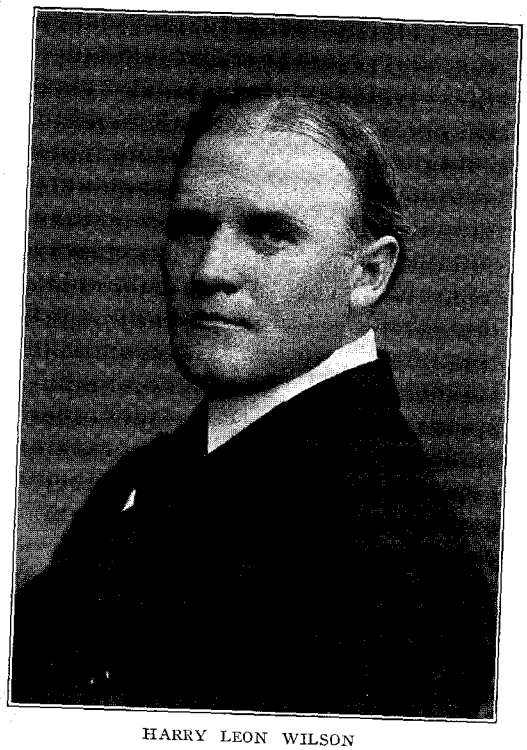


GELETT BURGESS
Author of *The Heart Line*



HARRY LEON WILSON
Author of *Ewing's Lady*, reviewed elsewhere in this issue

LIEUTENANT TADAYOSHI SAKURAI
Whose *Human Bullets* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

PAUL HARBOE
Whose *Hans Christian Andersen* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

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matter of the selections. For our part, since he has seen fit to discard some of his verses, we wonder why he did not omit a great many more. For example, we are surprised at the exclusion of "The Vampire" from a volume in which will be found "The Sergeant's Wedding." Then again we wish that Mr. Kipling did not take quite so seriously some of those Service Songs of the South African War. The volume contains one new poem, "The Fires," which runs as follows:

Men make them fires on the hearth
  Each under his roof-tree,
And the Four Winds that rule the earth
  They blow the smokes to me.

Across the high hills and the sea
  And all the changeful skies,
The Four Winds blow the smoke to me
  Till the tears are in my eyes.

Until the tears are in my eyes
  And my heart is well-nigh broke;
For thinking on old memories
  That gather in the smoke.

With every shift of every wind
  The homesick memories come,
From every quarter of mankind
  Where I have made me a home.

Four times a fire against the cold
  And a roof against the rain—
Sorrow fourfold and joy fourfold
  The Four Winds bring again!

How can I answer which is best
  Of all the fires that burn?
I have been too often host or guest
  At every fire in turn.

Current Criticism of Henry James

Recent discussion of Henry James's later style had all its familiar qualities. Whether the same people wrote about it as have been writing about it any time these past ten years we cannot say, but there was wonderful identity both in the thought and in the language. The facetious person who cannot understand had his usual say. It is supposed to be vastly amusing to the public that certain persons find Henry James altogether incomprehensible. No doubt newspaper men know their business and very likely their readers have formed the habit of expecting a Henry James joke at regular intervals. But surely it must change some time. The early joke about Wagner's music passed away and so did the joke about the obscurity of Browning and of Meredith, and we are sanguine enough to predict that in the course of another decade the mere failure to understand Mr. James's writings will cease to give any man a humorous opportunity. We are equally sanguine as to the fate of those thick and thin Jacobites who write articles every little while to assure us they are of the inner circle. We read a paper of that kind the other day, which from beginning to end was a sheer assertion of literary prestige. Not to understand every word of *The Sacred Fount* was proof of a low stage of development. The complexity of the style responds precisely to the complexity of the thought, and in no other way could James achieve the "subtleties," the *"nuances,"* and the "delicate shadings" of his later books. Coarse minds will naturally fail to follow him in all his windings. To a fine mind, on the other hand, it is all as easy as a rabbit-trail to a well-bred beagle. The writer of the article would have you know that he, personally, has no difficulties; so you draw your inference as to the quality of his mind. This of course is merely what M. Jules Lemaître has described so admirably in his little paper on *le Snobbisme Littéraire*. It is the lot of every author who addresses himself to a limited class. On the fringe of his genuine admirers there is always a little group of imitative, iterative persons who boast of his acquaintance. No honest readers of Henry James, for example, believe that the convolutions of his sentences correspond so nicely to the twinings of his thought. They know him for the most uneven of writers, now groping and fumbling among the parts of speech, now conveying a complex and elusive state of mind with the most wonderful accuracy. He hems and haws in print as he hems and haws in private conversation. He puts down on paper all his mind's processes, including its false

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starts. He gives you not only the thought but all the pangs of its parturition. It is a dragnet method whereby many strange and delightful things are brought to the surface along with a great quantity of mud. It is a style that has divided literary paragraphers into two classes: hooligans and hypocrites. No one, in fact, has written discriminatingly of Henry James since Mr. Brownell published his paper in the *Atlantic* several years ago, and we wish he would reprint it with additions.

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Literary Indignation

There appears to be a falling off in the quality of literary rebuke. In common with many other readers we always turn eagerly to anything in a magazine that promises to be at all pugnacious, for writers, like many of the lower animals, are often seen at their best when indignant. We have a right to expect a certain degree of animation at such a time, if at no other. It was, therefore, disappointing to read Mr. A. C. Benson's spiritless retort to a London critic who complained of his verbosity some weeks ago. Mr. Benson merely asked why the critic boxed his ears in public, and added that such conduct would be out of place in a drawing-room. Rather a sickly attenuation of the old-time sturdy "reply to my critics." If the galled jade merely winces, if an author cannot fight better on so good an argument as his own self-love—that most literary part of him—there will soon be an end to all sport for us spectators in these affairs. And they are bound to consider us, since they print the things. The rule of literary wrath is that it shall bring forth fruit meet for publication. Another instance was that of a hater of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who said in the Chicago *Dial,* that Shaw was a "pygmy soul" and a "mountebank" (Zounds, sirrah!), and finally, with the air of crushing him completely, remarked that if Emerson had ever met Shaw, Emerson would have been very much surprised. Surprise, indeed, is often employed in these gingerly contests as if it were the deadliest of weapons. "We are surprised that a writer of Mr. B.'s attainments should say," etc., and B. then expresses amazement at this surprise. Time and again what promises to be a good fight ends in a mere skirmish of astonishments. These are fair specimens of current literary warfare. No spirit in either attack or defence; a flounce, a swish of skirts, the banging of a distant door, and so the battle ends, without interest to the onlooker, pain to the victim, or relief to the assailant's feelings. Not that there is any less bad blood than formerly. There is always a small battle going on in some corner of a literary magazine. But hatred is touched with verbal impotence. Readers are cheated and the skins of minor authors are growing very thin. What with criticism in its amiable dotage, advertising in its lusty prime, praise gushing like a geyser, literary mutual aid—is there not, taking it altogether, too much cotton-batting in the "literary life"?

❦

A New Historical Series

The Grafton Historical Series, edited by Henry R. Stiles, and published by the Grafton Press of New York and Boston, attempts to present the results of original research in early American history in a form that shall be convenient and attractive to the general public. The scheme differs from that of other series in not aiming at a continuous history of the country as a whole by periods. It is purposely made so elastic as to include volumes on special historical episodes, old towns of historic interest, biographies, genealogies, and reprints of old books and documents. Five volumes have already appeared: *In Olde Connecticut,* by Charles Burr Todd; *Historic Hadley,* by Alice Morehouse Walker; *Mattapoisett and Olde Rochester,* by Mary Hall Leonard and others; *King Philip's War,* by Ellis and Morris, and *In Olde Massachusetts,* by Charles Burr Todd. The minutiæ of American local histories are naturally of little interest to readers who have not some close ties with the localities treated or whose hobbies are not vigorous enough to withstand some very dull writing. But these volumes bear evi-

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dence not only of careful research, but of a skilful selection of facts and a manner of presentation which should carry them to a wider circle of readers. Further volumes in the series soon to be issued are, *Old Steamboat Days on the Hudson River; The Cherokee Indians; In Olde New York; Historic Graves of Maryland,* and *The Diary of Reverend Enos Hitchcock.* We hope to review the series in a future number of this magazine.

Flaubert on Tartarin

The recent dedication of a bronze statue to Gustave Flaubert in Rouen, which was his native city and in which he laid so many of the scenes of his immortal *Madame Bovary,* has been responsible for bringing to light considerable hitherto unpublished material. One letter contributed by Madame Alphonse Daudet bears witness to Flaubert's enthusiastic appreciation of Daudet's *Tartarin de Tarascon* at the time of that book's first appearance. It must be remembered that *Tartarin* at the beginning was not conceded the high place it afterwards attained. As a serial it was so flat a failure that it was discontinued in the middle of the narrative. And this despite the fact that Daudet was already a distinguished personage in the realm of letters. In Flaubert's mind, however, there were no doubts whatever as to the merits of the book. "It is simply a masterpiece," he wrote; "I utter the word and I will maintain it. I began *Tartarin* Sunday at midnight. It was finished in two and a half hours. Everything, absolutely everything, delighted me, several times I burst into great roars of laughter. The invention of the camel is a marvel, it is well developed and crowns the work. Tartarin on the minaret blackguarding the Orient is sublime."

Arsène Lupin

While a certain amount of ingenuity must be conceded, *The Exploits of Arsène Lupin,* by Maurice Leblanc, is on the whole exceedingly disappointing. There are four standards by which stories of this nature are to be judged to-day. First there is the story in the manner of Gaboriau, of which there are occasional happy examples in modern Continental fiction; for instance *The Crippled Hand,* by the Austrian writer Gröner. Secondly there are the stories in imitation of Sherlock Holmes. Thirdly there are the tales which have obviously been suggested by the success of Mr. Hornung's *Raffles.* And then there is that school of detective story of American origin, of which Anna Katherine Green and Burton Egbert Stevenson are at present the most conspicuous practitioners. In writing *The Exploits of Arsène Lupin,* M. Leblanc has, in a measure, combined the devices of the Raffles story with those of the Sherlock Holmes story, but not with complete success. The reader is asked to take for granted too much of Arsène Lupin's cleverness. For sheer ingenuity the escape of Lupin from prison does not begin to compare with a similar feat on the part of a character spoken of as the Thinking Machine in another recent volume of stories.

The Virgin's Cradle Hymn

Dormi, Jesu! mater ridet
Quae tam dulcem somnum videt
Dormi, Jesu! blandule!
Si non dormis, mater plorat
Inter fila cantans orat,
Blande, veni, somnule.

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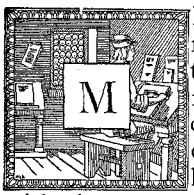
MAURICE HEWLETT—AN APPRECIATION



R. HEWLETT'S stories ought to be given to the world in illuminated manuscripts, with rich capitals and gorgeously coloured vignettes. They have as little in common with the every-day convenience of type as with the bare and crude tale of commercial venture as it is often told, or with the novel of nervous intrigue as it is written by able and merciless novelists who perceive that a certain type of American woman falls into sin, not from the pressure of elemental forces in her nature, but from sheer restlessness and curiosity. Mr. Hewlett's work is of a closely woven texture, shot through with colour which is of its substance and not skilfully laid over the thought; and this colour has the effect of having been softened by age to the unobtrusive but splendid richness which one sees in old tapestries. Until the appearance of *The Stooping Lady* the material of his stories had passed through the refining process of time and brought a capital of poetic association to Mr. Hewlett's hand. In *The Forest Lovers* he started with a great reserve of romantic interest; in *Richard Yea-and-Nay* he was well on the way to his reader's imagination in the first chapter; in *The Queen's Quair* the material he handled was iridescent; in *The Fool Errant* the colour was less brilliant but the period and place brought with them picturesque and dramatic interest of a fascinating kind; in the *Little Novels of Italy,* in which Mr. Hewlett touches high-water mark as an artist, he fairly revelled in the plenitude of effects inherent in his themes and background.

It is, therefore, with a good deal of interest and not a little anxiety that one opens *The Stooping Lady,* the scene of which is the London of a century ago. On the first page the heroine appears in an attitude full of character, in an incident described with the air of a report of fact; the precise location is indicated, and in a footnote a long inscription from a vanished statue is quoted in full. A romanticist of the most daring temper, Mr. Hewlett loves a historical background and knows how to create one when it is not at hand. In *The Queen's Quair* he failed to give his material the perfect unity of a great piece of fiction, but he made a kind of chronicle novel of extraordinary brilliancy and interest; in his latest story he secures the reinforcement of history by bringing in a group of figures familiar to all students of early nineteenth century affairs.

The story, told like a transcription from some private record of the time, is bold in conception and handling. In a period when novelists of Mr. Hewlett's rank are painfully exact and painstaking in matters of detail, and employ with the skill of long practice all the resources of subtle and complex expression, the author of *The Stooping Lady* is as conspicuous for what he leaves to the reader's imagination as for what he conveys to his eye, and writes with as free a use ellipsis and parenthesis as his forebears of the sixteenth century. It may be suspected that his deep and sympathetic study of Mediæval and Renaissance life and art has not only furnished him with rich material but has had its influence on his style. In an age of delicate miniature painting in fiction he draws with a free and daring hand, and secures a brilliancy of effect, a vividness of portraiture, beyond the reach of his contemporaries. He is not, and he probably never will be, a perfect story-teller; but with what audacious skill he sets his figures on the canvas! He gets the effect of sharp definition of outline without drawing a line. Inward vitality and not exactness of outward delineation is the secret of the vividness of *The Stooping Lady.* She is, like all her predecessors in Mr. Hewlett's stories, an elemental woman of the kind who will always rekindle the flame of romance; she is all purity and all passion; impulse and action are one with her; she gives with

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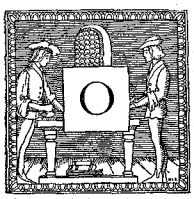
royal generosity, and having given she never takes back. The story is not firmly knit together; the political background is not always clearly drawn; the hero is not entirely convincing; but in point of brilliancy and vitality the novel belongs in the front rank of recent fiction. No other writer of the day could have given Hermia Chambre such radiancy of temperament and such simplicity of nature.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

MAURICE HEWLETT, MEREDITHIAN



N the first page of *The Stooping Lady* stands the date 1809, and before the bottom of the page is reached we are introduced to an incident that has much to do with the course of the story. The date is significant, inasmuch as it brings Mr. Hewlett, for the first time, fairly within hailing distance of our own day. And the incident, too, is not without its ulterior meaning, for to the reader who is quick at the game of literary comparisons it furnishes good material. It is a stirring affair, such as an author can afford to treat with some affectation of scorn—"a vulgar brawl and scuffle," happening at the very gates of Caryll House; "a rout of satyrs, a boors' comedy, in which an incensed young giant of the lower classes was hero and two tipsy gentlemen the sport of his heroics; in which Jacob Jacobs, elderly, gold-laced guardian of the gates, was choragus; in which footmen in canary yellow and powder, a groom of the chambers, a butler hovering for the carriage, took their cues from him, and wailed, lifting their eyes to Heaven, wagged their polls, called for constables, as he guided them with agitated hands." It is not merely the phrasing of this description that has its suggestion, though even that brings a rich remembrance; the incident itself is the kind which we have been taught to look for in the work of the man who stands at the head of living English novelists.

The resemblance is in this particular case, to be sure, comparatively trivial. I am not certain that it would occur to any one on a first reading. But the flavour of Mr. Hewlett's latest book* is so thoroughly Meredithian that when one lays it down, saturated with its spirit, the resemblance stares out from every page. While the spell of the story is strong, it does not seem fanciful to imagine Meredith himself writing that description of an encounter between a young butcher, "a flushed young Saxon, bareheaded and fairheaded," and two tipsy sprigs of nobility whom he has caught in the act of maltreating his horse. Assuredly it is sober truth that the scene is one in which Meredith would delight: the colour and movement of the crowd, the downright lust of the personal encounter, heightened by an ironical consciousness of the relations between the combatants, and above all the thoroughly English spirit of it and the joy in that spirit.

Mr. Hewlett has, to be sure, always shown himself fond of the shock of combat; his pages are not bloodless. But never before has he seemed to exploit a theme so full of an essentially English spirit. English insularity, English worship of fair play and serious determination to play the game according to the rules, English consciousness of class, are intensely present. His fine historical sense has led him to place the tale in a period when national consciousness and class consciousness were both at their strongest. It is the time of the Napoleonic scare, the franchise struggle and the ardent advocacy of the Rights of Man. A typical product of the time and place is young David Vernour, the

*The Stooping Lady. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company

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butcher with ideas and ambitions above his station, whose manhood compels the Lady Hermia Mary to stoop to him with her love. Vernour the politician, the defender of the rights of the people, with his single-minded devotion to duty and his sense of responsibility undisturbed by doubts, sends one back irresistibly to Meredith's Beauchamp, gravely taking on himself the defence of England's honour. A still more obvious comparison is compelled by Vernour's relations to his lady. The situation is identical with that of *Evan Harrington,* the sole difference being that Mr. Hewlett has chosen to present the woman's side, while Meredith rather fastened his eye on the man—celebrating the Aspiring Tailor rather than the Stooping Lady. It is no more than a slight difference in the angle of vision. English class is at the bottom of both stories, and the efforts of a man of brains and power to free himself from the trammels of his station in life form the theme of both.

More striking even than these similarities of plot is the distinct family resemblance between Mr. Hewlett's characters and those of Meredith. Every reader of the elder novelist has recognised the recurrence in his books of certain types—groups of characters bound together by plain resemblances, in spite of all differences of pronounced individuality. Of one of the most notable of these groups—the "egotist" type, represented by Sir Willoughby Patterne, Roy Richmond and Victor Radnor—*The Stooping Lady* affords no example; but its principal characters fall naturally into other Meredithian classifications. Vernour has his momentary likenesses to Matey Weyburn, as well as to Beauchamp and Evan Harrington. If Lady Morfa, the "beaked great lady," is unlike any of Meredith's women that one can recall, she at least owns kinship to more than one of his men—to Baron Feverel, Everard Romfrey, even to Harry Richmond's sturdy grandfather. As for the Stooping Lady herself, Hermia Mary Chambre, her very name is a tribute of homage to Meredith. Diana Warwick's Irish beauty and wit, Aminta's free outdoors spirit, Rhoda Fleming's strong sense of duty, Carinthia's passionate devotion to her love—all have their part in her. If her speech doth not betray her, then her letters certainly do—for Mr. Hewlett, like his master, knows how to indite a letter that drips with the writer's personality. Recall the letters that close four of Meredith's novels—that from Evan Harrington's sister, Lady Blandish's (in *Richard Feverel*), Lady Charlotte's last message to Weyburn and Aminta, and Emilia's farewell to England and Merthyr Powys (in *Sandra Belloni*); and compare with them Hermia Mary's correspondence with her friend Mary Fox.

And yet the book is no mere imitation. Whatever faults may have been disclosed in Mr. Hewlett's earlier works, no one has ever denied him individuality; and the individual note has never been more strongly marked than in *The Stooping Lady.* Conceived in the Meredithian spirit, dealing with a subject such as Meredith has frequently chosen, it is written in Mr. Hewlett's own idiom. It is as distinctive as *The Forest Lovers* or *The Queen's Quair,* and it possesses the added interest over those remarkable romances of proving that its author is not dependent for colour on the mere distance of his backgrounds. Mr. Hewlett is still the historical novelist; he does not, and never will, neglect the setting of his drama. But by placing the story so much nearer our own time, he has enabled us to see more clearly than ever before that his primary concern is with men and women, not with archæological refinements. The Stooping Lady and her lover and old Lady Morfa and Lord Rodono and Captain Ranald are authentic, vital persons, and the story in which their characters are unfolded is one that does credit to the originality of their creator. The book seems to me to mark clearly a forward stride in the career of one of the most interesting living writers of fiction.

Edward Clark Marsh.

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ASPECTS OF THE CITIES

II. London—Its Modern Grub Street

BY ARTHUR RANSOME

A LITTLE time ago there was a great outcry against what was called "literary ghosting," a fraudulent passing off of the work of unknown writers under more famous names. There was a correspondence in a literary paper that betrayed how novels were written in the rough by inexperienced hands under the guidance of hardened manufacturers of serials; and, indeed, when we consider only how many prominent athletes of no particular literary ability are able to publish books on their profession, it is obvious that a good deal of this kind of business must be done. Indeed, in one form or another, ghosting is one of the usual ways by which the unfortunate young writer sustains himself in Grub Street, or Bohemia, or whatever else you like to call that indefinite country where big longings and high hopes are matched by short purses and present discomforts.

Many a man has been saved from what seemed a descent into the drudgeries of clerkship by the different drudgery of writing, say, the reminiscences of an admiral, the history of a parish, or innumerable short reviews, for which other people got the credit. And Richard Savage, in his witty pamphlet called "An Author to Be Let," betrays that the abuse is not only of our day. Iscariot Hackney of that book confesses that:

"Many a time I wrote obscenity and profaneness, under the names of Pope or Swift. Sometimes I was Mr. Joseph Gay, and at others Theory Burnet, or Addison. I abridged histories and travels, translated from the French what they never wrote, and was expert at finding out new titles for old books. When a notorious thief was hanged, I was the Plutarch to preserve his memory; and when a great man died, mine were his Remains, and mine the account of his last will and testament." That is the whole trade put in a paragraph.

Nowadays the matter has been reduced to system. There are men who are paid to write all the reviews in a paper, and farm out the work piecemeal, or even get ambitious boys and girls to do it for them, by way of apprenticeship, paying them a meagre wage. There are agents who make a living by supplying ghost-written books to publishers who keep up for appearance sake the pretence of not being in the know. They get their twenty, forty, fifty pounds a volume, and have them written by impecunious Bohemians to whom they pay the weekly salary of a junior clerk. Here is a true account of a youthful ghost.

He was a poet, and in those days a bad one. He carried more poor verses than good money in his pocket. And one day, when he had little more than a few coppers and some penny stamps, he happened to see an advertisement for "a young and experienced writer with a thorough knowledge of athletics." He kept the appointment suggested by the newspaper, and found a mean house in one of the southern suburbs. A herd of lean fellows were waiting in a dirty passage, and presently a cheerful, business-like little man came out, and chose him with one companion as the likeliest-looking of the lot. They were set to write, at tables in the corners of an undusted, cat-haunted room, specimen chapters of a book on croquet. They were both appointed, and the other man, an old hand, borrowed five shillings in advance. Next day, when the young fellow arrived in the morning, he found that his colleague was there before him, drunk, holding the garden railings, and shouting blasphemies at a bedraggled cat that slunk about the waste scrap of ground behind them. The agent held up the drunkard to him as a warning, told him that sobriety was the spirit of success, and

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that, as he had the job to himself, he would be allowed to gain extra experience by doing the other man's work as well as his own. He was young, enthusiastic, glad to have an opportunity of working at all. In two months he had finished six books, that still annoy him by showing their bright-lettered covers on the railway bookstalls. He wrote on an average between two and four thousand words a day. At last one day when he was working in an upper room of the agent's house, the little creature came upstairs and saw fit to congratulate him. "You are doing very well indeed," he said, "for one so unaccustomed to literary labour." That brought an end to the engagement. He left immediately, lest he should be unable to refrain from throwing an inkpot at the agent's head. It is in its way rather fun to be suddenly an authority on subjects of which you knew nothing till you sat down to write about them. And it is very good practice in journalism—though it is always easier to write when you are ignorant than when you know too much; you have a freer hand. But for a poet to hear such work called literary labour! That was too much. He never returned, and the agent was left sorrowing for the loss of an industrious hack.

FLEET STREET

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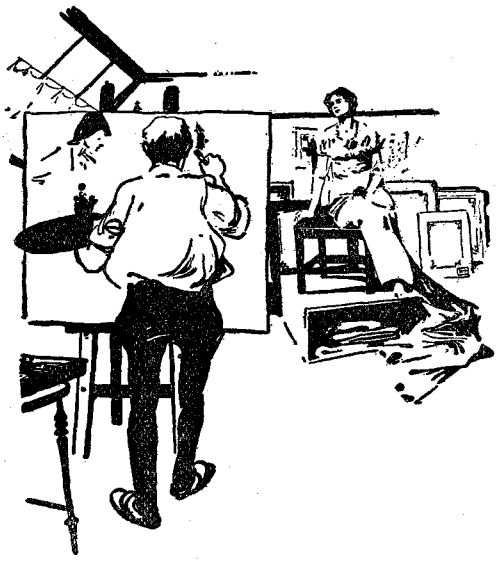

WORK.

Of course, the young man, you will say, should never have stooped to such work. He ought to have borrowed, or persuaded his landlady to let him live until his good luck should bring the settlement of her bills. But he could not borrow. There are some unfortunates who cannot; I hate borrowing myself. And it is an awful thing to be without money and miserably afraid of tiding over evil straits on somebody else's. Some there are, brave, high-souled fellows, who could borrow the world to play at ball and never feel the responsibility, whereas others are uneasy and not themselves with a single shilling that does not belong to them. Some seem to live on credit as naturally as they breathe, and I remember the surprise of one of these: "What! You don't owe anybody anything! Good Lord! man, lend me half a sovereign!"

People who by some misfortune of nature are unable to risk dishonesty by borrowing without having certain means of repayment are reduced to all kinds of unhappy expedients, and sometimes even to dying, like poor Chatterton, in order to make both ends meet. Of him Johnson could say, "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things," and yet, after three months' fight among the papers, living on almost nothing, and writing home to his people brave, proud letters about his success, to keep them from anxiety, he spent three days without food, and then killed himself with arsenic, rather than accept from a landlady the food for which he doubted his ability to repay her. The most terrible detail in the tragedy was the memorandum that lay near him when he died, and showed that over ten pounds were owed him by his publishers. Ah, me! in the days when I read that story ten pounds seemed opulence for a lifetime. It seemed a cruel and impossible thing, as all cruelty seems when we are young, that one who was owed so much should yet starve into suicide.

This is one of the worst hardships of painter or writer. His money, even when earned, is as intangible as the dawn. It is gold, but he may not handle it; real, but a dream. He must live, while he

THE ARTIST'S MODEL

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THE WILD BOHEMIAN

does his work, on air, and then, when the picture hangs in the drawing-room of the purchaser, and the article has been printed, published, and forgotten, he must wait, perhaps for months, perhaps for years, and sometimes, indeed, until he is passed into another world where he can have no opportunity of spending it, for the money that is his. It is not until he is a success, or at least no longer an anonymous Bohemian, that his money is paid in advance, or upon the completion of his labour. Little wonder that when at last it comes, it comes as a surprise, and sends him gaily into bright extravagance that leaves him with a purse as empty as before.

I have heard people say that all the wild, irregular struggle for existence that was known by Goldsmith, by Johnson, by old Roberto Greene, has faded away from the literary life. They say that now, young men, top-hatted, frock-coated, enter the offices of newspapers, earn comfortable salaries, write their novels or whatever they may be in their spare hours, and arrive, neat, unruffled as Civil Servants, by mere process of time at their success. It is not so. "Once a sub-editor always a sub-editor," said a very successful one, who had given up hope of succeeding at anything else. He was well known, his books had sold better than better books, and his portrait had been often in the papers; but that was not the success he had wanted, nor a success that was worth having, and he was honest enough to admit it to himself. The men who really care for their art, who wish above all things to do the best that is in them, do not take the way of the world and the regular salaries of the newspaper offices. They stay outside, reading, writing, painting for themselves, and snatching such golden crumbs as fall within their reach from the tables of publishers, editors, and picture-buyers. They make a living, as it were, by accident. It is a hard life and a risky; it is deliciously exciting at first, to leap from crag to crag, wherever a slight handhold will preserve you from the abyss, but the time soon comes when you are tired, and wonder, with dulled heart and clouded brain, is it worth while or no? Those who are strong enough to continue are given their own souls to carry in their hands, and those who admit defeat, surrender them, and, knowing in their hearts that they have sold themselves, hide their sorrow in a louder clamour after an easier quest.

The jolliest of the irregulars, in spite of the anxiety of their life, are those who

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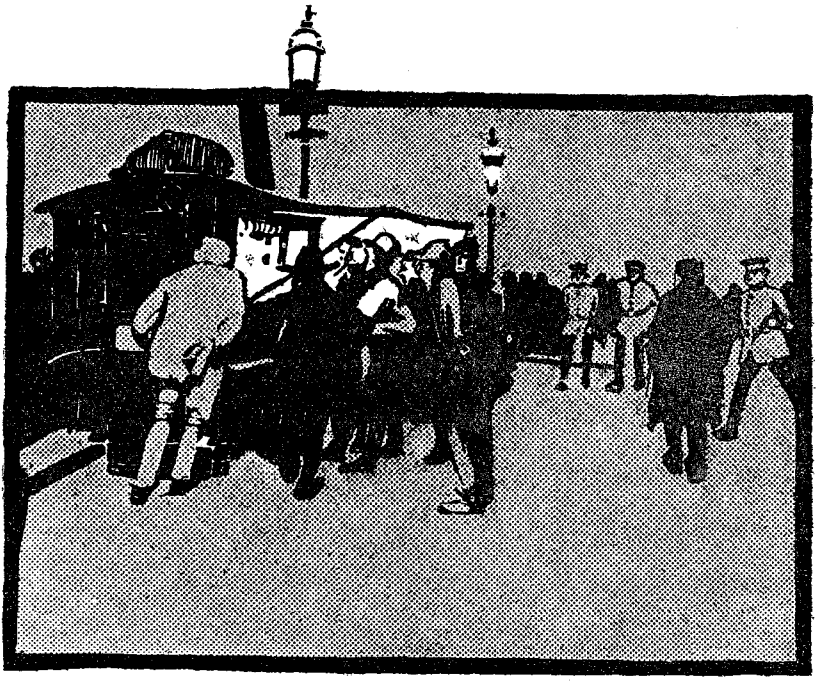

THE COFFEE STALL

carry on a guerilla warfare for fame and a long struggle for improvement, never having been caught or maimed by the newspaper routine, or by the drudgery of commercial art work. (For artists as well as writers have an easy way to a livelihood, which they also must have strength to resist.) Some men live as free lances by selling their articles to such papers as are willing to admit their transcendent worth, and ready to pay some small nominal rate, a guinea a thousand words perhaps, for the privilege of printing them. Many live by reviewing, getting half a dozen books a week from different papers, reading or skimming them, and writing as long a paragraph as the editor will allow on each volume. The artists coax dealers into buying small pictures at a cheap rate, satisfying their pride by contemplation of the vastly larger price at which their purchasers seem to value them as soon as they appear in the glamour of the window. Others again, artists and writers, too—these, perhaps, the most sincere and admirable of the lot—refuse any degradation of their art, and live hand to mouth by any sort of work that offers. There was one man who wrote poems in the intervals of stage carpentry, and another who made dolls while compiling a history of philosophy. Some, indeed, seem able to live on nothing at all, and these are more cheerful than the rest whose stomachs are less accommodating.

There are compensations to poverty, and one of them is extravagance. Goldsmith would not so have enjoyed the pomp of his bloom-coloured suits and his gorgeous Brick Court chambers if he had not known an earlier and different life:

"Where the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt and Parson's black Champagne
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretched beneath a rug;
A window, patched with paper, lent a ray
That dimly showed the state in which he lay;

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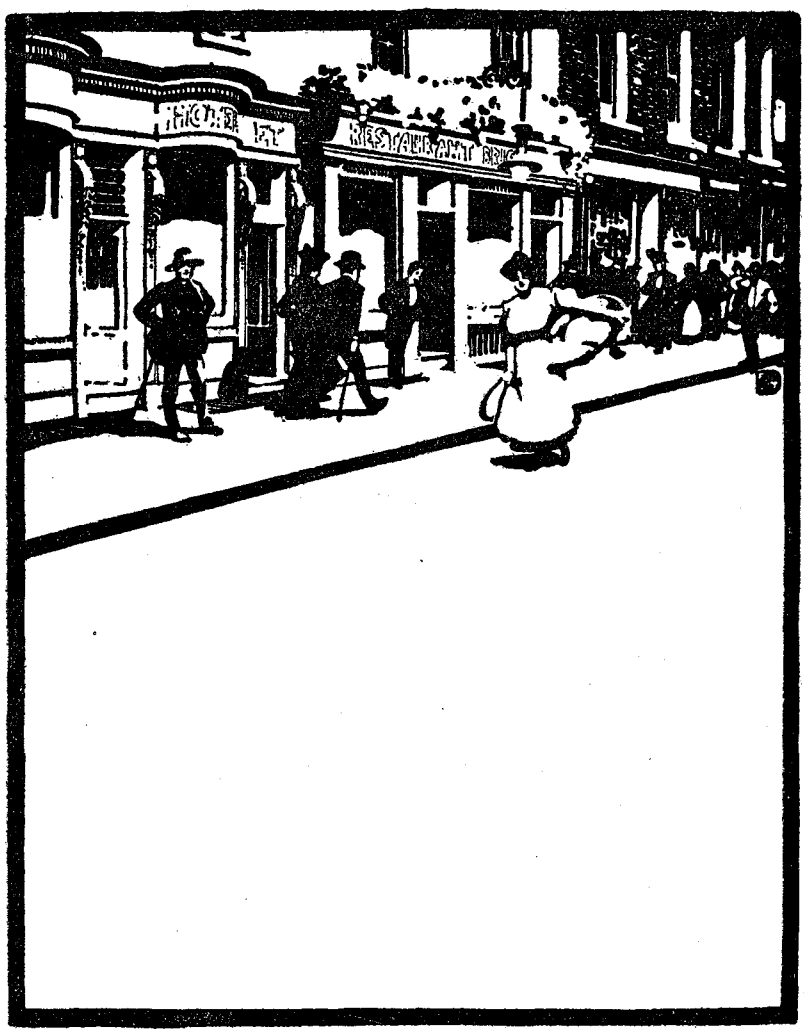
The sanded floor, that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the Royal Martyr drew;
The Seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William showed his lamp-black face;
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board;
A night-cap decked his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day!"

Johnson enjoyed his pension and all that it meant the more for having known a time when he spent the night hours with Richard Savage walking round and round St. James's Square, for want of a lodging, inveighing cheerfully against



A SOHO RESTAURANT

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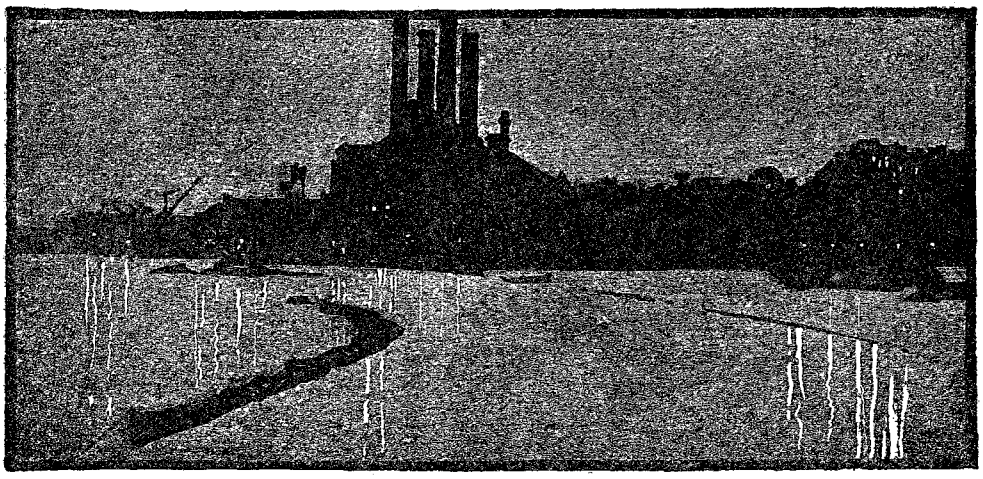

THE RIVER FROM BATTERSEA BRIDGE

the Ministry, and "resolving they would stand by their country."

The moments of opulence when they come are the brighter gold for the grey anxiety that has gone before. They make extravagance a joy in itself, and even change the distresses of the past into a charming memory.

I had lived once for over a week on a diet of cheese and apples—cheap yellow cheese and apples at twopence or a penny halfpenny a pound. A friend, also impoverished, was sharing my expenses and my diet, and slept in a small room in the same house. Our two sleeping boxes, for they were no more, were on the ground floor, and a large, fat postman, our landlord, slept in the basement underneath. On the Wednesday of the second week, by the three o'clock post, came a letter for my friend, from a literary agent, containing a cheque for twenty-five pounds — TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS! It is an amazing fact, but I do believe the tears came into our eyes at the sight of that little slip of magenta-coloured paper. We shook hands hysterically, and then—remembering that the bank closed at four—unshaved as we were, without collars, with baggy trousers, we took a hansom for the town. The cheque was cashed, and that somehow seemed a marvel, as the five-pound notes and the gold were slid over the counter in a way most astonishingly matter of fact. We went out of the bank doors with a new dignity, paid the cabby, and walked the Strand like giants. It became quite a question what place was best worthy of the honour of entertaining us to tea. Wherever it was—I fancy a small café—it did its duty, and we sat, refreshed and smoking (new opened packets of the best tobacco) while we planned our evening.

At half-past six we went up to Soho, and crossed Leicester Square with solemnity, as befitted men with an aim in life, and that so philanthropic as to dine better that night than ever in their lives before. There was no undignified hurry about our walk, but there was no lingering. I was rebuked for glancing at the window of a print shop, and in my turn remonstrated equally gravely with him for dallying over some pretty editions at a bookseller's in Shaftesbury Avenue.

We dined at one of our favourite little restaurants: we dined excellently, drank several bottles of wine, and had liqueur glasses of rum emptied into our coffees. We smoked, paid the bill, and went out into the narrow Soho street. Just opposite, at the other side, where we could not help seeing it as we hesitated on the pavement, was another of our favourite feeding places. The light was merry through the windows, the evening was young, and—without speaking a

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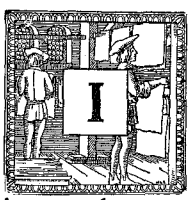
word, we looked at each other, and looked at each other again, and then, still without speaking, walked across the street, went in at the inviting door, and had dinner over again—an excellent dinner, good wine, and rum in coffee, as before.

Remember the week's diet of apples and cheese before you condemn us. We argued it out as we smoked over our second coffees, and convinced ourselves clearly that if our two dinners had been spread evenly and with taste over our last ten most ill-nourished days, we should not yet have had the food that honest men deserve. That being so, we stood upon our rights, and gave clear consciences to our grateful stomachs.

On our way home we met an old acquaintance, whose hospitality a few days before would have been as manna from heaven, but whose port, good though it was, was now almost superfluous. We reached our lodgings at three in the morning, and my last memory of the festival is that of my friend, usually a rather melancholy man, sitting on my bed drumming with his feet upon the floor, and singing Gaelic songs at the top of his voice, to a zealous accompaniment on my penny whistle. From below came a regular grunting monotone—the landlord snoring in bed. Presently there was a deep thud that startled us for a moment into quiet. We listened, and almost at once the snoring boomed again, as the postman slumbered on the floor where he had fallen. Then we continued our minstrelsy.

It is an up-and-down life, my friends—it is indeed.

THE CONFESSIONS OF "A LITERARY JOURNALIST"



I HAVE been a reporter for seven years; and now I am trying to "break over into the magazine game," as we say on Park Row. I have resigned my position, giving up the certainty of a regular weekly income for the uncertain favours of magazine editors. I enter the magazine field with no delusive belief that my name is destined to live in letters; I recovered from that obsession shortly after I left college. But I have, I think, a certain easy style, not a little industry, and a wide, if superficial, knowledge of the world and its affairs. I intend to turn these qualities and advantages to account in the present prosperous state of the magazine business. And it has occurred to me to make sundry confessions—not so much my experience in reporting as my view on the reporter's craft in the light of my experience.

In college I was a prize essayist and an amateur editor. I wrote poetry, of course; I dabbled crudely in fiction; and I left the campus full of conceit in my own powers. I should have liked to begin writing books and poems at once; but I had a living to make and I knew that I could not live from pure letters alone. The daily newspaper, they told me, was the pathway to letters if one escaped the "cynicism" of journalism. I enlisted in the ranks, therefore, as a cub reporter at $10 a week. I have smiled since to remember how the undertaking frightened me in my first week as a journalist. I was full of Jesse Lynch Williams and Richard Harding Davis; in my imagination, a reporter was a person of preternatural acumen, combining the resource of a detective with the fortitude of a soldier. I had not been on that newspaper a month when I learned that straight, human intelligence and the ability to write good, common English will serve at least to keep a man his place on a newspaper. I galloped through the

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early period of fine writing common to all college-bred "cubs"; I had the discouragement of seeing my stories come out, if they came at all, stripped of my adjectives and my felicitous expressions. From the first I was plunged to the neck into life. Within a week I had interviewed a poor family just after their only son had committed suicide. I returned to my desk, I remember, with an overwhelming, sickening feeling of the sin and cruelty in this world. I sat in an old-fashioned back parlour and listened, with the tears behind my lids, to the confused story of an old gentlewoman, a mild lunatic, who refused to believe that her husband was dead, and who was trying to find him through the police. Dickens himself never imagined a thing so bizarre and yet so touching. We had a trolley disaster in that first month, and I made the round of darkened, anxious houses where priests, physicians and friends waited the issue of life and death. I sat in court with thieves, in and out of office; I saw the working of the city government from behind the scenes; I spent an afternoon ranging the cabins of deep-sea craft trying to find why a gang of Swede sailors stabbed their Yankee mate before they deserted. In that month, I believe, I had more experience in life than comes to the ordinary citizen in a year.

The First Success

Blind luck brought me an early success. The star reporter had been assigned to a charity masquerade ball. The Society Editor was going to do the costumes and the list of guests; he was to write the introduction—in newspaper slang, the "guff." Early in the evening, and when I was the only reporter about the office, the star telephoned in that he was sick. This meant, as I afterward learned, that he was drunk. "Do you think that you could do us a little picturesque flim-flam about that ball?" asked the city editor, putting his command in the form of a request. I took the assignment with fear and trembling; I spent the evening taking notes and pondering Addisonian periods. In my anxiety lest I should miss anything, I overstayed; when I returned it lacked only a little more than an hour to press time. The city editor growled out something about running the story without introduction. Desperate, feeling that I had missed my chance, I sat down nevertheless and wrote as fast as I could make my pencil go. I realised that I had no time to do a distinguished piece of work. All my fine periods vanished out of my mind; I simply put down what happened, as I saw it. The head copy reader was taking away my manuscript sheet by sheet. When he got near the end he bent over and said, "Great story, cub." I thought then that he meant to be sarcastic. The next morning I felt ashamed to come to the office. I had read my story over before I looked at anything else in the paper, as all reporters do to the end of their days; and it seemed to me pitifully bare and inadequate. But the city editor smiled upon me and gave me a really important assignment, and the very star reporter whose dereliction had given me a chance told me that I had beaten anything that he could have done. Indeed, that one story brought me fame in the local newspaper offices. Pleased as I was, I was also puzzled. I had yet to learn that the art of writing well for a newspaper is the art of the plain tale. I believe now that the best purely journalistic writing is closely akin to the art of conversation. The newspaper is a gossip which comes every morning to tell the reader about what happened yesterday. In the more formal kinds of composition, such as the essay and fiction, writing as one talks would be fatal. I believe that Robert Louis Stevenson, supreme artist with both pen and tongue, kept the two arts separate in his mind; that a stenographic report of his most brilliant conversation would differ vastly in style from his formal writings. I was a long time learning this principle. When, as in the story of that charity ball, I wrote in a great hurry, just telling the story as it appealed to me, I usually scored with the desk. When I came in early and wrote at my leisure, trying to do a distinguished piece of work, I found that conversion into type had somehow changed it; that I had failed.

The Star Reporter

Within a year I was recognised as a star reporter. Nothing is so fascinating about journalism, the profession of youth,

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as this chance for quick advancement. One finds his place early. The wittiest reporter writing for the New York papers to-day, a man who has already place and standing in the big city, took off his coat to write his first newspaper story only a year ago last May. The most brilliant men who entered law or medicine in the year when I left college were still struggling along, playing with uncertain futures, while I was already a recognised figure in my profession. When the "big story" came, it was understood that I was to have it; on dull days, when an era of peace and virtue brought only routine tasks, I was assigned to write for the Sunday supplement. There, indeed, I had the chance to "sling English" a little. I have a collection of those early "Sunday stories" among my papers. As a journalist I have since blushed for them; they were so formal and stilted that they had no place in a daily newspaper, which should be nothing if not spontaneous. Yet I realise that they kept alive the purely literary faculty in me.

I was what some reporters call in contempt a "writing reporter." That is, my specialty, my faculty which made me valuable to the paper, was not getting the news, but writing it. This early recognition of my proper niche saved me from a great deal that is unpleasant in daily newspaper work. The "beat man," "who can make two pieces of news grow where but one grew before, has sometimes to do things which appeal to a man of decent instincts as dirty and disagreeable. To do justice to the craft, let me say that such men never like this feature of their work. The sense of professional duty, as strong in newspaper men as in soldiers, keeps them to it. I shall never cease from wondering at that intense, almost heroic devotion to his work which is in every good newspaper man. I have yet to know of a reporter who flinched from an assignment; I have yet to know of one who has made his personal safety a consideration. For a case in point, let me cite an experience of my own. In the beginning, let me say that I do not advertise myself as a brave man; I think that I have about the ordinary complement of courage. One day, later in my experience, I was assigned to a shipwreck on a remote stretch of coast. It was the dead of winter, and the ice-pack was setting in. I tried for hours to find a skipper who would risk the passage to that island reef where the ship was pounding herself to pieces. "It is taking your life into your hands," they all said. Finally one venturesome captain of a catboat offered to do it for $100. I was not sure that the paper would stand the expense. I got the city editor on the long-distance telephone, and explained the situation to him. "Better not try it," said he; "I don't want you to take risks with your life." Right there it occurred to me for the first time that my own life would be in danger if I tried that passage; in my eagerness to get at the news I had forgotten it. Again, I have always had the greatest horror of that pitiful and grotesque mockery of justice, an execution. As it happened, I was never assigned to an execution; but for years the fear of it was upon me whenever I read that a murderer had been sentenced to the gallows or the chair. Yet as I think it over now, I find that I never entertained the slightest thought of refusing the story should it come my way. I once heard two desk men growling over a certain reporter who had risked his life in a Pennsylvania coal strike. "It ain't horse sense," said one. "A man should remember that he can't deliver the story if he is dead or crippled."

This is the admirable side of that *esprit de corps;* on the reverse is that willingness of the news reporter to do things which violate the ordinary codes of personal honour. Yet the very men who will lie, break covenants and steal to get news are as clean as a whistle in their relations to the paper.

In my early days of insecure position I myself did things which I do not like to remember now. Fortunately, the time came soon when I could afford to be honourable. This is a brutal statement of it; yet I incline to the belief that absolutely straight personal honour is commonly a luxury in this modern world. As I have said, I became recognised as a writing reporter; and seldom did I have to put forth any extraordinary effort to get the kind of news that I was supposed to handle.

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Life and Death

In the lively city of my beginnings I worked for four years. It was a period of great expansion for me; I recall it as a splendid pageantry of youth and life. I ranged the tide rifts with life-saving crews, searching for bodies in that wavy line of wreckage which showed where a steamer had gone down; I talked through prison bars with murderers, still blazing with the exaltation engendered by the thing which they had done; I smoked long evenings with detectives, sea captains, thieves, adventurers, priests, soldiers, submerged poets; I passed a Sunday afternoon on the deck of a burning coal ship, helping the crew shift hose; I saw conventions hammered by the power of a personality into pulps of mob mind; I talked, sometimes in singular, sudden intimacy, with such of the great of earth as visited my city in my time; I saw prize-fight audiences transformed from law-loving, decent American men into troglodites howling for the sight of blood; I witnessed and set forth incredible heroisms, unthinkable degradations. I remember that I have stood as a disinterested, observing outsider and seen two men die. One was a soldier in a military hospital, a wreck of our little war. Happening into the ward in search of a certain hero, I peeped behind the white screen which they had set about the dying man to shield his passing from the eyes of the next to go. The other died after a train wreck. I had arrived early—a rare piece of luck for a reporter. They had laid him out in the caboose of the work train, which had smashed the passenger train; and a travelling evangelist, whispering prayers, held him in his arms. Strangely enough, the sight of these two deaths, which I viewed as a pure spectator, produced in me a curious revolt against my old belief in immortality. In each case I had a feeling, as the dying man gave that deep heave of breath which precedes dissolution, that this was all—that there could be nothing more. Although I retain my belief in a future life, it remained weak for a long time. I had my share of adventures. Once a gasoline launch in which I was rushing to report a marine disaster broke down suddenly, was caught by an outgoing current, and drifted helplessly to sea, since we had no oars. A tug found us and towed us in. Once I just escaped a falling wall at a fire. Again there was a night ride over mountain and forest in search of an escaped balloon. As I think it over now, I never had any of those adventures which Williams and Davis have set forth in their newspaper stories. I was two years in the business before I scored what is technically known as a "beat." But I was a writing reporter, and naturally the colour in my life came not so much from what I experienced as from what I saw.

While they were four dazzling years, I cannot call them a happy period. When a reporter really loves the craft, takes it seriously as I did, his life goes by the extremes of exaltation and depression. The stimulation of a big story, the period of feverish excitement when it seems that he can go on forever and ever—once I wrote fourteen columns at a sitting—must necessarily be followed by periods of low nervous vitality. Life becomes a series of mental intoxications, for which one pays by mental katzenjammer. In those periods, sometimes a week long, in which nothing happened, in which the work brought only routine jobs, I experienced always a sense of failure, of apprehension, which was nothing but reaction after an action. This craving for excitement is one danger of newspaper work. It is the reason why so many brilliant reporters take to drink. They try to tide over the period between excitement and excitement by artificial means.

Invading the Magazine Field

For a time I tried a "desk." I resigned after a few weeks. Reporting was for me the only thing in the newspaper game. I had the thirst for writing, although I seemed condemned to write my words on water for a newspaper. I still cherished the hope of fighting my way over into "literature"; and I was always going to begin a grand fiction campaign next week. I did, indeed, force myself to write some short stories and articles for the magazines; part of them were accepted; part I have yet. That kind of

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writing came hard. My newspaper composition, if it had no other virtue, was spontaneous. Indeed, three of my stories were honoured by being copied in periodicals. I could not conceal from myself that those newspaper stories were a great deal better than the things which I had sold to the magazines.

Why this constant yearning of mine for book and magazine covers I cannot exactly tell. A newspaper man gets the habit of looking at things objectively; at this very moment the effort to be subjective is like pulling myself up by the boot straps. When I worked for the newspapers I made more money than I am likely to make for years in magazine work. I had no cheap and superior contempt for the daily paper. On the contrary, I believed in it as a career. A good reporter on a daily paper has it in his power to influence public thought more profoundly than nine-tenths of the magazine writers. When I look it squarely in the face, I suppose that my driving motive in leaving a profession which I loved so well and of which I was so proud was the not wholly noble desire for fame. Even if a newspaper writer is allowed to sign his name, the transitory nature of his product makes against public regard. There is more fame for the mediocre among magazine writers than for the most brilliant reporter. No, I suppose that the motive which kept me doing newspaper work and looking with longing across the fence was nothing more admirable at bottom than the madness which made Steve Brodie jump off the Brooklyn Bridge. This is the most humiliating of my confessions.

When I sought and found a place in New York my strongest motive was the desire to get near to the publishing centre. In New York I found conditions much more pleasant for the kind of a reporter that I was. I made more money from the very start than I could have hoped to make in my home city. I found the "writing reporter" at a premium. Getting the news counts for less in New York than in any other city of the country; writing it when got, for a great deal more. The City News Bureau supplies the city editors with the substantial facts in all important news stories which "break" throughout the day; it is for the reporter to elaborate these stories, to decorate them, to make them pleasing to the public. Then, too, one cannot ferret out facts for himself as he can in a smaller city. The New York police, with that cohesion for good or evil which is their strongest and most venerable tradition, never let a reporter get first hand to the evidence. In my metropolitan experience I reported at least twenty murders. In no case did I see the room where the crime was committed, the body, or any other of those "properties" of crime which are raw material for the detective. In maintaining this system, the detective bureau of the New York police department hides much of its own incompetence and really hampers justice; for one reporter, give him an even chance, can beat four detectives in getting the vital evidence; and in every other city the great criminals are usually run down by the newspapers, assisted by the police.

The New York Way

Coming to New York from a city where it was war to the knife between the newspapers, I was surprised beyond measure when the city editor said to me, upon handing out my first assignment:

"Of course, you are new to this city and don't know your way about. Just throw yourself on the mercy of the other fellows on the other papers." It was my first glimpse of the New York system. As a matter of fact, the reporters on any given story always "stand in" on matters of news, each giving to all the others whatever he has picked up. For example: as soon as the City News Bureau sends in the skeleton of a murder story a man from every paper starts for the police station. They meet before the captain's door. Probably he is out or busy. They make an appointment to see him, talk it over, divide up any work that may be done apart from the police and scatter, each to a different "end" of the story. After their interview with the captain they hold a short session for the trading of notes and go back to their desks. It follows that the man who has the most skill in newspaper writing is the one who comes off best. Viewed as an

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ethical question, this system has its advantages and its disadvantages. Those disagreeable compromises with honour which I have mentioned before are hardly ever useful in New York journalism. It happened that I was working for a conservative newspaper, a publication proud of its men and of their conduct. "Keyhole" tactics were strongly disapproved. But even had my paper condoned unethical methods, I do not see where they would have brought me any special advantage under the conditions which I found in New York. On the other hand, this impossibility of getting at details first hand gives rise to a constant temptation to "fake" the small incidents. Not one newspaper in New York is wholly free from this kind of lying. Take a murder story again. The first-class New York reporter on a first-class newspaper will stick to the main facts with perfect conscientiousness. But when it comes to the little things which add vividness—what Casey said when he met the burglar, what the mother of the murdered man said as she bent over him—he is likely to enrich from his imagination. I myself, although I have never exaggerated the essential facts in order to make a story, have been a miserable sinner in imagining details. In this connection let me say that a historic epigram made by a famous American on a dramatic occasion was never made at all. This "famous saying of a famous man" is already in the school histories. It simply happened that a clever New York reporter was present, and this epigram occurred to him as a good thing for the famous American to say. Therefore he said it—in print. The famous American, being a man of discretion, did not kick fame away from his door by a denial.

For a time I worked with enthusiasm in New York. The conditions just suited me. It was infinitely pleasant to pass my days close to adventure, and to set down at the end of each day the thing as I saw it. I liked the anonymous power that my position gave me; liked above all the encouragement of my fellow-workers. It was pleasant to have my associates come to me when I reached the office of a morning and say, "A bully story you wrote yesterday." I found myself waiting for that, as one waits for laurels; I found myself disappointed when a piece of work which I felt to be good failed of this recognition. It fed that unworthy bridge-jumper desire for fame in me. But the appetite grew; after two years Park Row laurels withered. Down there I was something of a figure. But who outside of the newspaper offices knew of me, and who that read my best stories regarded them except as things of the day? When I came to New York I had cherished a dim hope of writing for the magazines "on the side." I did write—two short stories in two years. Even that took Titanic labour. In pure imaginative work I found no stimulus of present excitement, of immediate, future recognition. And when I sat down to write fiction, alone with my imagination and white paper, the power seemed to ooze out of my finger-tips. I felt as De Quincey must have felt when he tried to write without the stimulation of opium. Excitement, the dazzling mental picture of the thing which had just happened—that was my opium.

Seizing the Opportunity

Unexpectedly my chance came. A periodical offered me a contract to do a series of articles. I resigned my position and took the jump. I am not so happy now as I used to be on the newspaper. My income is smaller and far more uncertain. I miss the excitement, the adventure, above all, the constant association with newspaper men, who, take them as a class, are the most companionable people alive. But something within me has driven me to it; and I know in the bottom of my heart that the something is not that burning necessity for creation which drew Barrie and Kipling from journalism into letters, but only the bridge-jumper in me. On days when the writing goes slowly and the incoming mail is bulky, I wonder if I did not wait too long, after all.

That, let me say, is the kernel of the practical relation between journalism and that which we call literature because we see it between magazine and book covers—one must wait long enough, but not too long. In the producer of "literary journalism" two tendencies are constantly

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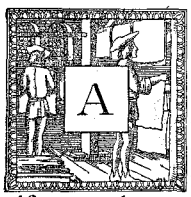
at war. The reporter is always close to life; he is in the greatest school for the study of human nature—objectively. He knows how men act in passion, in stress, in joy, in hate. He gathers the lore of every craft. He is a Decameron of those stories which never get into print, and which are far more useful for the novelist and the essayist than those which do. But his view is always objective; and in time this objectivity of thought becomes a habit. Not from wide experience, but from much meditation and fulness of the life within, comes that subjective imagination which makes a writer understand not how the murderer acts when he pulls the trigger, but how he feels; not what the lover says when love is fulfilled, but what he thinks. That wealth of detail, then, is a constructive force; that habit of objective observation a destructive one.

That newspaper work is the ruin of a good style is an axiom among writers. In spite of this article turning state's evidence to confuse me, I am inclined to quarrel with that opinion. While it makes against the habit of care, against the long search for the one word created for that very place in that one sentence since time began, it makes also for vividness, for facility, and for nervous force—in those born with any sense of style to develop or destroy. Those who, wanting this faculty, have been taught certain imitative rules in school or college, it does ruin; such people fall at once into the habit of putting down stock phrases; but of such are the failures in both literary journalism and that which Goldsmith called "Polite Letters."

The art of "breaking away," then, lies in choosing that moment when one is at the top of the curve; when, being full of detail and the sense of life, one has not yet lost the power of inner imagination. And I confess that the inner imagination, which I had to a degree when I left college, seems a little tarnished as I sit day after day looking at a Turkish rug and trying to put into words what vision is left within me.

"ON THE HEIGHTS"



A WELL-CHOSEN title is no mean element of a successful novel. In too many cases the title is merely a cunning advertising device and in only the fewest has it a significance deep enough to lead the reader to think upon it with satisfaction after finishing the book. In Berthold Auerbach's masterpiece, at the very close, the reconciled king and queen holding each other by the hand look up through tears to where Irma—the heroine—lies buried *Auf der Höhe*. Until this moment the reader has probably not thought of the significance of the title. But then it comes over him that *On the Heights* is not made the title because of this closing phrase; rather, that it describes the social grade in which the action of the novel goes on and in some measure also the tone of the intellectual life of the personages. Life "on the heights" has a peculiar fascination in whatever sense the phrase is taken. No feature of Auerbach's literary mastership is more admirable than the delicacy and ingenuity with which he has woven the fortunes of the royal house of Bavaria into the fabric of his great novel *Auf der Höhe*. The untangling of this complicated web adds zest to both history and fiction.

Probably the number of those who have been aware that Otto I. has been King of Bavaria for the past twenty-one years is small. Perhaps Otto himself has not been aware of it for the greater part of the time, since he has spent most of his reign in restraint, an incurable madman. And yet, who can say that Otto has been less fortunate than the majority

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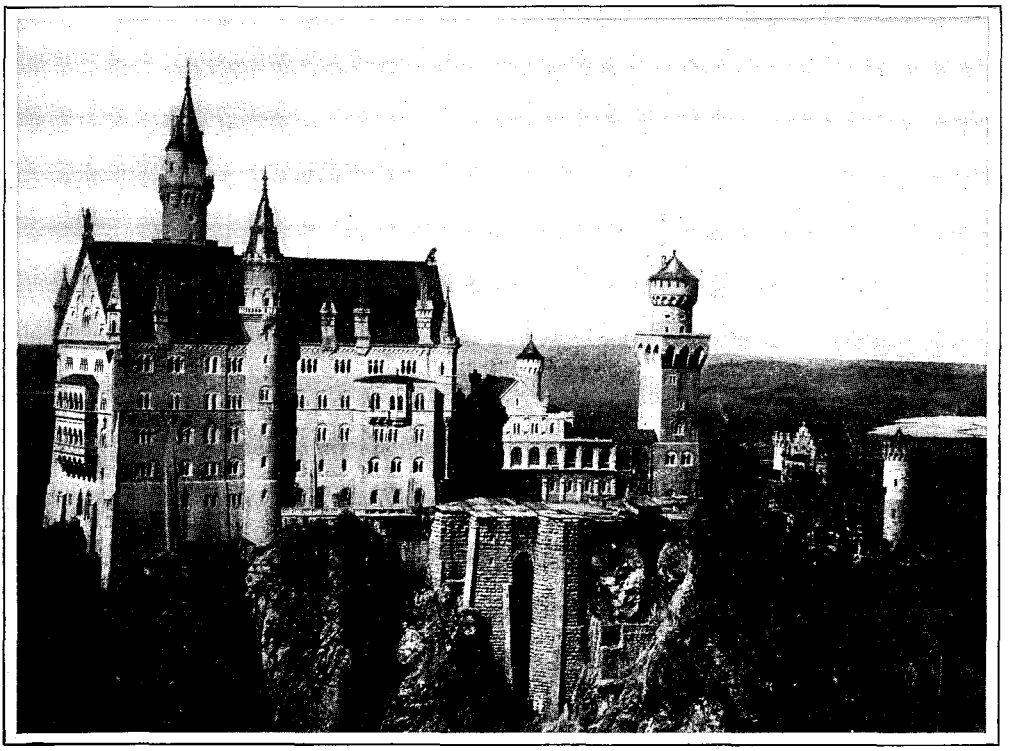

CASTLE NEW SCHWANSTEIN

A construction of Ludwig II. Here he was declared insane and incapable of ruling

of his colleagues? For are they not all under restraint, and are we not all a little mad?

Otto I. was an attractive youth, and as Prince Otto, accompanied the Prussian forces in the Franco-Prussian War, but long before the tragic death of his brother, Ludwig II., brought him to a theoretical throne, he had been consigned to the guardianship of attendants who surround him with the persistent watchfulness, if not the pomp and flattery, that belong to royalty. With Otto dies a line of interesting princes and the Bavarian succession goes over to his uncle, Luitpold, the youngest son of Ludwig I. It is with his father, Maximilian II., and his grandfather, Ludwig I., as well as his brother, much less than with himself, that we are concerned.

Otto was born in 1848, that year of stormy sailing for monarchical craft, which forced his talented grandfather to resign the helm to Maximilian II. and seek a refuge on the shores of private life. His brother Ludwig was three years older. If Queen Marie was not kept in entire ignorance of what was going on around her, it would not be altogether unwarranted to seek in those circumstances the source of the insanity of King Otto. For it was indeed a mad Munich into which little Otto was ushered on the 27th of April. Two months before his royal grandfather had been insulted by a mob in the streets of his capital, and after vain attempts to mollify the public resentment at his scandalous subjection to the whims of a courtesan, he had put off his crown in favour of his son and stolen away from the city which he had made the art capital of Germany.

Maximilian was not of an heroic mould, but a Hamlet, who found the times sadly out of joint, though he laboured conscientiously to set them right. Perhaps Hamlet suffered from head-

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LUITPOLD, PRINCE REGENT OF BAVARIA

aches. Maximilian tells his friend and teacher, the philosopher Schelling, that he had suffered from headaches for thirteen years before the birth of Otto. Doubtless the modern physician would consider this an important datum in the diagnosis of the case of both Ludwig and Otto. Schelling's influence upon Maximilian is probably the strongest factor in his character aside from his heredity. The two carried on a luminous and voluminous correspondence from several years before the king's coronation until the death of the philosopher in 1854. Maximilian was a man of sincere conscience. He took his duties as sovereign seriously. Despite the light tone of the court during the latter years of his father, Maximilian was a model husband and a devoted father and ruler. He was a father to his people only in the proper sense. With Ludwig it had been otherwise.

The devotees of art owe much to Ludwig I. of Bavaria. He built the Glyptothek and the two Pinakotheks, the Odeon, the Wittelsbacher palace, and a number of other structures, called painters to his capital and filled the museums with treasures. He was a strong and talented nature. But he had the traditional weakness of royalty and wealth, a practical hostility to monogamy. He was a modern Paris and filled a gallery with the beauties of his kingdom, painted by Stieler. One of these beauties, the court dancer Lola Montez, cost him his throne. It is the old story of dotage. Ludwig was sixty when Lola came to Munich—old enough to have known better. But opportunity makes the thief and—the rake. The Celto-Spanish adventuress danced herself into the old man's heart, and from this stronghold domineered the court. Lola tells us that she was a sincere republican and had the public good at heart. Why deny her this claim to virtue? During her domination, at any rate, the long-standing Jesuit ministry was overthrown, a liberal programme was introduced into the universities, greater freedom was promised the press. Her influence was distinctly recognised by the opposition, who called the new government the "Lola ministry." She was

KING OTTO I. OF BAVARIA
Now for many years insane

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made Countess of Landsfeld, and became the idol of the radical students. But liberalism must have blameless prophets. Mud stuck to Lola too easily. The Catholic and reactionary forces conquered, and the Countess of Landsfeld was escorted out of Bavaria, to finish her career in America.

LOLA MONTEZ
Baronin Steigeneck in *Auf der Höhe*

What a situation for a romance! It did not escape the keen eye of Berthold Auerbach, who made it the scaffolding of his most famous novel, *On the Heights*. While *Auf der Höhe* can scarcely be classified as a historical novel, it contains many elements of history, elements which lend, when understood, a double interest to the descendants of Ludwig I. The hero of Auerbach's novel is a composite of Ludwig and Maximilian II., with a decided preponderance of the latter, while the situation is that of the last year of Ludwig's reign. Kurt, the king of the novel, is married to a North German princess. Marie, the wife of Maximilian, was the daughter of Prince William of Prussia. Kurt, like Maximilian, is divided between autocratic and democratic tendencies. He wants to support constitutional government, but he doesn't like to be constrained to do so. Like Maximilian, he finally decides to sacrifice his personal inclinations and live for his people. Like Maximilian, he is, on the whole, a clean and high-minded idealist. His relations with the heroine, Irma, are his single, deeply repented sin, though she exercises over him the same powerful influence as did Lola Montez over his father, Ludwig.

Kurt, of the novel, has the more positive character of Maximilian's father. Maximilian meditated going over from Catholicism to Protestantism and discussed with Schelling the possibilities of bringing the two great families of Christendom nearer together. In the novel, it is the queen, Mathilde, who considers the surrender of her native faith in favour of that of her husband, a disposition traditionally more suited to the feminine character. But the discussion is the same, only that Schelling's arguments against the step are put into the mouth of the king in the novel.

Auerbach is always an idealist. In *Auf der Höhe* he idealises most of all the favourite, the mistress of the king. Indeed, it is scarcely more than the situation which would identify Irma,

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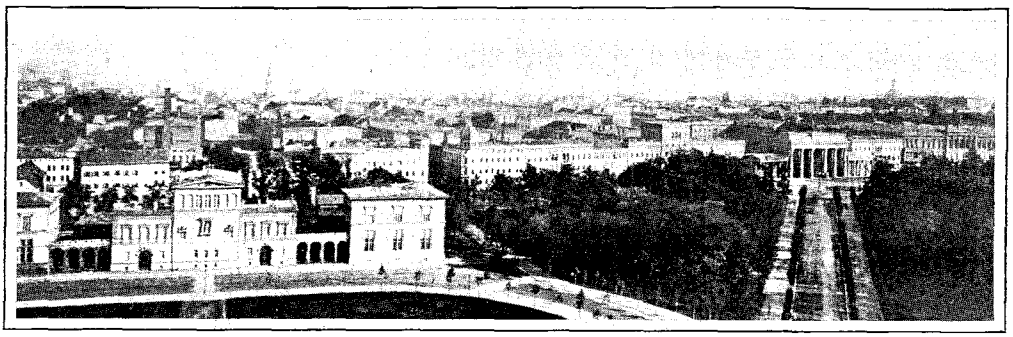
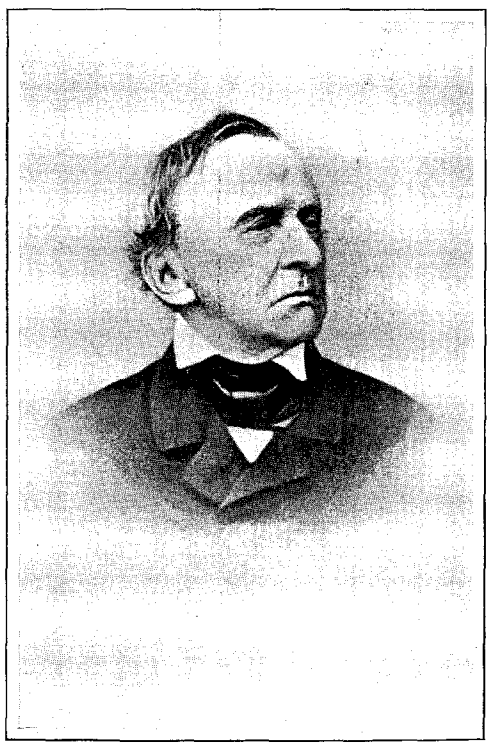
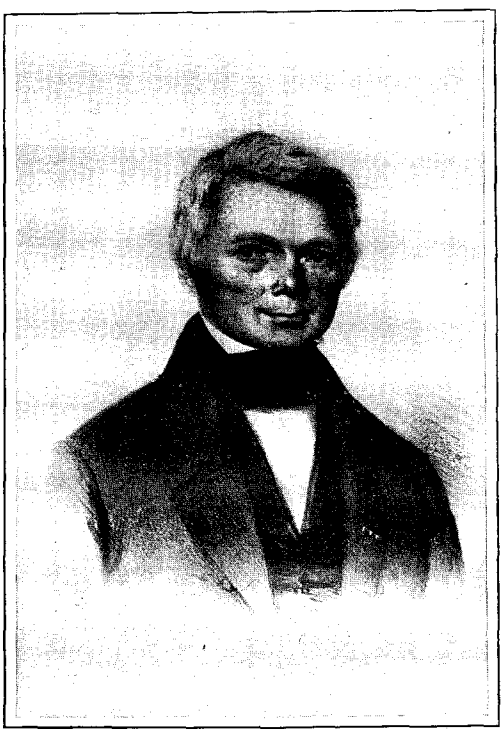


GENERAL VIEW OF MUNICH
The Propylæum in the foreground

the talented Gräfin von Wildenort, with Lola Montez. He seems to wish to preclude the possibility of such an identification, for he refers to "the mistress of the old king," called in the novel Baroness Steigeneck—the name a whimsical half-translation of Montez—a foreign dancer, whose relations to the king had been a public scandal. Irma's brother, Bruno, is married to the daughter of the old favourite, and in more than one way Irma's relation is compared and contrasted with that of the Steigeneck. While Lola Montez intrigued against the Jesuit régime and prompted the proscription of the Redemptorists, Irma, through pity for a friend, procures the restoration of the



LUDWIG I. OF BAVARIA



THE PHILOSOPHER SCHELLING
Friend and adviser of Maximilian II. The original of Gunther in *Auf der Höhe*

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QUEEN MARIE OF BAVARIA
The Queen in *Auf der Höhe*

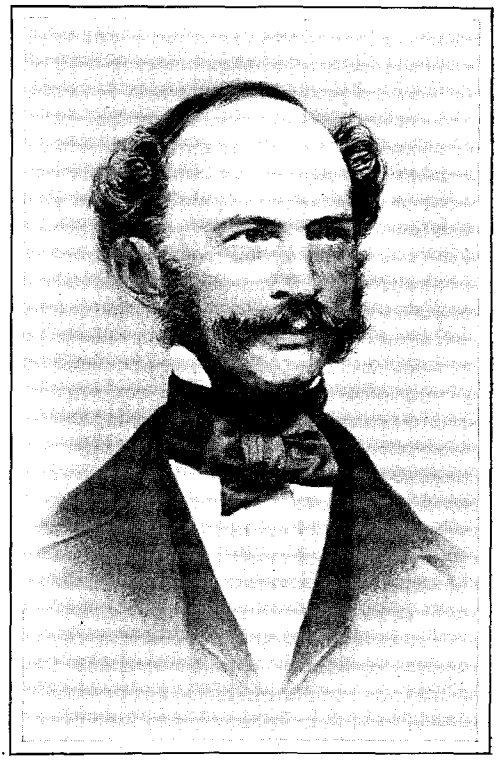
cloister system. Yet both Lola and Irma were radicals, impatient of restraints, and if we could trust Lola's own account of herself in her *Autobiography,* prefixed to her *Lectures,* she was no less highstrung and idealistic than was Gräfin Irma. Lola's various books, *Anecdotes of Love, The Arts of Beauty,* and the *Lectures,* were all published seven years before the appearance of *Auf der Höhe,* and may have been known to Auerbach.

While the Kurt of the novel is an idealisation of Maximilian II., it is easy to understand why Auerbach should have waited with its publication until after the king's death. He had certainly begun it before the year 1864. And although the other sitter for his composite hero, King Ludwig I., was still alive, the circumstances were so cunningly mingled and the persons so fairly disguised that the Bavarian censors did not attempt to interfere with the circulation of *Auf der Höhe.* Prudence may have dictated their indulgence, for to have attacked the book on the score of *Majestätsbeleidigung* would have been more like a confession and public advertisement of the frailties of their royal family.

What Ludwig I. accomplished for the representative arts Maximilian hoped to do for poetry. Both kings indulged themselves in the belief that they were poets—perhaps this is one of the privileges of kings.

"You have a new hat, *lieber Hofrath,*" said Ludwig one morning to a leading literary man of the court, to whom he had showed his poems. "Quite right, your Majesty," replied the poet. "And what sort of a one?" "One I could recommend to your Majesty," was the reply, "*wasserdichter,* your Majesty." A good German pun (*wasserdichter,* adjective = *watertight; Wasserdichter,* noun = *watery poet*) which, however, cost the punster his position at court.

However, Maximilian had better critics and advisers than his father, or better judgment, hence he did not publish



MAXIMILIAN II. OF BAVARIA
The King in *Auf der Höhe*

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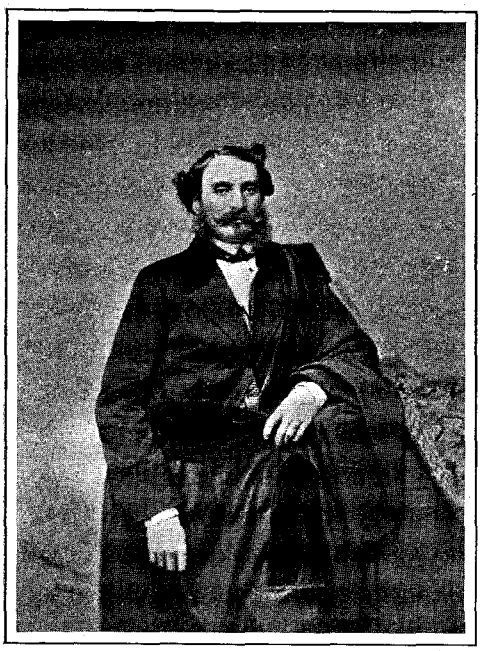

FRANZ DINGELSTEDT

his verses. But he encouraged in every way possible the pursuit of the tuneful art, especially by calling young writers to his court and granting them pensions. Thus at one time or another he entertained and aided Geibel, Heyse, Lingg, Bodenstedt, Dingelstedt, Hermann Schmid, Wilhelm Hertz, Riehl, Dahn, Scheffel and other lesser geniuses. Many of these were in Munich at the same time and joined with the king in the informal discussions and entertainments. Among themselves these genial spirits formed a circle which they called *Der heilige Teich* (The Sacred Pool), and also *Das Krokodil*. The members assumed such names as Ichthyosaurus, Ibis, Scarabæus, and other Egyptological titles. Scheffel's comic poem "The Ichthyosaurus" sprang from this association, also an entire book of contributions by various members, *Das Münchener Dichterbuch*. The king himself sometimes took part in the sessions of *Das Krokodil*.

It was one of Maximilian's dearest ambitions to be loved by his people. He was sincerely simple in his tastes and loved the simple ways of the common people, whom he sought in their rural surroundings. This trait Auerbach has reflected in *Auf der Höhe* by the introduction of the peasant nurse into the court life, which at the same time gave him the opportunity to employ his most decided talent, the ideal portrayal of country folk, such as the world knows best in his *Black Forest Tales*. Much of Maximilian's statecraft was dominated by this desire to satisfy his people, which he once expressed in a great emergency in the oft-quoted saying, *"Ich will Frieden haben mit meinem Volke."* His motto, announced in assuming the crown, *Freiheit und Gesetzmässigkeit,* is paraphrased in the novel with the simpler and more poetic *"Frei und treu,"* or, in another passage, *"Frei und Eins mit dem Gesetze."*

This and a score of other touches put it beyond all question that the Kurt of *Auf der Höhe* is studied from Maximilian II. Several of the leading persons

EMANUEL GEIBEL, THE POET

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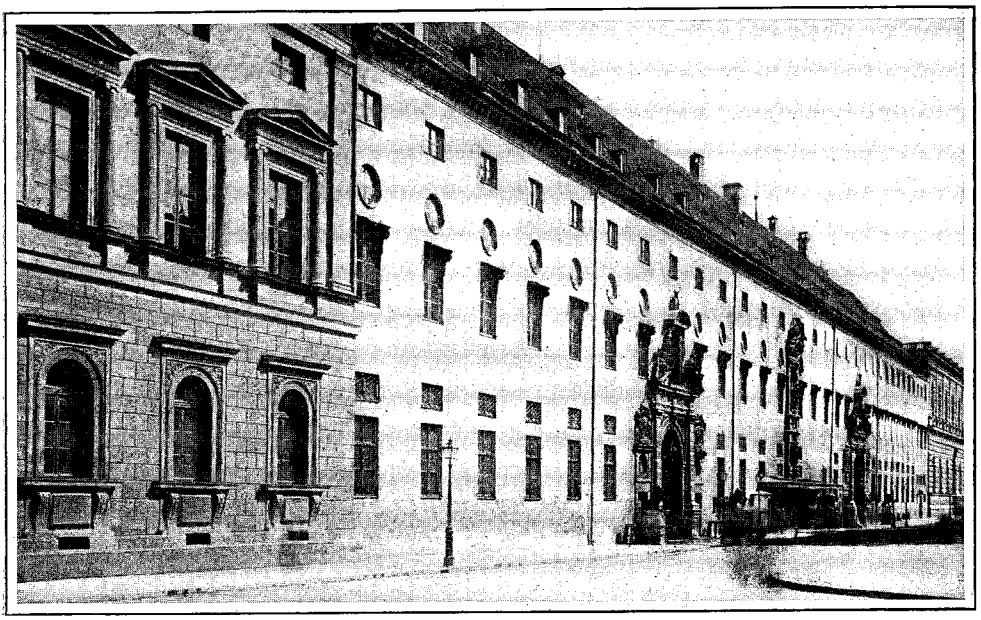
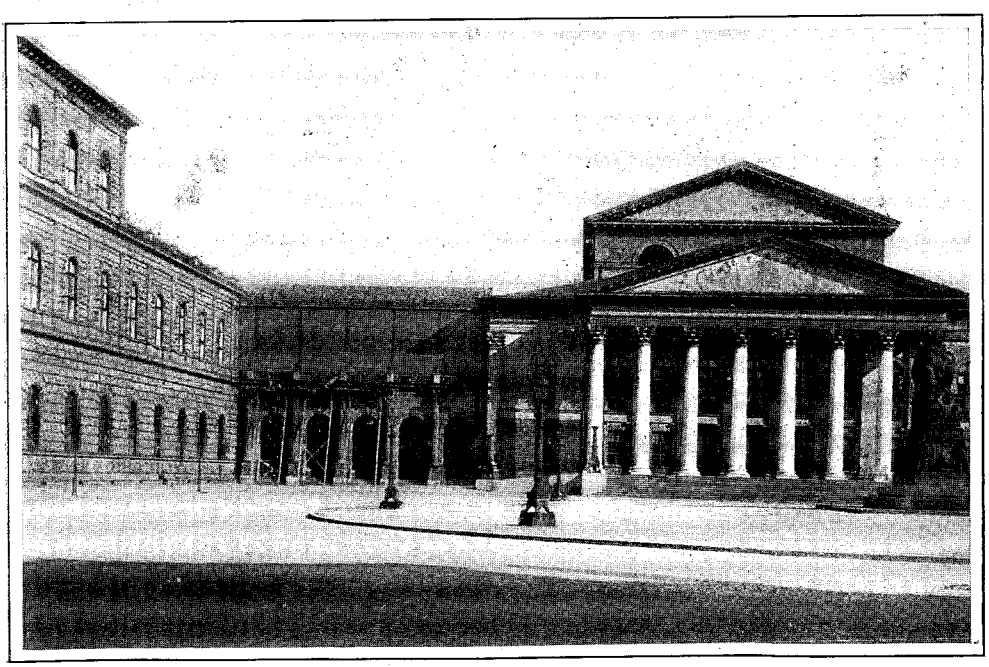


ROYAL PALACE IN MUNICH

The scene of much of *Auf der Höhe*



THE COURT THEATRE IN MUNICH

The scene of the Emilia Galotti episode in *Auf der Höhe*

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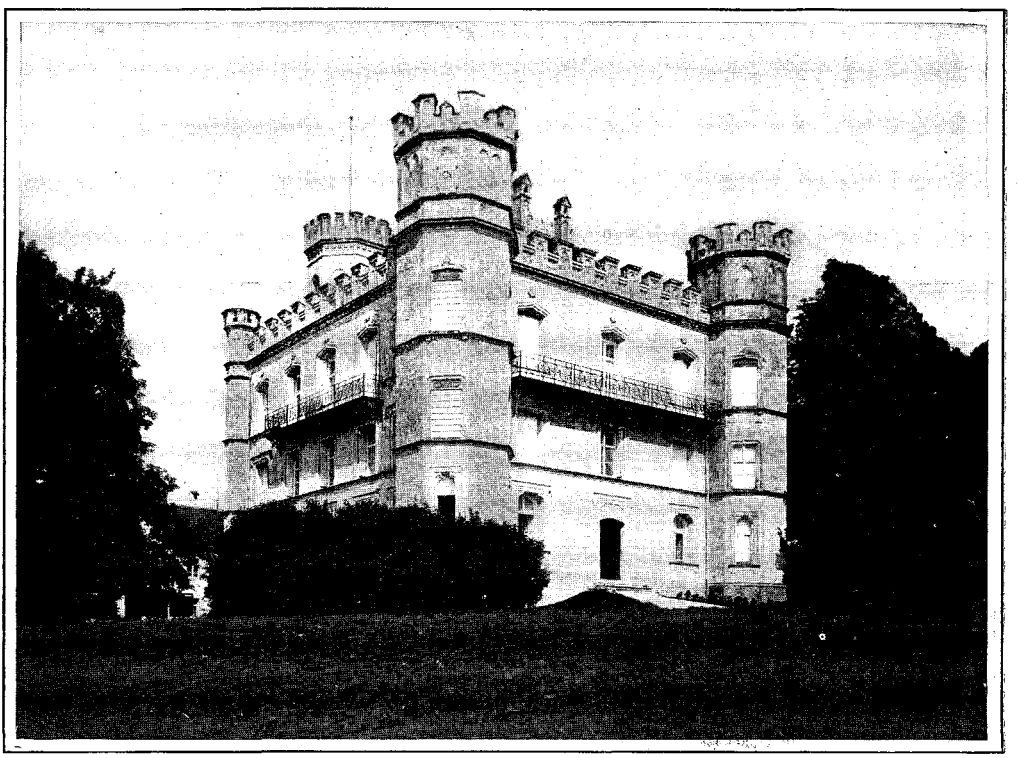
in the environment of the king may be recognised as the shadows of those who surrounded the real Maximilian. Gunther, the court physician, who exercises so great an influence over both the queen and the king, speaks quite clearly the philosophy of Schelling, although something of this may also be found in the words of Irma's father Eberhard, and the sayings of both are founded upon the principles of Auerbach's great master, Spinoza. In Bronnen, who becomes president of the ministry, in the novel, it is possible to see Dönniges, Maximilian's chief adviser in the first years of his reign, with a touch of Von der Pfordten, in Baron Schöning the poet Geibel, and perhaps in Schnabelsdorf Dingelstedt, the dilettante author, mingled with the political actions of Thon-Dittmer, president of the Bavarian cabinet.

It is difficult to believe that this wonderful story and its relation to the life of his father should have escaped the keen intelligence of King Ludwig II. In the close of the latter king's career there is either a strange coincidence with an episode in the novel or a tragedy which was suggested in some subtle, subliminal fashion by the king's familiarity with the situation of the novel.

On the shore of one of the picturesque Bavarian lakes, plausibly the *Starnberger See,* Irma, the king's favourite, whose relation to him had alienated the royal couple and had become a scandal so public that the reproach of it brought on the death of her father, attempts to take her life by drowning and is restrained, only after a struggle, by her friend Walpurga, whom she had known as the nurse of the little crown prince. For several years it was believed by the court that she had succeeded in



CASTLE BERG ON THE STARNBERGER SEE

In which Ludwig II. was incarcerated and near which he was drowned (conjectured as scene of the death of Irma in *Auf der Höhe*)

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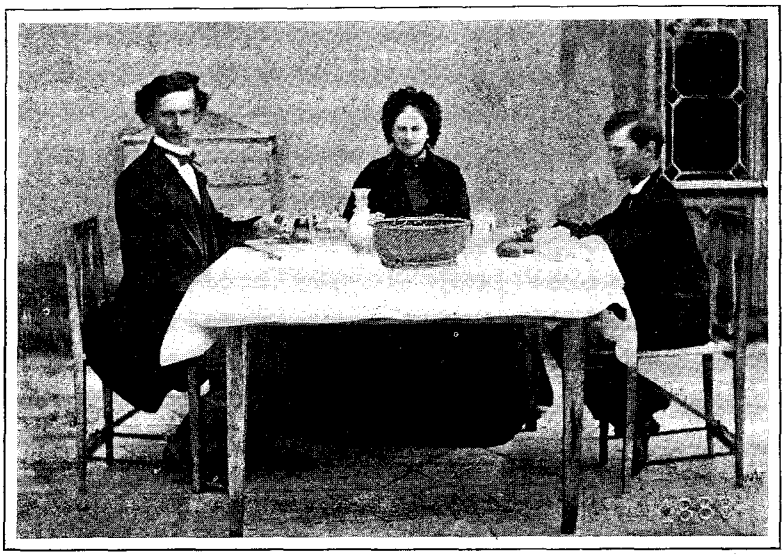
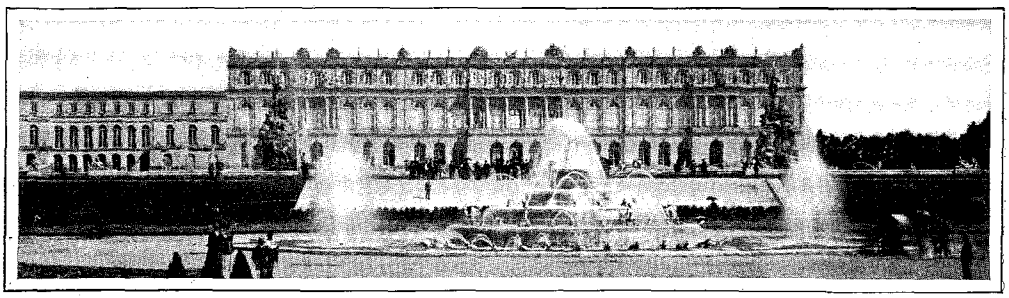


LUDWIG II. QUEEN MARIE OTTO I.

About 1864

her attempt, and on the spot was erected a cross with a brief commemorative inscription. Irma repents of her wrong in the solitude of the "Alm," the mountain dairy farm, while the king lives down his trespass in the midst of his official duties. Finally time and the discovery of the penitent Irma as she is about to pass away reconcile the royal pair.

The present generation has not forgotten Ludwig II. He too had an ambition to glorify his country. His grandfather had made Munich an art centre; his father had made it the home of poetry and history and science. What was left for him but music? A noble ambition, worthy of a dreamer and possible only to a royal dreamer. All the world knows of his relation to Wagner. If ever a patron deserved credit for the achievements of his protégé, it is Ludwig II. None but a mad king could have had faith in the plans of so revolutionary a genius as Wagner. Because his *Münchener* did not appreciate him he built the famous opera-house at Bayreuth. But Bavaria contains both cities. No king since Barbarossa has become so nearly a mythical character as Ludwig II. He was a handsome man of colossal stature. His whimsical and nocturnal habits and in later years his almost entire seclusion from public view made it easily possible to multiply and exaggerate the many incidents of actual occurrence, so



PALACE CHIEMSEE

A costly construction of Ludwig II

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KING LUDWIG II., LATE KING OF BAVARIA
The baby prince in *Auf der Höhe*

that it is already quite impossible to separate fact and fancy. What a delightful story, whether true or not, that of the king's playing *Lohengrin* in an artificial lakelet on the roof of the royal palace. To make the sea more realistically blue a quantity of vitriol had been added to the water, and when the machinery that served for Boreas and Euros was all too successful in its effects, the swan-boat upset and the royal actor was drenched in fortunately somewhat diluted vitriol. Or how like Peter the Great, the story of his leaving the splendid court orchestra to play through a long opera before his valet in the otherwise empty auditorium because some of the members had come a minute after the punctual king himself.

Once only did the king take an efficient part in the political history of his day, when, at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, he promptly offered his forces for the support of King William and soon after took the lead in proposing the restoration of the German Empire under the headship of Prussia. However, he did not act wholly on his own initiative in the premises, but was guided by the hand of Bismarck.

After the war he withdrew more and more into his realm of dreams, avoiding the capital, frequenting the romantic lakes of the Bavarian highlands, and living only for his musical and architectural ideals. For in him as in his predecessors the *Baulust* was rampant. And since Munich was distasteful to him, he undertook a series of splendid palaces on the shores of his favourite lakes: Neuschwanstein, Berg and Herren-Chiemsee. When the debts for these structures began to approach the second million of dollars, the creditors called a halt, and the king demanded that the *Landtag* should assume the obligations. The refusal of the *Landtag* to make this grant threw the king into a fury and accelerated his disease.

Such was the situation when early in June, 1886, it was determined to appoint a lunacy commission. After some perilous experiences with the king, who was surrounded by officials dependent on his whims and, therefore, disposed to humour them, the commission reported that Ludwig was hopelessly insane. Thereupon Prince Luitpold issued a proclamation to this effect and assumed the regency. At the same time Dr. von Gudden was despatched to Neuschwanstein to take charge of the royal patient. After some parrying and diplomacy Ludwig consented to remove to Castle Berg on the Starnberger See, where there were better facilities for treatment. He pretended to be reconciled and pacific, and in the evening of June 13th proposed a promenade with his physician on the shore of the lake. To pacify him other attendants were dismissed; the king and Von Gudden were not seen again until, several hours later, their bodies were found floating in the water off the shore. It was evident that a struggle had taken place, Von Gudden's face showing the marks of the king's fingers. But whether Von Gudden was drawn under and drowned by the king, or whether he died of heart failure, or whether he took his own life in desperation over the loss of his patient, is not known, or at least has not been published.

Thus the king died in exactly the same manner as the beautiful heroine whom Auerbach had associated with his royal

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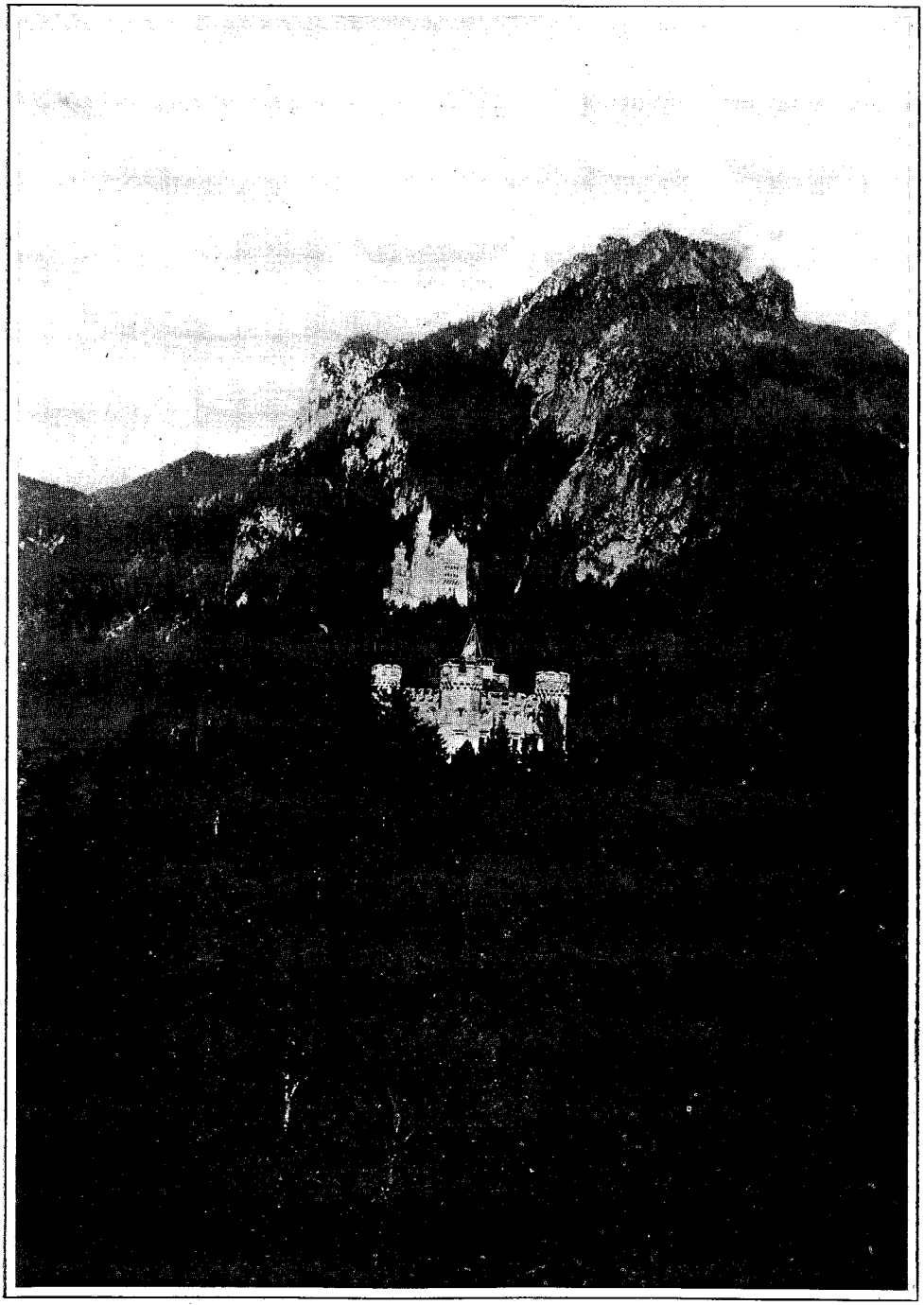

CASTLE HOHENSCHWANGAN, WITH NEW SCHWANSTEIN ABOVE

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PRINCE LUDWIG, HEIR APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF BAVARIA

father, and perhaps at the same point—it was low and marshy—of the same lake which the novelist describes as the scene of the tragedy in his story. It is not incredible that Ludwig may have mingled that scene with his mad imaginings, may have brooded on the wrong his father had done the beautiful countess—in the story—and have planned his own death as a romantic atonement for that wrong. He was all his life a bitter misogynist.

The excitement in the country was intense. The peasantry, especially the mountaineers, with whom the king was a favourite, were unwilling to believe the story of his death, and suspected that he had been incarcerated or made way with as the victim of a plot. They came in great numbers to see the body as it lay in state in the royal residence, as much to be convinced that the king was really dead as from conventional curiosity.

To this day there are not wanting intelligent men among the subjects of King Otto who half suspect that Ludwig was harassed into insanity, if not actually hunted into the madhouse and the lake, by political and perhaps religious envy and ambition. These suspicions found voice in some radical journals at the time in black-faced editorials headed,

Volkswirthschaftliche, Neueste Nachrichten und Münchener Anzeiger. Alpine & Sport-Zeitung

München, Montag 14. Juni. № 165. 39. Jahrgang. 1886.

Nachdem **Seine Majestät der König** seit der Ankunft in Schloß Berg den ärztlichen Rathschlägen ruhige Folge geleistet hatten, machten Allerhöchstdieselben gestern Abends 6¾ Uhr in Begleitung des Obermedizinalrathes Dr. von Gudden einen Spaziergang in den Park, von dem Allerhöchstdieselben und Dr. von Gudden längere Zeit nicht zurückgekehrt sind. Nach Durchsuchung des Parkes und des Seeufers wurden **Seine Majestät** mit dem Obermedizinalrath Dr. von Gudden im See gefunden. — **Seine Majestät** gaben gleichwie Dr. von Gudden anfangs noch schwache Lebenszeichen. Die von Dr. **Müller** vorgenommenen Wiederbelebungsversuche waren jedoch vergeblich. **Um 12 Uhr Nachts** wurde der **Tod Seiner Majestät konstatirt.** Gleiches war bei Dr. von Gudden der Fall.

München, den 14. Juni 1886.

Königliche Polizeidirektion.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE SUCCESSION BY PRINZ LUITPOLD

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"The people demand the truth!" which were promptly confiscated.

And so the recluse who had so long shunned his own capital came back at last to be gazed at by all men's eyes in broad sunlight. For two long days he lay extended on his simple bier, while his subjects gazed upon the face that many of them had never seen in life, and then came the impressive funeral procession, the hearse attended by twelve totally draped figures with only slits for the eyes in their black hoods—the *Gugelmänner* of Bavarian custom—and followed by a notable line of princes on foot, among them two representatives of the greatest German states, Prussia and Austria, Crown Prince Friedrich, the much loved and lamented Friedrich II., Emperor of Germany, and Crown Prince Rudolph, who ended his life in a base intrigue at the hands of the man whom he had wronged.

Since the constitution of Bavaria makes no provision for the deposition of a king on account of insanity, the succession passed nominally to Ludwig's brother Otto, and his accession was formally announced by the Prince-Regent Luitpold together with the news of the death of Ludwig. But Otto has been in truth an uncrowned king. Few of his subjects have seen his face except as it appears on current Bavarian coins. In *On the Heights* the second child of the royal couple is stillborn. The fate of Otto has been yet sadder, both for him and for his mother, who lived through the insane years of both her sons. Luitpold is eighty-seven and the next king of Bavaria will probably be Ludwig III., his oldest son. *W. H. Carruth.*

KING LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA ON HIS BIER

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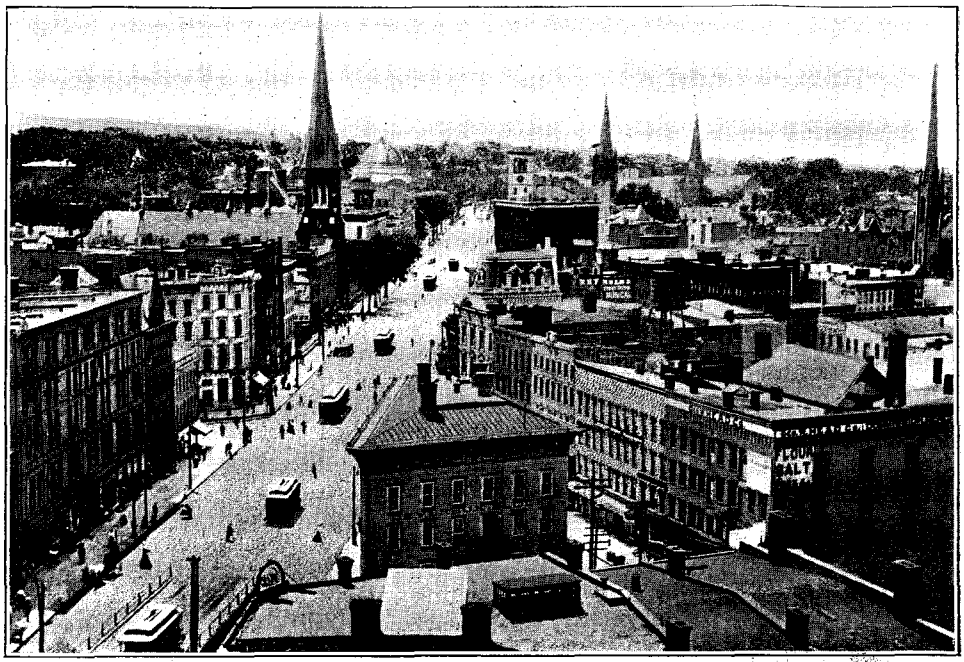

GENESEE STREET—THE "GRAND BOULEVARD" OF UTICA

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

II. Utica, N. Y.

THE gentle but sophisticated reader may express surprise that I should write of Utica, New York. Why Utica, New York? The place is one of a hundred undistinguished cities, the very names of which are usually learned from railway time-tables. It has played no part in history. It is too young to possess colonial associations. It is too old to stir that sort of imagination which is fired by many Jack-and-the-Beanstalk cities of the West. No one visits it for pleasure or to see its sights. It is only a dot upon the map.

Quite true. Yet these are just the reasons why I wish to write of Utica, New York. There are perhaps a hundred towns in our great country of which the same things might be said. Ask the average American to tell you the geographical situation of Utica and he will say: "Oh, it's somewhere up in the middle of New York State." That is all he knows about it. But so, if you ask even a highly educated foreigner about some of our greatest cities, his answers will be still more vague. Name to an Englishman six American towns that are larger than Leeds or Sheffield or Edinburgh or Newcastle or Portsmouth—not to say York or Plymouth or Southampton or Dover or Yarmouth—and it is long odds that he will never even have heard of them. And as for Germans and Frenchmen, most of them could not enumerate five American cities to save their lives; and if they tried it, they would surely include Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres or Mexico.

I shall never forget the faint look of

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incredulous surprise which flickered across the face of a distinguished British visitor ten years ago, when I told him that there existed a place called Brooklyn within whose limits there dwelt very nearly a million human beings. He had heard of Yankee brag, and he suspected me of drawing the long bow for his astonishment. A day or two later he crossed the Bridge and plunged into the welter of unrelated streets which make up the maze of Brooklyn. I feared lest he might not return, since even a New Yorker is quickly lost in that appalling labyrinth. For my part, when I visit Brooklyn (which is seldom) I never lose my grasp on Fulton Street, but wander up and down its noisy way, venturing only to gaze timidly into its purlieus and adjacent lanes. Yet my accomplished guest returned safely at nightfall, convinced, I think, of the immensity of Brooklyn, though he said nothing, and wore an air of profound depression, the reason for which the psychologists of Brooklyn may explain.

Of course, foreigners will say: "Why *should* we know the names of your big cities? Their bigness is their only claim to notice. They have no attractions, no meaning, no background. They are simply great human hives, and might just as well be designated by numbers as by names." Yes, but is not the same thing true of many foreign cities? Liverpool is no more significant than Brooklyn. Birmingham and Manchester are modern growths almost as truly as are Kansas City and St. Joseph and Buffalo and Newark. Yet the Englishman who has never heard of these American cities would rightly hold us very ignorant if we knew naught of Liverpool and Manchester.

Now, what I am coming to is this: Our attitude toward our own smaller cities represents exactly the foreign attitude toward our larger ones. The superciliousness of a Londoner when you speak to him of Denver or St. Paul is matched by the superciliousness of the Philadelphian, for instance, when you speak to him of Utica. And so when you ask, "Why write of Utica?" I answer in the immortal words of Alice—or was it the Carpenter?—"Why not?"

Indeed, one ought to turn away from our big, overgrown, amorphous capitals, to the smaller cities, which are far more truly representative of America—the real America. Cosmopolitan New York, jammed full of Jews and Irishmen and Germans and Italians, and with the architecture of a dozen countries copied and vulgarised and caricatured; Chicago, where Poles and Huns and Swedes sweat in its reeking stock-yards and make the place a gruesome Babel; San Francisco, half Chinese; and Boston, sterile and preserving little of the past except its querulous colonial conceit—why tell of these and other cities which already every one has seen and read of to satiety? How much more fresh the interest of the smaller towns, which may be only names, yet which are really very individual—compact and prosperous and undeniably American. We go whirling through them in a "flyer," and we never think that each of them is the abode of sixty or seventy thousand of our fellow-countrymen, forming a microcosm which deserves our study. These people are not ciphers in the sum of national existence. They live and love. They work and play. They have their triumphs and their tragedies. Their churches, theatres and clubs diversify their lives. They thrill with local pride. They set themselves with earnestness to work out their own problems, both social and municipal. They are not half so hopelessly "provincial" as are the persons who apply to them that sneering adjective.

The truth is that I am innocently proud of knowing Utica, New York. If I had explored the sources of the Nile, or prowled around Uganda, or entered the Forbidden Palace at Pekin, or sneaked up into Thibet, I should never mention it. Other persons have done these things and they have written books about them, which you can procure at any library. But so far as I can find, no one has ever written anything about Utica, New York, from the standpoint of an appreciative wanderer. And, therefore, as I take you with me up the slope of Genesee Street and past the Busy Corner, and initiate you into Utica, I feel naïvely vain, somewhat as Bartley Hubbard did when he showed

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the blushing Marcia how well he knew his Boston. "Wait till I show you Washington Street to-morrow. There's the Museum. Here we are in Scollay Square. There's Hanover Street. Court crooks down that way. There's Pemberton Square."

I shall not expect you to be so much impressed as Marcia was; nor, on the other hand, shall I give you a Catalogue of Streets in the manner of Homer and of Mr. Howells. In fact, I am discoursing of Utica purely for my own esoteric pleasure, and you are not bound to listen, though I hope you will. Even the most trivial knowledge has its value; and Utica is really worth your while. It gives you a clue to the mysteries of Central New York, upon which no one, before or since the time of Mr. Harold Frederic, has cast a single glimmer of interpretative light.

And you are not to imagine that there is anything at all usual or tame or commonplace in journeying to Utica. If you have sporting blood, let me tell you that it involves the piquancy of peril. In going thither you shall experience the delightful inconveniences of barbarous travel. You shall be afflicted with uncertainty and apprehension. You shall feel the need of fortitude as fully as did Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie when she explored Ruthenia and the Carpathians, wearing knickerbockers, and—so far as I can gather from her narrative—carrying no luggage except a silver cigarette case and a box of insect-powder. It is not for every one to go to Utica any more than it used to be for every one to go to Corinth. Utica lies in that vast and fully subjugated province which pays tribute to the New York Central Railroad. To reach it you must travel on the New York Central Railroad's trains; and I assure you that if you went in palanquins or on the humps of dromedaries you would experience no such vicissitudes or be so grievously uncertain as to when you would arrive.

The New York Central Railroad was once the model railway of the United States. But that was when its chiefs were men who knew their business. In these days, judging from a large array of concrete facts, it has been given over—I cannot tell by whom—to a lot of merry boys, who think it fun to play at railroading. It may be fun for them, but it is far from fun to the poor passenger who lets himself become a subject for their cheerful irresponsibility. Take your ticket for the Empire State Express, but at the same time make your peace with Heaven and get a policy of accident insurance. It may be that only freight trains will be smashed that day, and that you will escape unscathed; but you will probably be several hours late; you will not make connections; your luggage will be dumped off at any station other than the one you checked it to. If you ever find that luggage after days of telegraphing and complaining, you will be asked to pay the Company for having stored it for you at the place to which you didn't want it sent. *Experto crede Roberto.*

But after all, here is where the romance of a voyage to Utica begins. Utica itself is loyal to the New York Central Railroad. It received long ago a railway station, which is now dilapidated to the last degree; but Utica is loyal. It hugs its chains and deeply reverences the satraps of the "Central." And perhaps one wouldn't wish this sentiment to disappear, since from it springs a curious cult which I shall presently explain. This is the cult of Mileage. You can buy a little pasteboard book in which is furled a yard or so of flimsy paper marked off by lines, each tiny section representing a mile of transportation on the "Central" and its tributary roads. This seems like a simple, every-day arrangement; but in Utica, New York, it isn't simple—not a bit. As I said, it is the subject of a cult, and the basis of a sort of sporadic aristocracy. These pasteboard covers, enclosing the yard or so of flimsy paper, are precisely the same thing as a patent of nobility. Originally, the combination was called "a mileage book"; but by a process of linguistic attrition, the dialect of Utica describes it as "a Mileage." Now if you possess a Mileage you are no longer a common person, one of the *plebecula,* a *terræ filius.* A halo of distinction shimmers around your head. You exhale the odour of a special sanctity. Trainmen who before have grunted at you, now lout

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low. All doors are open to you. Conductors will stop trains for you at stations where no stoppage is permitted to the common or garden variety of traveller. "Nice customs curtsey to great kings" said Henry V. In Utica and its vicinity they curtsey to the person who owns a Mileage.

And you do not even have to show your Mileage. Just look at the varlet whom you would command and say "Mileage!" It is quite enough. He is brought to heel at once, and bows obsequiously. I have often wondered why unscrupulous men who really have no Mileage, do not use the magic word and thus unlawfully secure its benefits. But I have evolved a theory that only the actual possession of a Mileage can bestow the true patrician air which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere in Utica, New York. If you tried to act as though you had a Mileage when you hadn't one, something in your manner would betray you. Such is the psychology of the Mileage. I once heard two natives of Utica arguing earnestly over some controverted topic. One of them finally exclaimed:

"I'll bet you a Mileage that I'm right!"

But the other, eyeing him with elaborate disdain, replied:

"Huh! You look as though you had a Mileage, don't you!"

So, you see, a Mileage is like an amulet or the Hapsburg lip. If you have it, why then you have it; but if you haven't it, pretence will not avail. The lowliest trainman will throw you off the back platform without turning a hair.

It is worth noting, in order to give a scientifically complete account of this very interesting matter, that there is a Greater and also a Lesser Mileage. The former costs $20 and will entitle you to a thousand miles of danger, while the Lesser Mileage costs but $10 and will permit you to risk your life for only five hundred miles. These two Mileages represent, as it were, two different grades or titles in the Central's peerage, corresponding, let us say, respectively, to a Marquisate and an Earldom. I wish that there were even loftier Mileages; for then I should save up my money and buy a Mileage of fifty thousand miles. It would make me at the very least a Duke of Utica; while a Mileage of a hundred thousand miles would be equivalent to a strain of the blood royal.

And there is still another cult—a very different one—which thrives in Utica, New York, and, indeed, along the whole line of the Central. It is not aristocratic in its nature, but gastronomic; and I am delighted to publish here the results of my investigations.

The object of this cult is what is called the fried-cake. In writing down the word, be sure to hyphenate it; and, in pronouncing it, remember that it is an irrational spondee to be uttered with the trochaic beat and time—thus, "*fried*-cake." Now the fried-cake is not an indigenous product, peculiar to Utica. Roughly speaking, the fried-cake belt extends from the Hudson River westward to Lake Erie, and the excellence of the fried-cake itself increases in a sort of geometrical ratio with every hundred miles. Thus, at Albany it is possible to procure and eat a fried-cake; but if you are wise, you will not do so. At Utica, the fried-cake attains a degree of deliciousness which is supposed to justify the cult. At Syracuse it ravishes the palate. At Buffalo it is a gastronomic dream—a Lucullan climax—an epicurean ecstasy. At least I have been told so. I once knew a girl who used up an immensely long strip out of a Mileage, in travelling all the way from Boonville to Syracuse, just to eat some fried-cakes after an abstinence of several years.

My *commentariolum* must prove rather unsatisfactory as an explanation of just what a fried-cake really is. I may imperfectly describe it as a cruller that is trying to lead the simple life. It looks like a cruller; only its golden brownish circle is more plump and puffy, and the hole in the middle is smaller. The fried-cake is never greasy, and the interior is of a beautifully homogeneous texture—light and firm and fine. I am obliged to confess that I have never eaten one. In the railway station at Utica, I have walked cautiously around a glass cylinder which was full of them; and once, near Utica, I bought one and broke it open to see what it looked like inside. But I am a timid soul when it

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comes to fooling with new kinds of food. I will secure all the evidence that can be had, and will most minutely question those who really know; but eating is too serious a matter to be made an adjunct to sociology. Thus in France, I have sojourned in Caen without touching any of its famous tripe. I have escaped from Marseilles quite conscious-stricken and yet secretly relieved because its huge snails had never tempted me. In sundry picturesque and bacilliferous towns of Italy, I have turned away from some very remarkable concoctions of oil and garlic which I knew were necessary to make me genuinely *Weltreisig;* and in Stuttgart I have stubbornly refused to do even so much as taste of a certain dark-blue soup which smelled as though a poodle had been washed in it. These things I confess with shame; but we all have our limitations, and this is one of mine. Therefore, let me simply note the fact that in Utica, the fried-cake is locally regarded with delight and reverence, and that it probably is good to eat—or, at least, that it is good for Uticans.

And what sort of human beings are these Uticans? When you stroll around the corner whereon Bagg's Hotel has stood for generations—and where even in the eighteenth century Bagg's Tavern furnished accommodations for man and beast—you will feel that here is one American city which is not cursed with our national unrest. The hackmen do not raise a noisy clamour at your coming. They are all asleep within their hacks, from whose open doors protrude quiescent legs. As you turn into Genesee Street—the Grand Boulevard of Utica—there is a refreshing absence of all noise or stir or bustle. The shopmen lounge before their shops and ruminate throughout the day. The small boys do not run or yell or scuffle, but are statuesque in their apparent immobility. The men and women whom you see upon the street stroll leisurely along as though to them Time had become Eternity. Even the trolley-cars move up and down with little noise and with the minimum of speed. They will stop for you as long as you desire. You never have to dash at them, and then hear the sharp clang of the bell and feel the jerk of the starting car as it throws you off your feet. It is not thus in Utica, New York. That blessèd town has never heard the irritating formula, "Step lively!"

Its atmosphere of deep repose does not connote vacuity or sluggishness or crass stolidity. You are not entering Bœotia nor are you *in crasso aëre,* when you saunter up the slope of Genesee Street. Go into any shop and you will find a friendly interest displayed in your requirements. Accost any person in the street and ask a question, and he will be entirely at your disposal. These people have not merely time to give you, but good will. In certain portions of New England, you may observe precisely the same touch of "neighbourliness"; but in New England it is always united with a rabid curiosity as to who you are and where you come from. When you accept a casual favour, you have to pay for it by gratifying this sharp-edged inquisitiveness. Again, in many Western towns and cities, there is the same American friendliness, but there you have to pay by listening to what men tell you of themselves. In Utica, there seems to prevail a natural good breeding which neither intrudes upon your personal concerns nor makes insistent raids upon your patience. And this is why I like so much the men and women and even the small children of Utica, New York. They all possess what is one of the most essential elements of true gentility,—a happy combination of reticence about themselves, and in turn a willingness to respect your reticence. The gimlet-minded Yankee and the bragging Westerner might both, to their advantage, learn useful lessons from the citizens of Utica. I believe that in Syracuse, they speak scornfully of Utica as a "dead" city. Rather it is a city where every one has time to live and to enjoy life with a hedonistic philosophy, about which there is something Horatian if not positively Cyrenaic. You can see nothing English in the external aspect of the place; yet its atmosphere is like that which gives mellowness to many good old English towns such as Coventry and Canterbury.

Those persons who are fond of search-

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ing deeply into the origin of things may find an explanation of Utica's tranquillity in the fact that its real importance came to it when the Erie Canal was first constructed. That famous waterway cuts Genesee Street at right angles and is spanned by a long bridge. I love to lean over the railing and look down into the unstirred water, observing now and then a broad canal-boat lazily gliding on its way. The sight is restful in these days of frantic locomotion; and perhaps when Utica was young, the calm spirit of the canal infused itself into the nature of the inhabitants. However this may be, all things are quite in keeping. There was a time when canal-boats connoted something ludicrous when I heard of them; but now they typify repose and peace. They are the gondolas of Utica and they still remain with her; whereas Venice—queen of the Adriatic and steeped in a rich inheritance of romantic memories—has crazily torn off her chaplet and has yielded up her beautiful lagoons to panting, pluttering, impertinent little launches in which lovers can no longer dream by moonlight in each others' arms, with the ripple of the water making an accompaniment so exquisite as to seem almost divine—the very soul of poetry and music, in perfect harmony with that purest phase of passion whose throb is subtly stilled by a tenderness even more irresistible and overpowering.

After you pass the canal, Genesee Street begins to rise sharply and to take on a different character. No more small bakeries, tiny cigar shops, microscopic marts for the sale of hardware, marked-down "gents' furnishing goods," and sausages. The street broadens and, while still commercial, it has the air of a large and lucrative commerce. More than fifty years ago, an English traveller wrote of Utica that it was redolent of "a fat prosperity." You begin to feel this as you ascend the incline. Everything looks well-to-do. It is perhaps significant that the handsomest building in the place is a savings-bank, with the proud appearance of a Doge's palace. Comfortable folk are these Uticans. And as to the shops, one feels that he would have no objection to owing several thousand dollars to any of them. Here, too, you begin to perceive traces of other than commercial influences. I note in the window of a colossal "emporium," a sign in black and white that arrests my wandering steps.

"WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE
OF STATUARY.
HAVE YOU SEEN IT?
COME IN."

Now never have I yet seen what may be truthfully called a complete line of statuary. The Vatican has a wealth of plastic treasures, and in the Museo Capitolino one can find much to interest him. The same thing is true of the Louvre and of the British Museum. But still, none of these collections, however wonderful, carries a complete line of statuary. To think that the Muses should have kindly guided me to the only place in the world where they do carry a complete line, and that this place should be Utica, New York!

I enter with all the eagerness of one who humbly waits on Art. A floor-walker with a tightly buttoned frock-coat and umbrageous whiskers receives me. Why does one feel an instinctive aversion to a floor-walker? But that question involves a whole treatise by itself. This floór-walker is a real one. I accost him:

"I believe that you carry a complete line of statuary?"

"Sure! This way, please. Two aisles to the right, and then the door at the end."

He even follows me thither, it being summer, and no one having anything in particular to do. I reach the *salon* which is draped with crimson plush. In it is certainly a line of statuary. I am convinced that the Italo-American or Crosby Street School of Sculpture is well represented. Before me is a semi-translucent figure of a Venus—the Venus Uticensis, no doubt. She is undraped. Now the Venus di Milo is very slightly draped, but she is superbly unconscious of it. The Venus de' Medici is utterly undraped, but she is anxious that you shall notice it. The Venus Uticensis, however, is undraped and very much perturbed about it. She may have been unconventionally bathing in Oneida

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Lake, and some one may have stolen all her clothes. The result is that she feels inwardly horrified, but is trying to conceal the fact by an air of brazen indifference which deceives no one. Really she is going to cry in about half a minute, and call somebody a mean, horrid thing! As I don't want to be the person whom she will denounce, I turn hastily away. But I will write it down here for record, that I believe the Venus Uticensis to be a perfectly respectable young woman, and I know that she makes an honest living by working six days every week in a knitting-factory.

A girl with her hair much roughed and ratted is showing two stout ladies and a thin straw-coloured gentleman around. They are much impressed by the complete line of statuary. The floor-walker looks on with an Olympian air of condescension. Somehow, that floor-walker gets upon my nerves.

"Excuse me," I say to the ratted one, "may I ask where you keep your collection of *dokana?*"

"I dunno," she replies. "I guess Mr. Higgs can tell you."

Mr. Higgs is evidently the floor-walker. He comes forward with an air of absolute sufficiency. I repeat my question.

"Those er-objects," he remarks condescendingly, "are not included in our art collection. They—they ain't statuary I guess."

"They are primitive statuary," I answer. "And I don't see anything Mycenæan."

The floor-walker stares with a dawning insolence.

"Say!" he ejaculates. "What are you giving us, anyhow?"

"And there doesn't seem to be any piece of statuary which shows the archaic grin," I return placidly. "Now you know I am rather fond of the archaic grin. And couldn't you bring out something that was done by Scopas?"

The floor-walker drops his floor-walkian manner.

"Look here," says he, "if you think that you can come in here and guy this place, you're in for a jolt, that's all."

"Pardon me," say I in a carrying voice. "You advertise that you carry a complete line of statuary; yet, so far as I can judge, it is very incomplete. Are you trying to impose upon the public?"

The two stout ladies and the straw-coloured gentleman are now listening intently. Up to this time they have examined the various works of art with admiration. But now a doubtful sort of expression steals over their faces. The floor-walker notices this with dismay and so does the ratted one. Probably these visitors are persons of high degree. The floor-walker drops his voice to a sort of abject whine.

"Now look here," says he aside, "you don't want to queer our business, do you? Of course we ain't got them things you mention. But please don't talk about them so loud."

There is a look of appeal also in the eyes of the ratted one; and so I hold my peace and stroll out into the sunshine and continue on my way to the higher levels of Genesee Street. After passing the principal hotel, which is delicately tinted to the hue of scrambled eggs, one finds the Faubourg St. Germain of Utica. Great trees cast a pleasant shadow from above; and on either side are well-built and extremely comfortable-looking mansions covered with ivy and surrounded by great stretches of green lawn. Here dwells the real patriciate of Utica—families, I suppose, of which every member always owns a Mileage. Scarcely any one is visible on the verandas, though now and then a girl in white may be discovered engaged in reading. Some one —I think that it was Mr. Henry James —said, as much as twenty years ago, that the appearance of American women changes gradually as one goes West, and that the dainty type which one notices on Manhattan Island becomes blunter and shows features less delicately chiselled. I should not like to commit myself upon so controversial a question. I am willing to say, however, that whatever differences may exist between the girls of Utica and those of the metropolis, the former look as though they were very certain to get married. What pleases me is the fact that they still retain the true American self-possession and absence of self-consciousness. They are frank and wholesome, and they have

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never heard of chaperons; and that is why, perhaps, the men respect them all the more. If you are simply passing through the town, just spend a little time in the beautiful Public Library and watch the gentle-mannered and very courteous young ladies who preside over the different departments of that useful institution. You will not find a more winsome-looking or more amiable and good-humoured bevy, no matter where you go.

The women are much more attractive than the men in Utica, though the latter are just as much deserving of your good opinion; for they are kindly and genuine and honest. One could wish that they would bestow a little more attention on their clothes and on matters which have reference to good form. Down by the shore of Oneida Lake there is a place called Sylvan Beach, which in its primitive condition must have been extremely beautiful, with woods and water and a strip of strand. It has been turned into a rather awful congeries of shoot-the-chutes, and merry-go-rounds, and soda-water stands; and the earth is disfigured by empty paper-bags and peanut-shells, and the remainder of half-eaten lunches. It is entirely respectable though depressing; and the advertisements which tell of it describe it as "The Coney Island of Central New York." One imaginative journalist of Utica even writes of it by night as "The Great White Way."

Could anything be more pathetic? Here are dancing pavilions, where any one may dance with anybody else; and it touches you to see the palpitating gratitude with which rather pretty and gentle-looking girls accept the attention of unshaven men, who waltz in their shirt-sleeves and often while holding a half-burnt "stogy" between their yellow teeth. Here again, however, is another subject that I cannot now pursue—the over-valuation which women set on men. But, as I said, it is all decorous to the last degree; and somehow the whole thing harmonises. This is America as it used to be, with something of its crudity, with a great deal of its homeliness, but with its fine simplicity and goodness and unspoiled faith in what is right. And so, please follow me and learn a lesson while you receive some pleasure as I have done in studying the *quinta essentia* of Utica, New York.

King Arthur's Table on Christmas Day

They served up salmon, venison and wild boars
By hundreds and by dozens and by scores.
Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons and fatted beeves, and bacon swine,
Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum puddings, pancakes, apple pies and custard,
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own,
For porter, punch and negus were not known.

"*Whistlecraft*"
(John Hookam Frere.)

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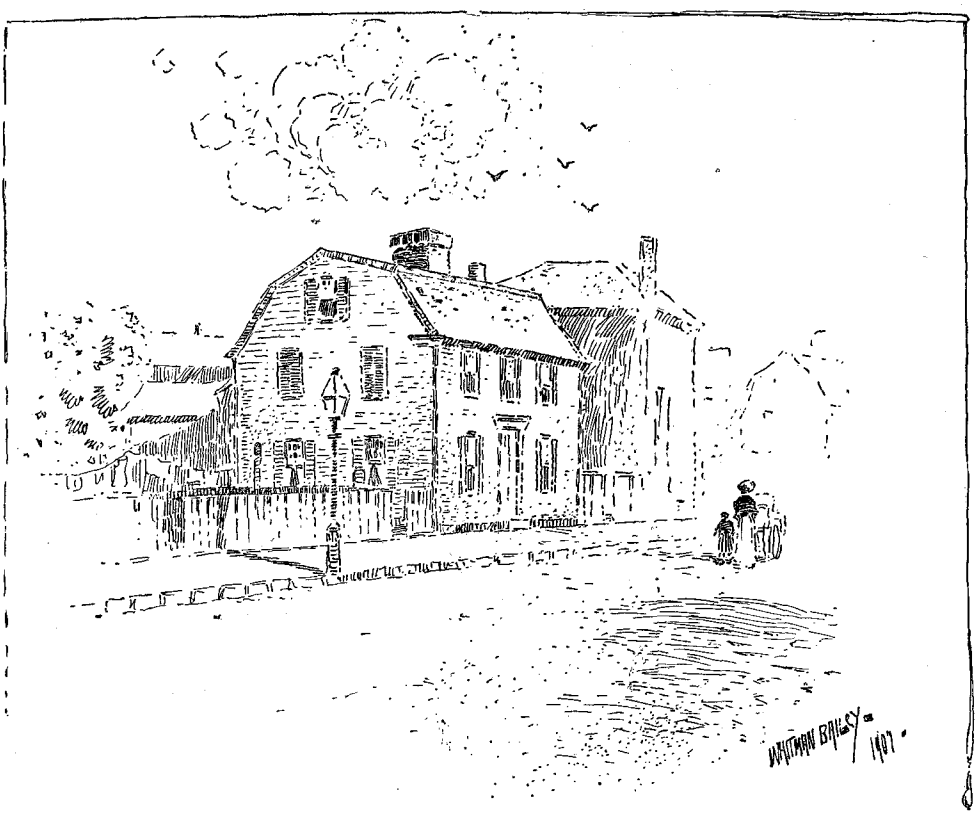

HOUSE WHERE HAWTHORNE WAS BORN, SALEM

OLD SALEM AND "THE SCARLET LETTER"

AWTHORNE himself was very modest about it; he wrote to his publisher, when there was a question of his undertaking another novel, that what had given the history of Hester Prynne its 'vogue' was simply the introductory chapter." So says Henry James in his biographical sketch of Hawthorne; and to us, who, in this generation, have been taught to look upon the story as a masterpiece of fiction and who have found in it for ourselves a charm, a beauty in spite of its grimness and its tragic soul-problem, such depreciation seems little short of absurd.

But the introductory chapter is, more than most introductions, an excellent piece of work, and is in itself a story—a collection of stories, one might say—in its delicate suggestiveness and its sympathetic touches of delineation. More, it is honestly, albeit modestly, autobiographical; and in giving us a glimpse of Hawthorne's life during his three years as Surveyor of the Port of Salem, gives us a glimpse, too, of Salem itself as it was in those years—not so long ago but that most of the buildings mentioned are still standing, but long enough ago, in America at least, for a distinct historic interest to attach itself.

In this fast-growing country of ours with what easy rapidity the present becomes the past; our past of a century ago is as grey with the dust of history as would be that of five centuries ago in

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OLD DARBY WHARF, WITH THE CUSTOM HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE

England or France. Our land is still in its childhood; and can you not remember how, as a child, you had utterly outgrown in one brief year your thoughts, your acts—as well as your clothes and your playthings—of the previous year? A maturer country, slower-moving and more settled in life, cannot be so acutely conscious of the changes wrought by an indifferently accounted time. "These things are always relative," as some one has remarked, "and in appreciating them everything depends upon the point of view."

On the other hand, as a noted Englishman lately pointed out in a public speech, our past precisely because of its brief existence belongs more thoroughly,

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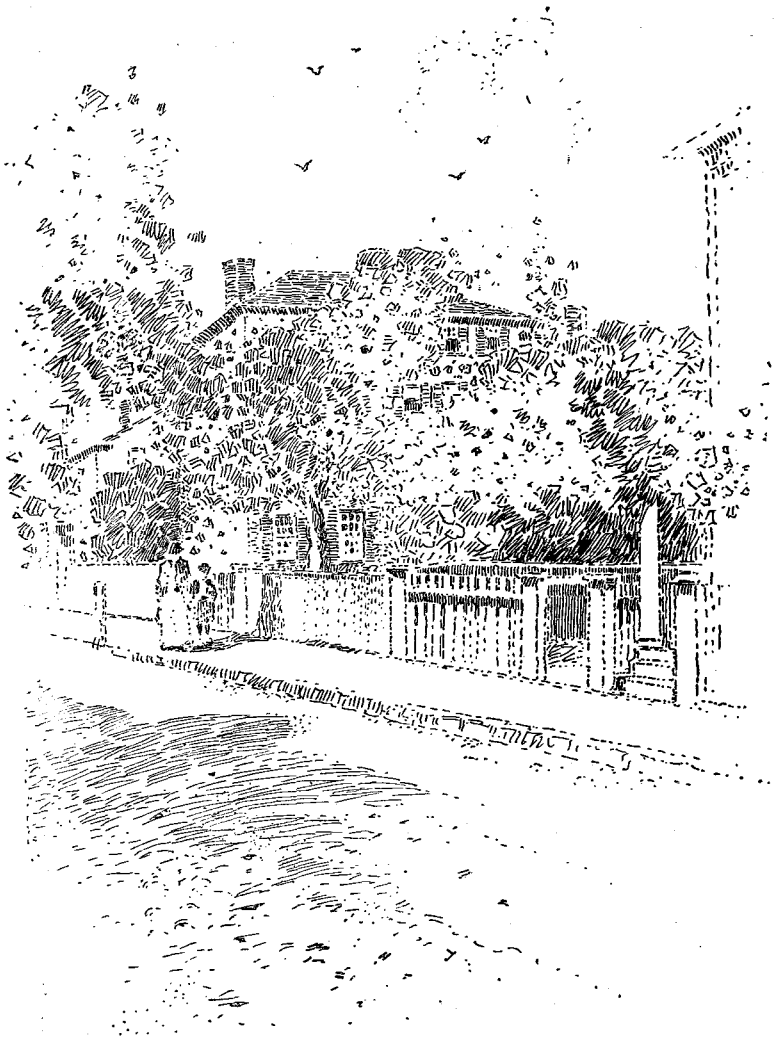

HOUSE WHERE "THE SCARLET LETTER" WAS WRITTEN

more personally to us than to a subject of Great Britain, for instance, can possibly belong the past of his country, handed down to him, as it were, ready-made by ancestors too dimly remote to thrill him with that individual sense of proprietorship that every American may feel.

So with the ancient town of Salem. The wind of destiny that carried to its port in days gone by the traffic of foreign lands has shifted to another quarter, and Salem, at the beginning of the last century "the residence of enterprising shipowners who despatched their vessels to Indian and Chinese seas," even in Hawthorne's time had come to be "scorned by her own merchants and shipowners, who permit her wharves to crumble to ruin, while their ventures go to swell, needlessly, imperceptibly, the mighty flood of commerce at New York or Boston." That was fifty years ago. To-day the old Darby Wharf, once the scene of bustling activity, the hand stretched out to greet returning mariners, home-coming from distant lands, is, more than then, a place of decayed warehouses, the dreary, tumbled-down, forsaken habitation of memories and shadows.

Yet those very memories and shadows

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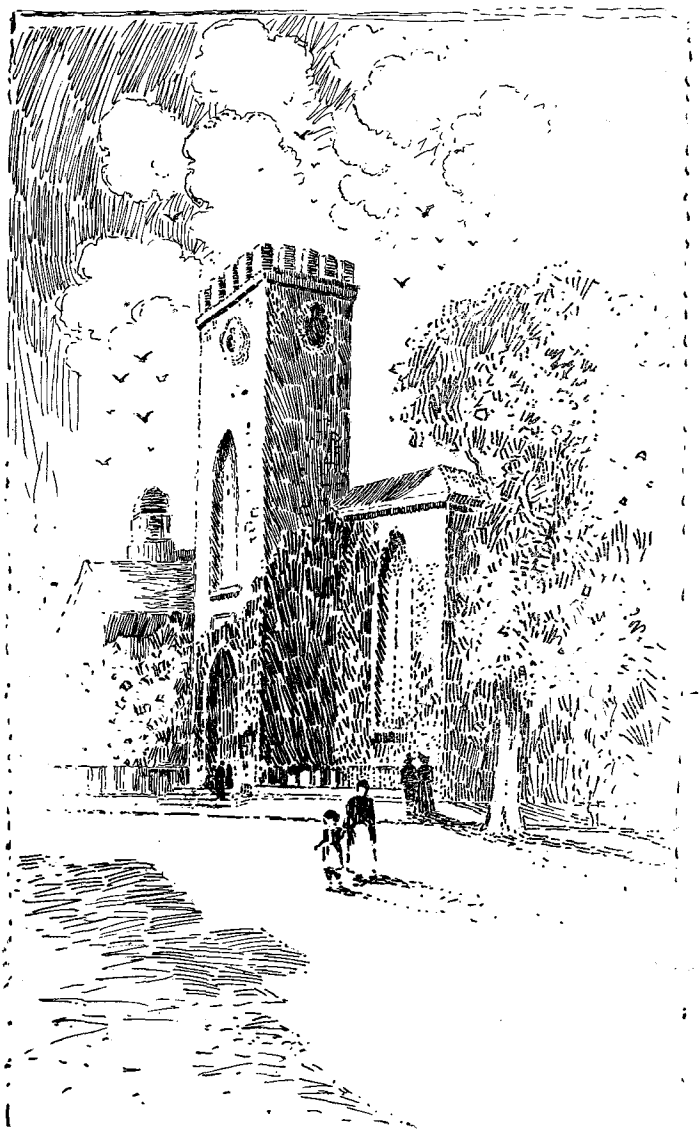

ST. PETER'S CHURCH

make it a place of interest. For Hawthorne there were the shades of his predecessors in the old Custom House, whose windows looked out on the old wharf; of his own ancestors, too—seamen and citizens—who had helped to make Salem. For us there is the added shade of Hawthorne himself, and the memory—almost as if we had seen him there—of the poet-head bent over the huge account books, in the cobwebbed light of the Custom House office—"the writer of story-books" sitting on a three-legged stool before an old pine desk! For it was here, "one idle and rainy day, —poking and burrowing into the heaped-up rubbish in the corner," that he found "a small package, carefully done up in a piece of ancient yellow parchment." And this same small package was the seed which later grew into the immortal romance of *The Scarlet Letter*.

Immortal we call it, and that it certainly is; yet, unlike most immortal writ-

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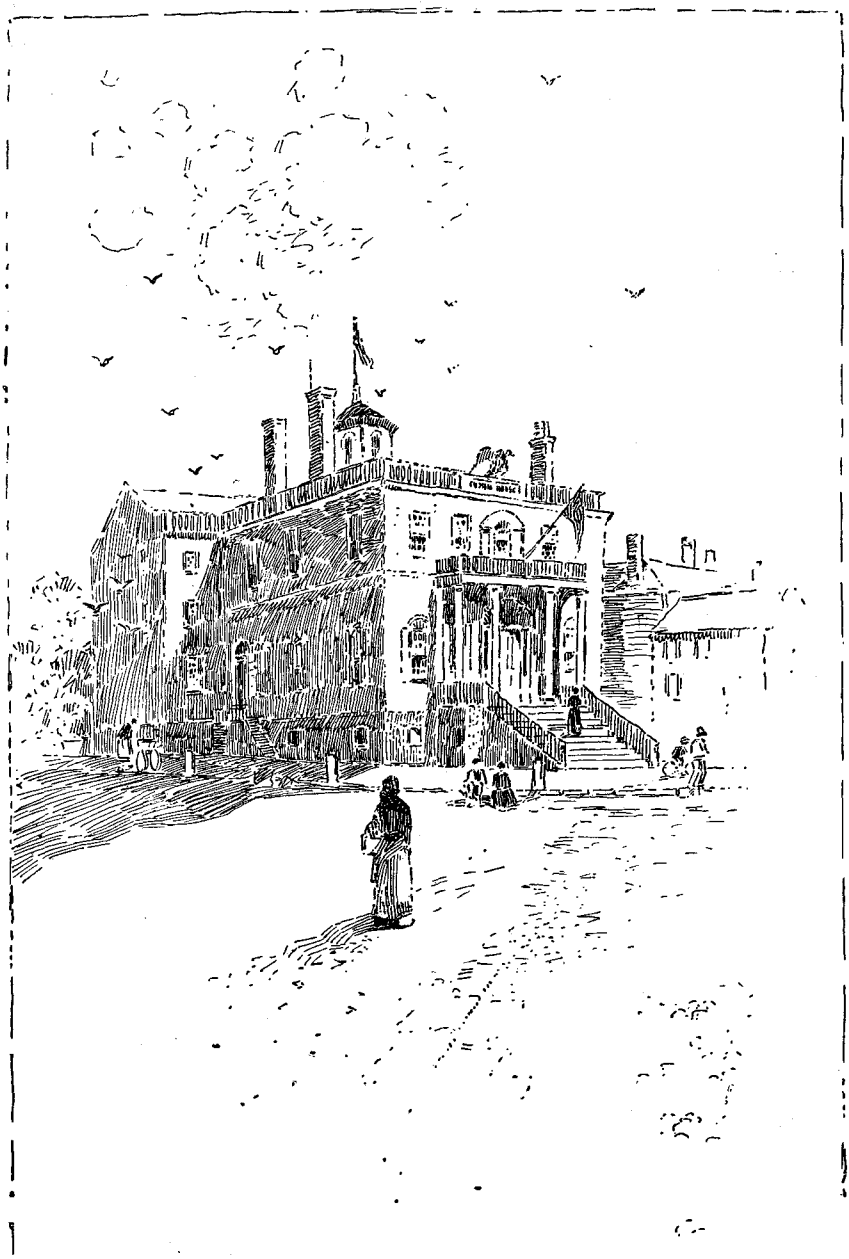

THE CUSTOM HOUSE, SALEM

ings, its fame was coincident with its entrance into the world. Would it have so happened, one questions, had the book run the gauntlet of the publishing houses of our day? Its publisher, James T. Fields, was, as he himself tells us, "all aglow with admiration of the marvellous story" when he first read the manuscript, and eagerly arranged for its publication, without the shadow of a doubt that it would be as enthusiastically received by his own public. Hawthorne says that when he read the conclusion to his wife, "it broke her heart and sent her to bed

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with a grievous headache—which I look upon as a triumphant success."

A triumphant success it was; but I doubt if it would prove so to-day, if offered fresh to the readers of this generation. The new generation has new needs. We are avid, it is true, of the presentation of life-problems, and this *The Scarlet Letter* surely is; but we demand a more vivid, a more realistic touch than the keenly imaginative Hawthorne ever gave to his characters or even to their environs. "More vital," our publishers would say; and they speak for their public. Hawthorne's genius was not one to portray actualities. "My native propensities," he says, "were turned toward Fairyland." He had not even what a certain French critic has termed a "sense of history—the gift bestowed upon few, of living over again in imagination the emotions of a century long gone to dust." He places his story back in the early days of New England, yet his characters, at least in the essentials of the story, by no means exclusively belong there. The historical flavour is of the slightest. Thus he lacked precisely those qualities that this age of realism cries out for—the ability to portray in all its complexity, its intricacy, its heat and fervour, the actual present life about us; or, if the author must have it so, the *counterpart* of this in the life of a bygone century.

Henry James, in the same account of Hawthorne from which I have quoted above, makes an excellent comparison between *The Scarlet Letter* and the story of *Adam Blair* by Lockhart, which so aptly illustrates this point that I would like to quote at length:

> *Adam Blair* (he says) is the history of the passion, and *The Scarlet Letter* the history of its sequel; but nevertheless, if one has read the two books at a short interval, it is impossible to avoid confronting them. . . . It [*Adam Blair*] threw into relief the passionless quality of Hawthorne's novel, its element of cold and ingenious fantasy, its elaborate imaginative delicacy. These things do not precisely constitute a weakness in *The Scarlet Letter;* indeed, in a certain way they constitute a great strength; but the absence of a certain something warm and straightforward, a trifle more grossly human and vulgarly natural, which one finds in *Adam Blair,* will always make Hawthorne's tale less touching to a large number of even very intelligent readers, than a love-story told with the robust, synthetic pathos which served Lockhart so well. . . . Lockhart was struck with the warmth of the subject that offered itself to him, and Hawthorne with its coldness; the one with its glow, its sentimental interest, the other with its shadow, its moral interest. Lockhart's story is as decent, as severely draped, as *The Scarlet Letter;* but the other has a more vivid sense than appears to have imposed itself upon Hawthorne, of some of the incidents of the situation he describes; his tempted man and tempting woman are more actual and personal.

"Actual and personal"—these are the qualities we demand in our literature to-day. We are not unwilling that our writers shall discuss the great, ever-baffling problems of existence; rather we welcome such discussion; but they must make us feel, through it all, the strong throb and verve of life, the pulse of actual passion; not merely the coldly aloof reasonings of the brain or the frost-like traceries of the imagination on the warmly human subject.

Yet may it not be that the qualities which "constitute not a weakness but a great strength" in *The Scarlet Letter* are (setting aside the undeniable charm of its purely literary quality) precisely what have made it live for us to-day as a classic? They make of it a universal story, a story for all time of human nature, its moments of frailty and its weary after-years of agony and endurance. Our publishers would not risk it, perhaps, or if they did our public would not heartily welcome it, yet it is well for us that it was written when it was and that it remains to us an integral part of our hereditary literature, and of the immortal literature of the whole world.

Lucy Leffingwell Cable.

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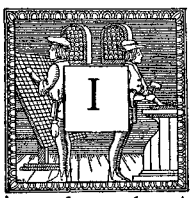
THE ECONOMIES OF STRUCTURE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



N every art and craft it is far easier to lay down rules for the guidance of others than it is to practise them; and there is nothing of which this is more inherently true than the writing of novels. A fundamental axiom of all narrative writing, diligently drilled into every sophomore in every college in the land, is that which has to do with unity of structure and economy of means, that which strictly prohibits the use of any more characters or any more incidents than the structural exigencies of the narrative require. This all sounds so simple and helpful, until you examine its meaning a little closer, and begin to ask yourself what criterion there is for the number of actors and of scenes in any given story. Who is to decide whether *Vanity Fair* has in it no single scene or character, without which it might have been more perfect? Who dares to say that the plot of any of the recognised masterpieces of fiction might not, in other hands, have been handled with equal power and with far greater economy of people or of incidents? Take any story that is held up as a perfect example of its type, a novel by Flaubert or Henry James, a short story by Maupassant or Poe. You feel as you read, that there is really nothing to be added and nothing to be taken away; you do not realise that the ability to convey this impression is part of the writer's art—that if another character or another incident had been added, it would have conveyed much the same sense of the inevitable, the same feeling that the author could not have done otherwise than he did.

And to a certain extent there is a logical foundation for this feeling which just a few novels give us of strict economy of structure. When a story has, let us say, five characters, two women and three men, that may not be the only number of characters through whom that particular story could be told—Hawthorne might have succeeded with four, Dickens might have felt the need of nine—but it may be equally true that for the purposes of the author who used five characters five was the only possible number, the only number with which he personally would be able to produce the precise effects for which he was striving. Take, for instance, the theme of revenge; a man bitterly wronged, a long, slow, subtle planning to pay back the debt, to make the punishment fit the crime; and then finally the grim, relentless, secret achievement of the vengeance. Well, this was the theme that Poe saw as a story with two characters and a single scene; so he wrote *The Cask of Amontillado*. As you read it, you feel that he did it in the one inevitable and perfect way—and for a man whose mind worked in the channels in which Poe's mind worked, it was the inevitable and perfect way. Dumas saw the theme as a story with a hundred scenes and more characters than can be readily counted: so he wrote *The Count of Monte Cristo,* and although most of us will not be quite so ready to apply such adjectives as "perfect" and "inevitable" to Dumas as to Poe, nevertheless we would hesitate to point out the scenes that could advantageously be cut or the characters that could be omitted.

Now of course this whole question of the economies of structure starts with a recognition of the truth that all happenings in life are an endless sequence of cause and effect. In the real world we cannot always trace the cause or foretell the effect; nothing short of omniscience can grasp the far-reaching consequences of every idle word and careless act in the daily routine. But when it comes to the making of fiction, the novelist is usually assumed to possess that omniscience, to fill the rôle of an interpreter of life, to introduce no character, no scene, no single word or deed which he cannot justify by showing its structural necessity, its importance as a link in chain of cause and result. It is only in

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this way, the text-books tell you, that unity of structure can be achieved, only in this way that you can turn faulty nature into perfect art. The flaw in this widely recognised and on the whole reasonable theory, lies just here: we know that in real life the elimination of all extraneous facts is impossible; that we cannot escape for a single day from the interruption of irrelevant happenings, the intrusion of unimportant people, the annoyance of banale remarks. The man with a new-found joy that shows the world in a glory of new colour, the woman with a sudden grief that has dimmed the light of the sun, would gladly withdraw for a time from the jarring discords of trivial things, to some solitude where no unwelcome stranger will intrude between themselves and their thoughts. But this is precisely what the big, noisy practical world will rarely let them do. It spreads the pageant of its rushing crowds before their averted eyes; it flings the clamour of its noises into their unwilling ears; it says to them, "A fig for the laws of cause and effect! I want to interrupt you, and I am going to!"

Now, when a novelist eliminates every vestige of extraneous, irrelevant happenings, which we never can eliminate from the real, work-a-day world—eliminates them as carefully as a photographer removes the wrinkles from the portrait of a lady no longer young, he secures of course an admirable effect of concentration, a focusing of the limelight directly where he wants it; but he sacrifices something of the reality of life. In the short story, of course, one is not so apt to feel the absence of outside interference, the careful dovetailing of every incident, the direct pertinence of every conversation. But in a long novel, too strict an economy of structure inevitably robs the story of some part of its vitality; you miss the presence of unimportant people, the interruption of insignificant small-talk, the occurrence of the countless inconsequential happenings which are nevertheless an essential factor of life in the crowded, bustling, intrusive world as we know it. For this reason it is foolish to lay down too rigid a rule about limiting the characters and the incidents of any story to such as have a definite and obvious structural purpose. It is all a question of the author's personal taste, his methods of narration, his attitude towards life. If his interest centres mainly in the inner workings of the human heart, the analysis of hidden motives, he will naturally spend more time in letting you hear his men and women think, than in showing you the hundred perfunctory, mechanical things they do, that probably have no connection with their thoughts; if a crucial letter arrives, he will be more concerned in telling you the contents than in giving you a glimpse of the postman or the messenger boy. And an author of that type would be right in omitting these things, because so long as he himself regards them as mere surplusage, it would be impossible for him to give the reader a sense of their importance. But if, on the other hand, a novelist believes that the best way to tell you what men and women think is to show you what they do; if he has a keen sense of the importance of environment; if he is alive to the magnetic influence of proximity, the contagious enthusiasm of crowds; then he will show you not only the postman, but the butcher and baker and grocer, on their daily rounds; the strangers who pass by on the other side of the street; the whole motley surge and throb of city life. And he also will be following a true instinct, because to him all these things have a significance, a structural importance, and accordingly he can impress this importance upon the reader. And the chances are that the man who thinks and works along these broader, freer lines will produce a bigger, worthier book than the man who allows himself to be trammelled by the economies of structure.

"The Convert"

A sterling example of the bigger, worthier sort of book is furnished quite *à propos* by Elizabeth Robins's new novel, *The Convert*. Although her earlier work has led us to expect a certain degree of strength, both in technique and in theme, this latest volume has about it an altogether unexpected grasp of the significance of life,—not merely of two

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or three, or half a dozen individual lives, but of humanity in the mass—and an almost Zola-like power of making us see jostling, surging throngs, and feel the pent-up forces of popular unrest. The theme of *The Convert* is the old question of woman's right to the ballot, under the new form given it by the recent so-called "Suffragette" movement in England. To what extent the book should be recognised as a purpose novel is a question which in this particular case has no bearing upon its merits as a work of art. The fact that it embodies in its pages all there is to say in favour of woman's suffrage, down to the very last argument, does not in itself prove a partisanship on the part of the author, although it does prove her an admirably conscientious and clear-sighted artist who, having undertaken to picture a certain phase of life, allows nothing bearing upon that phase to escape her. In plot, the story is quite simple and elemental, as the bigger sort of stories are apt to be. It sets before us a woman, still quite young and full of charm, whose life has been embittered because of the wrong she once suffered at the hands of a man now high in political circles. It shows us how this woman, carefully hiding her past, holds her place proudly in the social world of London, and how, at the same time, she loathes it all, feeling its emptiness, its insincerity, its careless cruelty. And then it takes us out one day, to follow this woman, when idle curiosity leads her to attend an open-air meeting of the "Suffragettes," to find herself for the first time in her life rubbing elbows with the riff-raff of London streets, to shrink fastidiously from the contact of grimy coats, the reek of cheap tobacco, to scoff at her own folly in coming to hear a riotous mob yelling derisively at the proclaimers of the new doctrine—but nevertheless to stay and listen, and for the first time in many years to feel the kindlings of a new emotion, a sense that life still held opportunities for usefulness. Vida Levering's conversion to a belief in woman's right to take a part in the world's political battles is not a matter of a single hour or day or week; it is the outcome of a long struggle, of many secret inner conflicts, many afternoons spent in the thick of hostile, disorderly crowds, listening, when the tumult permitted her to listen, to the earnest arguments of women pleading for political equality. What we personally think of the arguments advanced, and for that matter what the author wishes us to think, neither adds nor detracts anything from the great merit of her success in making us understand and sympathise with Vida Levering's gradual conversion. We feel that a woman with her history, her temperament, her environment, would inevitably have felt and acted as she feels and acts; and furthermore, in watching its effect upon a personality so strong as Vida Levering's, we gain a sense of the strength and the vitality which for a time animated the Suffragette movement. Now, if Miss Robins had chosen to restrict herself to a small canvas, she might have told essentially the same plot, with half a dozen characters and few shifts of scene; her heroine's conversion might have been the work of a single Suffragette, accomplished through arguments heard in the privacy of her own apartment. Instead, she has chosen a canvas as long and as broad as the city of London itself, and has flung upon it scores of figures, drawn from all the varying strata of English life. They flash upon the scene, linger a moment and disappear, exactly as strangers in real life emerge from the crowd, touch elbows with us for a moment, and then vanish again whence they came. There are dozens of characters in the book, whose appearance is so brief, whose spoken words are so few, that it is difficult to say in what way they individually further the action of the story. And yet they are, one and all, a structural necessity in a picture of life as Elizabeth Robins sees it. For without all this motley throng of characters, without the constant intrusion of their vociferous clamours, she could never have given us that sense of the swirling undercurrent of city life, the contagious restlessness of a street crowd, the lurking danger of mob violence, all of which she has done in *The Convert,* and done supremely well.

Another novelist who does not believe

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in parsimony of character or of incident is Bettina von Hutten, who gives us in *The Halo* much the same wide range of life and variety of type that contributed to the popularity of *Pam* and its sequel. She has a faculty, which other authors of higher reputation might well envy her, of endowing her men and her women with such very human weaknesses, that we find ourselves loving them not merely in spite of their shortcomings, but almost on account of them. There was much that was reprehensible in the lives of the men and women who played a part in *Pam*. And yet it is not an exaggeration to say that the final impression of the book, on some readers at least, was that of a rather subtle moral lesson, a lesson in tolerance, a suggestion that there are in this world occasional exceptional cases which cannot in equity be judged according to narrow conventional standards. There is less to censure in the lives of the principal actors in *The Halo*, and yet one leaves the book with an impression that the characters as a whole are on a lower plain, with less of that rather rare courage to be true to their standards of honour, even though the world holds their standards to be mistaken ones. Brigit Mead and Victor Joyzelle are not wicked; they are not mistaken; they are simply weak. Knowing with perfect clearness the path of duty, they waver and drift, struggling feebly; and only the shock of an unforeseen death saves them from the irreparable. Brigit Mead, when the story opens, is a beautiful, sulky, embittered girl of five-and-twenty, tired of living in poverty, still more tired of her mother's efforts to marry her to any one of a dozen red-faced, bald-headed, broken-down old rakes who would bid high enough. As her only means of escape, she engages herself to a mere boy, Théo Joyzelle, who happens to have some money in his own right, and is the son of one of the world's few great violinists. Until after her engagement to Théo, Brigit has never seen Victor Joyzelle, the father, the hero of countless fugitive amours, and the idol of his stout, placid, Norman peasant of a wife.

"The Halo"

Just when and how and why Brigit Mead and the dark, magnetic, silver-haired man whom she is teaching herself to call "Beau-papa" awaken to the knowledge that they love each other, is not so much a matter of incident as of subtle character drawing; because, when you once understand the temperaments of the man and the girl, you see how inevitably the whole tragedy follows. There is of course only one honourable course to be taken, by a man already married, and a girl affianced to that man's son—and that is to trump up an excuse, no matter what, that will place them beyond the possible temptation of seeing each other again. But this is precisely what neither Brigit Mead nor Victor Joyzelle has the courage to do, because in the girl's case Victor is the one love of her life; while as for Victor, all of the many fugitive loves of a long career have, each in turn, been for the time being intensely, almost tragically in earnest. The Norman peasant who, in her placid middle age, shrewdly watches the dawning of this new passion, wisely smiles to herself, believing that, like all the others, this one also will burn itself out and die, harming no one. But Brigit and Joyzelle believe that it will know no end, not even if, defying law and custom, they put themselves beyond the pale, regardless of the sorrow they would bring to the wife and the son. It is not until the hand of death intervenes, to shock them into a realisation of the step they would have taken, that the patient, forgiving old peasant woman is proved to have been right in believing that she alone of all the women he has known was truly loved by Joyzelle; yet when the proof is shown, she is beyond the reach of the knowledge.

One of the many well-deserved forms of praise that may be offered to Mrs. Cutting, author of *Little Stories of Married Life*, is that her instinct for economy of structure is almost flawless. The surprising amount of dramatic significance that she extracts from every-day situations of the home routine is very largely due to her keen and subtle sense of proportion, the way in which she makes each character and each incident

"The Suburban Whirl"

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count for their whole value. Her new volume, *The Suburban Whirl,* includes besides the novelette of that title several shorter sketches, one of which, "Mrs. Tremley," very nearly says the last word upon that much vexed subject, "The Mother-in-Law." But for the purpose of the present discussion, "The Suburban Whirl" is by far the most important. Mrs. Cutting shows us a young couple who, until the advent of the first child, have really known no home life, the first year having been spent in a round of gaiety, and prolonged visits among relatives. Facing the problem of providing for three on a narrow income, they decide to try suburban life, as a matter of economy; but being really very charming young people, and socially quite worth while, they find themselves speedily caught in the small local maelstrom of clubs and dinners and subscription dances, obliged to buy tickets to church festivals and charitable entertainments, and double their expenditures on personal effects, in order to live up to their new standards. Everything costs more in the suburbs than they had expected, from the coal bill to the butcher and baker. Consequently, at the end of the year, they are well-nigh snowed under with unpaid bills. Now, to give the effect of a feverish round of gaiety, in a small suburban town, among a set of people who are fundamentally uncongenial and come together less from mutual affection than to escape the boredom of their own homes, is no easy task; and Mrs. Cutting's admirable achievement is due in the first instance to knowing just how many characters will best produce the illusion. She makes us meet a round dozen altogether, and not only meet them but know them well, so that we should recognise them if we suddenly encountered them on the cars or ferryboat. A larger number would have spoiled the illusion of a small suburban town; a smaller number would not have conveyed a sense of a social whirl in the suburbs or anywhere else. In short, she has struck the golden mean, which makes this little story as admirable for its symmetry as it is for the simple philosophy of its culmination.

In the case of the historical novel, it makes no difference which of the two types you are attempting, the flamboyant, impressionistic canvas of the Dumas school, or the careful, steel-engraving method of Henry Esmond,—in either case you cannot get your effects if you are too economical of characters and setting; you need a crowded stage, and plenty of lime-light, and an impression of much movement and many voices. No one understands this better than Mr. Rider Haggard; and that is why he can take quite incredible plots and make you receive them with a simple, child-like faith, until you reach the final page and close the volume, and wake up to the preposterousness of it all. His new story, *Margaret,* is a case in point. The time is that of Ferdinand and Isabella and the Spanish Inquisition; the scene alternately England and Spain. The lady of the title is daughter of one John Castell, a London merchant, but in origin a Marano, or Spanish Jew who has turned Christian. To put in briefest form a long and complicated plot, the story opens with the arrival in London of a special embassy from Spain, come to make a treaty with Henry VII., regarding the extradition of all Jews who have fled from England to escape the Inquisition. The leader of this embassy meets Margaret, loves her, and determines to snatch her away from her stalwart English lover, Peter Brome. So he lures her on board his vessel, conveys her successfully to Granada, imprisons her in his castle; and when John Castell and Peter come to rescue her, trumps up charges against them, throws them into prison and reveals to the Inquisition the damaging fact that John Castell is not a true Marano after all, but continues to practise secretly the faith of his fathers. In incompetent hands, a plot for a dime novel, and nothing more; but Mr. Haggard has the craft of a born stage manager, and thanks to his gorgeous scenery, his thronging troops of soldiers, sailors, courtiers, black-robed inquisitors, and languishing Spanish maids, he brings his story to a triumphant and happy solution, and sends us away with the feeling

"Margaret"

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that we have witnessed a big, spectacular show that was eminently worth while.

"John o' Jamestown"

A historical novel of quite a different calibre is *John o' Jamestown,* by Vaughan Kester. It is a piece of careful workmanship, of much the same quality as the volumes of Winston Churchill and others who seek to follow in the path of Thackeray's *Virginians*. *John o' Jamestown* stands near the border-line between fiction and biography. It chronicles the career of Captain John Smith, his rescue at the hands of Pocahontas, his brave services on behalf of the Jamestown colony, in the face of jealous opposition and treachery, the injuries which forced him to return to England, and the ghastly winter of bloodshed and famine which followed, costing the lives of all but sixty out of the five hundred settlers whom he left behind. Yet all this, stirring history though it be, is not in itself material for a novel, save of the looser *picaresco* type. Even a much more experienced artist than Mr. Kester would have difficulty in giving it adequate structural form. That the author was conscious of his difficulties is apparent to a critical eye. He has attempted to give his volume the needful unity and cohesion by placing his narrative in the mouth of one Richard Farraday, who reverts in the naive, old-fashioned way to the memories of his childhood, records his dim impressions on a certain tragic night that witnessed the birth of a female child of unguessed but surely noble parentage, and follows down the train of events which kept this child an inmate of the Farraday household, threw her closely into Richard's companionship, taught them to love each other, and then, when she is in the first bloom of womanhood, snatches her away from her foster home, leads Richard into an ambush, and sends him unconscious from a broken head and very near to death, on board the first ship that sails for the Jamestown colony. And this is the last we see, and almost the last we hear of the lady whom Richard Farraday loves until down to the concluding chapter. Save for a difference in magnitude, the effect is analogous to that of, let us say, Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* sandwiched in between two acts of *Romeo and Juliet.* And that is really the only serious defect of the book,—a weakness of structure. And since the great majority of the reading public care little for structure so long as a book is readable, there is no question that the vivid portraiture, the stirring incident, the manifest sincerity of purpose of *John o' Jamestown* will give abundant pleasure to a large number of readers.

"The Flight Into Eden"

The best economy that Mr. Harrison Rhodes could have practised in regard to the structure of his first novel, *The Flight Into Eden,* would have been to cut it ruthlessly in two in the middle and make two stories of it. One is apt at the first reading to think the book rather better than it really is. There is a grim tensity about the initial tragedy that grips the attention at once; and the transition to the lighter mood that dominates the subsequent chapters, and the idyllic charm of the Florida episode, come as such a distinct relief that you are not apt to realise at once that the second section of the book is, in Mr. Kipling's stereotyped phrase, another story. Basil Forrester, with a beautiful young wife far too good for him, continues his lifelong habit of making love to every pretty woman who will let him; until suddenly one of his foolish, fugitive infidelities comes to the wife's knowledge and kills her, just as surely and as brutally as though he had stabbed her through the heart. What reason she could have had for wishing to die, whether indeed she died by accident or by design, forms a matter of ten days' wonder in the social circle which once knew her. But only the dead woman's mother, to whom she left a farewell letter, is in possession of the truth; and she in her bitterness vows that she will proclaim the truth abroad, hold Forrester's infidelities up to the world's scorn, make his life an intolerable shame,—excepting on condition that he will buy her silence by going into exile, and placing himself so far from his old home that no other English woman will ever be in danger of suffering through him. And here of course is the logical end of the story, unless the author

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had designed to bring his exile home again, determined to face exposure and live it down. As a matter of fact, Basil Forrester does not come home. In the wilds of Southern Florida he starts life afresh, enters upon a new romance, and eventually marries and settles down to a life-long idyl. There is no question that Mr. Rhodes knows how to portray people and incidents in a way that forces you to see them. But he has something still to learn about the unities of construction.

"Done up in Lavender"

A word should be said in behalf of Stanley Weyman's volume of short stories, *Done up in Lavender*, the contents of which represents, for the most part, some of his earliest work. Mr. Weyman is one of the authors of whom we are not apt to think as an author of short stories; yet both the technique and the development of almost all the stories in this volume are of a quality that make us realise how far he might have gone, had he chosen, in this branch of his art. They are stories of present-day English life, in social, ecclesiastical, and governmental circles. There is, for instance, a story of the distress of a zealous young minister, whose drunken reprobate of a father makes an untimely visit to his parish and sadly interferes with his ministrations. And there is an admirably subtle tale of a secret treaty, the untimely appearance of which in the newspapers costs the prime minister his office, and causes the downfall of his party. Now the prime minister has a young wife, who, after the manner of young wives, is jealous of her husband's devotion to his serious business of life; and circumstantial evidence points strongly to her as the guilty party, who in order to withdraw him from public life, betrayed his secret to the papers. As it turns out, however, the wife is quite unconscious of her share in the betrayal. It is quite true that she is the cause, but only indirectly, because the prime minister himself was the one who sent the treaty to the editor, in a moment of absent-mindedness, his thoughts being so full of his young wife that he did not notice which of two envelopes he was directing. Slight as they are, these early sketches leave the impression that Mr. Weyman understood contemporary life so well that a very promising disciple of Trollope was lost when he turned aside to don the sword and buskin.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

A Modern View of Worry*

The author of the *Cycle of Life* and *Evolution the Master-Key* here presents a new volume of double usefulness: from the practical side offering serviceable hints for what he considers the disease of the age, and from the theoretical setting in their proper light the current notions as to the healthful relations of mind and body. But the book is more than a compilation of the discoveries of modern physicians and psychologists; it presents a novel point of view and abounds in paradoxical contradictions of popular beliefs. Thus it is to be proved that worry is the disease of the age and that the adult is much more gravely injured by worry than by disease. As to the first point it has been argued that observers in the past were not acute and skilful enough to detect nervous disease; but this is on the face of it incredible; men of the stamp of Sydenham had trained powers of clinical observation which probably no physician of the present day can rival; hence the only reasonable explanation of these new nervous

*Worry: The Disease of the Age. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1907. Pp. xi + 311.

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diseases is that they *are* new. Again, there is the popular fallacy that mental overwork is the cause of premature decay and even of insanity. But the case is simply not so. Brain-work, as such, never killed or harmed anybody. Brain-work in a stuffy room will kill you of tuberculosis; brain-work plus worry has killed thousands; brain-work plus worry plus insomnia many thousands more; but if the brain-work had been omitted the impure air or the worry and the consequent loss of sleep would have had just the same result.

Lest these general statements appear too dogmatic, recourse is now had to particular facts and corroborative details. To show how the psychical type is undergoing a modification in the direction of increased self-consciousness and nervousness, keen observers reason that civilisation is well named—it means city-fication—and the kind of mind that is produced by civilisation can only be contented in cities. As the result of this, the nervous wear and tear of "streaming London's central roar," is the fact that only a small percentage of the population of any city can be regarded as well; here chief importance attaches to disorder of any part of the digestive tract, for, as Professor Chittenden has lately proved, the great majority of well-to-do persons eat too much, and this is an explanation of much meaningless and unnecessary worry. Hence arises the importance of worry, not so much in the melancholic, nor in persons having vast responsibilities, nor at the great crises of life, but rather its importance as a common, constant, commonplace fact, influencing body and mind, in greater or less degree, throughout the lives of the ordinary people with ordinary affairs, who constitute the overwhelming bulk of humanity. Further proof that worry is pre-eminently the disease of this age and of this civilisation and perhaps of the English-speaking race in particular, is to be found in the fact that year by year men and women show their need for psychic help by the invention of new religions and new cults, from Christian Science and the Higher Thought to Psycho-Therapeutics and Occultism. And so the relations of religion with worry are most singular and striking. The true religion and the truths perceived by present and past religion are cures of worry and preventives of its consequences. On the other hand, many religions have been causes of worry, laying stress upon the sinfulness of sin, and the doctrine of future punishment, and immeasurably increasing the fear of death. The latter is especially seen in the worries of childhood, where, as Professor Stanley Hall has shown in his book on *Adolescence,* each individual "climbs its own ancestral tree," recapitulates those prehistoric days when the primitive mind, placed in contact with nature, with darkness, light and shadow, sound and silence, generated the fear of the invisible.

As in his chapters on Religious Worry and Worry as the Maker of Religions the author is evidently stirred by recollections of those harsh Scottish dogmas against which Robert Louis Stevenson rebelled, so in his invectives against alcohol as a cause of worry he evidently has in mind the equally depressing world of Scotch drink against which Matthew Arnold uttered his strictures. To demolish the grave and stupid fallacy in the common conception of alcohol he upholds a recent scientific contention that it is a substance of paradoxes; called a stimulant, as it was a half century ago, the public uses it as a sedative, uses it because it is able to calm the worrying mind, to banish care, and to bring peace. Hence the habitual use of sedatives, from alcohol to cocaine, is to be condemned without qualification as false in principle and fatal in result. But with coffee and tea, the man who is worried because his work is too much for him finds his work facilitated and its accomplishment accelerated under the influence of caffeine. If these negations be discounted as mere echoes of that temperance agitation which has been raging with such intemperance among British scientists, it is not so with the more positive sections of Dr. Saleeby's book where he attempts to define worry as a disease by contrast with a plain statement as to what constitutes real health. In this connection he draws an attractive picture of the model man; not the valetudinarian who pays conscious attention to

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his digestion and turns the festive board into a chewing contest, but the robustious male who sleeps without dreaming, eats without thinking, and works without worrying. The man without worry, he says, may have felt bored, perhaps, but never weary. He has had no pains of any kind, neither headache nor backache, nor any other. Throughout the entire day he has been totally unconscious of his own person and of all its parts, save incidentally, as when washing and dressing. He has never once thought about his digestion, and all the information that he can afford on that score would amount simply to this: that at certain intervals during the day he deposited certain pleasant materials in the largest aperture of his face, but that of their subsequent history he has no record whatever.

The reader will freely grant that if this be health, there be many who know it not. And yet this is not an impossible ideal, nothing that requires a unique brain, or Herculean muscles, or even exceptional inherited vigour. The question arises for every individual how much work he is capable of doing, whilst at the same time conforming to this standard. One may be able to do only four hours' work without defect somewhere in sleep or digestion or internal sensations. The point is to find out what are one's limitations and to consider the physical cures of worry. Minor ill-health as one of the most important causes may be removed, for worry acts not in any mystical fashion, but merely in its effect upon general vitality. One may not inherit a constant sense of well-being, that organic or gastric optimism which is the possession of the envied few, but he may gain some happy optimism, some determination to recover and finish his work, some "will to be well" which will serve the same purpose. His is that rational optimism which even in the cases of such chronic dyspeptics as Spencer and Darwin enabled them by reason to defy those internal sensations such as in ordinary men would have inevitably led to pessimism. How such health of mind is to be gained is instanced in two familiar examples—holidays and hobbies. To holiday is to be free from worry; its essence is to be absolutely careless. Of course there are extremists here, from the man who takes his vacation in walking his legs off to the idler who lies all day in a hammock with an unread book slipping from his fingers. But for the general average of city-bred workers a real vacation is a change of occupation rather than a period of intellectual vacuity. A man with a competent and active mind is in no more need of resting that mind than a batsman who has already made ninety-nine runs and finds himself master of the bowling is in need of resting his muscles. On the contrary, it is good for the body and the mind alike to exercise those functions of which they are capable; in short, the man who is capable of exercising without strain any function whatever does well in general to do so. In contravention of the common views on the subject may be noticed the very common cases of men, active, vigorous and eager in mind, who have done abundance of hard work for years and thrived on it, and who then, retiring from business, become a nuisance to themselves and their families, begin to overeat themselves, fret, fuss and worry about trifles, and deteriorate in body and in mind—all in consequence of a holiday which was premature and was therefore not wanted. The true holiday of the brain-worker must not consist in replacing something by nothing, for nature abhors a vacuum, and will fill it with worry. It means the provision of a novel mental occupation in sufficient quantity, the essential character of that occupation being not its novelty, but the fact that there is no worry associated with it—it is done for fun.

And so, in conclusion, one should include, as part of the hygienic or health-preserving process which we now understand holidaying to be, the habit of hobby-hunting, since natural selection acts nowadays not so much upon the plane of muscle as upon that of mind. More and more, therefore, the normal or average mental type departs from what we may call the bucolic or rustic standard and approximates to the civic standard. The man who is happy doing nothing becomes scarcer, whilst the man of curious, busy and active mind becomes more common. Now, such a man is more and not less prone to worry, and is more, not less,

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in need of freedom from worry; but that need is to be met by a positive rather than a negative process. The moral is that the wise man, just as he lays a little money by, in provision for the material wants of old age, will also lay a little mental riches by, for the mental wants of old age. Do not let him be caught saying, "I have no time for music nowadays," or for any of a thousand other things. It is an imperative necessity for the average modern man, and is of the nature of an investment for coming years, that he shall persistently cultivate some other mental interest than that with which the worry of the struggle for existence is associated. Such a mental interest, though apparently not utilitarian, and though not cultivated for any utilitarian purpose, will yet prove to be a valuable weapon in the struggle for existence itself.

I. Woodbridge Riley.

II

John Harvard*

John Harvard should be famous not only as the founder of the greatest American university, but also because he has remained about the most obscure Harvard man that ever lived. There is not a portrait of him extant, nor one of his letters, nor so much as a line of description by a contemporary. Although the historical spirit flourishes at Harvard, and New England genealogists are famous, it was not many years ago that a reward of five hundred dollars for five lines of information about John Harvard could be offered and remain unclaimed.

Even in the light of the latest researches, our actual information about John Harvard is supplied by a few brief entries in parish registers, wills and other records. We know, from the parish register of St. Saviour's, Southwark, and from his father's will, that he was born in November, 1607, the son of a well-to-do London butcher. We know that twenty years later he entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and remained there seven years, graduating with the degrees of B.A. and M.A. A year after his graduation the record of his marriage appears in a parish register. Again, a year later, the records of the first church at Charlestown, Massachusetts, show that he was for a few months assistant minister there. The next year, 1638, when he was only thirty-one years old, he died. But by his will, in which he left his library and a sum, estimated at eight hundred pounds, to the college which the Massachusetts Bay Colony had started, he rescued his name from oblivion so effectually that to-day it is more widely known and more frequently spoken than that of any Englishman of his time.

From such scraps of actual information about John Harvard as might be contained in a few lines, Mr. Shelley has written a book of over three hundred pages. It is an extremely interesting book, not only from the skilful way in which the author uses contemporary writers to give a lifelike picture of John Harvard's environment, but from his fearless use of theories when the scanty supply of facts runs dry. The theory that John Harvard's parents were introduced to each other by William Shakespeare is a case in point. The theory is builded as follows: that John Harvard's father lived in Southwark; that his mother lived in Stratford-on-Avon; that as people travelled little in those days they would probably have remained unacquainted unless brought together by some one who had lived in both places; that Shakespeare had lived in both places. Consequently Shakespeare. Such theorising might lead to heated discussion, if taken too seriously. By a skilful use of contemporary writers, and a clear and interesting manner of handling his material, Mr. Shelley describes graphically the well-to-do tradesman's family into which John Harvard was born; the London in the time of James I. where he grew up; the Puritan college Emmanuel, at Cambridge, where he spent almost one-fourth of his brief life; and of the controversial, back-biting colony of Massachusetts Bay where he died. Unfortunately, the author cannot tell us what sort of man John Harvard was. But he

*John Harvard and His Times. By Henry C. Shelley. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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tells very cleverly the kind of man John Harvard might have been.

Arthur M. Chase.

III

Mr. Sakurai's "Human Bullets"*

A curious study in race psychology is afforded by this "soldier's story of Port Arthur." Translated by one Japanese and introduced by another, with an American editor, it professes to relate the actual experiences of the author, a lieutenant in the Japanese army. Certain references raise a doubt as to the fidelity of the translator to the original, which is said to be already a popular book in Japan; but there is no reason for doubting that in the main it is an authentic document. As such it is an illuminating exposition of the Japanese mind, in war and in peace. The outcome of the Russian-Japanese War was, in the last analysis, a matter of psychology—a matter of *morale,* to use a favourite word of Mr. Sakurai's; and the difference in this respect between the two armies is lucidly set forth. One sees in these pages the determination, the devotion to duty, the adaptability which won for the Japanese soldier such general sympathy and admiration in this country; but even more interesting is the unconscious revelation of certain other qualities which should be pondered by those whose sympathy has reached the maudlin stage. Certain broad differences have existed between Oriental and Occidental nations ever since history has known an Orient and an Occident; and it is well to remember that the Japanese, whatever their origin and whatever their momentary position in the affairs of the world, are essentially an Oriental nation.

It may be doubted whether the book was intended to show this difference so plainly as it actually does. In some respects the author seems to be aping the Western point of view. The book is full of allusions to European literature and history, while the Japanese observance of the modern "humane" rules of warfare is insisted on. It would be unfair to brand as superstition the strong religious sense that survives in the average Japanese, even though it be for the most part ancestor-worship. But it may be noted that this religious fervour is not inconsistent with Oriental self-glorification (including that mock humility which is the highest form of egoism), cruelty and treachery. It is a question how much of the Japanese soldier's bravery is an intense longing for applause—for the approval both of the living and the dead. "We would wish that the curtain might be raised at once," says Mr. Sakurai, "so that we could show off our skill on the real stage of the battlefield, not only to astonish the enemy, but to elicit the applause of the world-wide audience." This sentiment is characteristic, while there is simply no suppressing the self-gratulation. "All of us attacked and pressed upward with strength and courage as of the gods." Neither are the cruelty and the sheer lust of killing to be hidden. "Our hearts involuntarily hated our opponents, who we wished had yielded to us more easily, but who resisted us to their utmost." Doubtless this is true to the psychology of the fighting man the world over, but what would we think of an American officer who should give voice in cold retrospect to this sentiment: "It is a delightful business to pursue a flying enemy, when they are shot from behind and fall like leaves in the autumnal wind"?

Such frank avowals do not indeed lessen the interest of Mr. Sakurai's story. The book furnishes a striking picture of what war actually is, even under its most humane aspects. And at a time when the eyes of the whole world are on Japan, it is worth while to be told so authoritatively just what manner of fighting man the Japanese soldier is.

Ward Clark.

*Human Bullets. By Tadayoshi Sakurai. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

IV

Mr. Van Norman's "Poland."*

Mr. Van Norman has started his story of Poland with so felicitous an introduction by Madame Modjeska, that one is

*Poland, the Knight of the Nations. By Louis E. Van Norman. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

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bound to read it. We are fairly cozened into attention by a pleasant little sop to national vanity, when she declares that of all people, the American are the most unprejudiced and therefore the best calculated to consider Poland and her picturesque difficulties with a just and sympathetic mind.

If Madame Modjeska has briefly prepared the reader for much, Mr. Van Norman has made himself admirably accessory after the fact, by telling the whole story in a vivid, impressive and scholarly manner. The book is not a reportorial presentation of politics, extravagances of temperament, geographical transformations of a nation; but a calmly told tale of much editorial value. Mr. Van Norman frankly admits in his dedication of the book to his wife, that the inspiration of his work was that of sentiment and affection. However that may be, sentiment has not induced him falsely to represent his facts, while it may well have lent to the telling of them that style which makes the book of true literary value. He has treated Poland as the "knight among nations," yet often as an ill-conditioned knight, subject to aberrations. Among other things, he orients Copernicus for us—and who has ever done that since his "theory" swallowed up time and the hour? Genius in science and art is so soon laid hands on by the universal mind, that after a generation or two the proper geographical location of its birth has become news once more.

The author tells of Poland's unique militarism, the secret of which is a gallant contempt for the engines of war, and a gay glory in personal conflict. He tells of a nation composed of nobles and serfs, without the middle class housekeeper; and all the nobles were kings, and Poland had then as many laws as nobles: each being a law unto himself and law, as such, applying to nobody! The very idea of a country unruled by sixty thousand kings is a shock to the mental system. But Mr. Van Norman mentions by way of news interest, that Poland's latest king went as a salaried functionary to St. Petersburg: a detail which does not modify our delighted amazement, but only adds to the charming confusion of a country whose erraticisms have been tenderly revealed in this book. Kosciusko himself would have smiled had he read thus about it.

In the very midst of everything, Mr. Van Norman has written a fine story of the unique Kosciusko victory; and after reading one does not doubt that "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell!"—if it didn't it should have. Those of us who do not know are told, and those who know are reminded, that when a death occurs in a Polish town, a black notice telling the name of the dead is tacked to the church door. The book is full of such detail that lends verity and by-way interest to it, while the large matter of European political relations is treated with dignity and a clear understanding. The book is the story of Poland, her people, their erraticisms, their customs, their legends; the pathos of its struggles, the glory of its endurance, and finally the new day that is bound to come with a slow growing commercialism which seems likely to be tempered advantageously to Poland, by the real nobility of her people. The book has added much of value to the meagre opportunities for research on the subject of Polish history, and is to be welcomed for its usefulness as well as for its decided charm.

Dolores Bacon.

V

Mr. Wilson's "Ewing's Lady"*

It is something of a triumph for Mr. Wilson, or at least a proof of his aptitude for the novelist's trade, that it is possible to read well into his latest book before the inevitable label presents itself to the mind. The story opens delightfully on a Western ranch. The lady of the title is discovered at once—a young widow, rich and beautiful, a New Yorker, and therefore open to the romance of the free country in which she finds herself. The first glimpses one has of Ewing, the shy, talented boy whose whole life has been lived in the mountains, and who has struggled alone to follow his father's career of painter, give promise of a fresh

*Ewing's Lady. By Harry Leon Wilson. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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and individual character, if not of a story of marked originality. The author's evident liking for the mountain and ranch life is backed by knowledge. Like his hero, he has the trick of drawing the cowboy and the scenes of his life as they really are, and his picture, though rapidly sketched as something subordinate to his main purpose, is lifelike and interesting.

But in half a hundred pages the scene shifts to New York, and once you are fairly in the swing of the story you can no longer doubt whither Mr. Wilson is travelling. Once more the great American melodrama! I know the label has of late been overworked, and it has been made to fit so many and so different objects that it leaves something of definiteness to be desired. But for once its appropriateness is unquestionable. All possible definitions of melodrama meet on common ground in *Ewing's Lady*—except, of course, the wholly out-moded definition that carries with it a certain sting of reproach. Whatever else it may be, melodrama, whether literary or theatrical, has at last attained to complete respectability. We all know nowadays that Shakespeare was the greatest of melodramatists, and those of our contemporaries who follow his lead have no cause for shame in their efforts. The practice of the art is not incompatible with the exercise of all the literary refinements. Mr. Wilson belongs to the Shakespearian school.

Here is the skeleton of the story: Ewing is the son of a painter who had gone to the West for his health and died there. His mother, too, is dead, and the boy has come to the age of twenty-four knowing practically nothing of the parental history. His inheritance consists of a portrait of his mother and a talent for painting. Mrs. Laithe, on a visit to a nearby ranch, discovers both the talent and the identity of the boy. His mother had been the wife of Randy Teevan, an intimate of her family, and had left him without the formality of a divorce for Ewing's father. In spite of the evident danger of complications, Mrs. Laithe brings the youth to New York to develop his talent. He falls in with Teevan, the most polished and gentlemanly villain imaginable, who plans a diabolical, vicarious revenge against this "nameless whelp" of the woman who was once his wife. Under pretence of guiding Ewing in his artistic development, he leads him to fritter away his time and strength on all sorts of useless endeavours. Once the boy's ambition is thoroughly crushed the final stroke is to be given by imparting to him the truth concerning his mother. Incidentally, Ewing is given to understand that Mrs. Laithe, whom he loves, has long cherished a hopeless passion for the gallant Teevan. By a remarkably ingenious chain of circumstances it is contrived that Ewing shall believe Mrs. Laithe wishes Teevan dead. He writes her that by the time she has received his letter the deed will have been done, and then proceeds to make good his promise. In the nick of time he is interrupted by Teevan's son, his own half-brother, who tells him the truth. In the meantime Mrs. Laithe, receiving the letter, assumes that the murder must have been committed, and rides away from the ranch at night bent on making away with herself in some retired spot. But her faithful pony turns around in the dark and brings her back to the cabin at dawn, just as Ewing arrives, having rushed across the continent to see her and explain. Curtain.

The tale is more wonderful than this outline indicates, for there are many minor complications and coincidences. A generation ago such a story would have been branded as the rankest and frankest of shockers. But Mr. Wilson keeps a strong literary grip on his plot. Granted his impossible concatenation of circumstances—no less interesting for being impossible—his characters are admirably drawn, consistent and lifelike. There is plenty of real humour in the book, and some excellent pictures of manners, Eastern and Western. Mr. Wilson even attempts a photographic description of a night at a "bohemian" artists' club, and comes out of it rather more creditably than most of the rash authors who have essayed this feat. For one thing at least he deserves undying gratitude. He has at last enshrined imperishably in literature that purest gem of modern balladry, the song with which Mr. Booth Tarkington has delighted how many gatherings of artists, writers and college students, "Nothing but Mother."

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It is a fitting return for this privilege that the book is dedicated to "N. B. T." The inclusion of this lyric treasure would insure a place for *Ewing's Lady* in the libraries of the Players Club and some thousands of Princeton graduates, even if it were not a cleverly written and entertaining story—which it is.

Burton Blass.

VI

Mr. Garland's "Money Magic."*

While Mr. Garland can hardly be said to break new ground in his latest novel, he certainly sounds in it a new note. As ever, he holds the balance between East and West, between a form of daily existence, a code of social and moral ethics and practice that in its uncompromising, simple directness and frankness, its conviction of equality, its unhesitating acceptance of the principle that "a man's a man for all that" remains fundamentally American, and a society that is becoming more and more sophisticated and Europeanised. The American scene of Hamlin Garland is the antithesis of Mrs. Wharton's.

"It is all a question of latitudes," said Numa Roumestan; with us it is a question of longitudes, of awakening consciousness of their existence, and of the outlook they offer. Many, travelling East, come under their influence, and never return. Others, seeking their opportunity among us, never cease to regret the life they have left behind. Still others come, see, are disappointed, disillusioned, or confirmed in a preconceived dislike, and return. There is a provincialism of the West as well as of the East, of Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco—not to speak of mountain and plain—as well as of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Some there be, finally, who take the best of the older culture in the spirit of the newer, or *vice versa.*

To the point, however. Mr. Garland tells us in his new story of a Colorado gambler and occasional bad man, sheriff, and mine-owner, a heroic figure of a familiar type, who yet is fresh, interesting, and lifelike. This mature man, falling in love with the young daughter of a Colorado boarding-house keeper, an untutored child of nature and the mining region, a girl of New England parentage, with what the law calls the *vis rivertendi* faintly traceable in her mind: reversion to the older civilisation slumbers in her as a possibility. But for the present she is of the West, and, like the "square" gambler, a stock character of Western fiction, but, also like him, decidedly lifelike in the drawing. For her sake the gambler gives up his profitable trade, is accepted by her in reward, and is shot by a ruined gamester. She marries him on what is supposed to be his deathbed, but he recovers, and is restored to existence, an almost helpless invalid.

Now begins the Eastward pilgrimage of this strangely assorted rich couple, whose relations are those of adoring invalid and conscientious nurse. Colorado Springs is the first station. Here they buy a palatial "home," here the woman has her first view of Eastern social differentiations and conventions, of "manners," some culture, and a great deal of malicious gossip. To the charms of manner and culture she takes readily; she remains unconscious for a long time of the class distinctions, and indifferent to them. Here, also, she meets the young man who is to awaken her soul. He has come to Colorado with his fiancée, to marry her and settle down as soon as her health will permit.

Husband and wife continue their voyage of discovery. First Chicago, where they have a glimpse of the true Bohemia—of artistic society—and then New York, which effaces the impression made by the mid-Western city, even though they do not soar above the Fifth Avenue hotel stage. Their experience here is on the surface only; they are lost in the mass, welcomed only by waiters and tradespeople. So the West calls them again, but in the woman's case it is the call of the young man left behind, much more than of the longitude.

Mr. Garland handles the triangular situation, with its complication of the second woman, with excellent taste, and entirely in the spirit of the moral cleanliness of the West. It is a romance

*Money Magic. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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pure and simple. The conventional ending is justified by the splendid spirit of the dying gambler, entirely in keeping with his character and his career.

Money Magic is far and away the best and most significant novel that Mr. Garland has written in many years. It has perspective, it is firm of plot, rich in colour, full of movement, unflaggingly interesting, its characters are deftly and understandingly individualised—it has the semblance of life.

A. Schade van Westrum.

VII

Mr. Harboe's "Hans Christian Andersen"*

The poet whose words reach the child-heart is the poet of the universal appeal. For the happiest of us remain children at heart always. But the poet of the children is the most impersonal of poets, is the writer who most of all must sink his individuality in his work. The Eternal Child in us, old or young, does not ask for the personal equation; it asks for the beautiful tale, the sweet and noble thought, the wonder, the picture. Hans Christian Andersen has become a beloved name wherever children read, or sit in the twilight to listen to tales of wonder. Apart from personal memories in his own country, and the friends who met him in his travels, his own personality has been lost. To the myriads of children who hang upon his words he is not a certain man born in Denmark, living there and elsewhere for a certain number of years. He is The Steadfast, Tin Soldier; he is The Ice Maiden; he is Little Karen; Little Claus and Big Claus: he is any one of the many wonderful friends he has created for the children of all lands and all times.

Yet it was not a bad idea to bring the man himself, his life and struggles, his lovable nature, his remarkable career into more personal ken for the many children who love his stories. This little book, appearing after its author's death, is a simple and sincere attempt to tell the children who Hans Christian Andersen was; to tell them of the circumstances under which these marvellous tales grew into being; to tell children elsewhere the personal relations of the poet with the children whom he knew. We see his home of early poverty, and his momentous first journey to Copenhagen. We hear of the boy's wonderful faith in his star, of his touching trust in mankind and his hope of success. We follow his early struggles, a story in themselves as strange and fairy-like as any of his tales. Then we see him in his years of success and first happiness, travelling amid foreign scenes on a government stipend. Then home again in Denmark, the friend of monarchs, and the friend of the children. It is interesting to learn that in his youth Andersen did not seem to be fond of children, and did not appeal to them. Later in life his most charming hours were his twilight visits to homes where he was a welcomed guest. Without warning he would appear, gather the children of the household about his knees, and read or tell them his stories until the bed-time hour. His early disappointment in finding himself unfitted for the stage career for which he had longed, seems to have been fully compensated for in the joy he experienced when surrounded by the youthful audiences that clung to him and listened in open-eyed delight. It is a lovable personality we learn to know here, a nature sweet, simple and pure, the sort of nature from which the lasting strength and beauty of his wonder-tales would flow as its natural expression. There is not much attempt at coherent construction in the little book. Anecdotes are given sometimes without much point or much connection. And the style reminds us frequently that the author is writing in a language other than the one to which he was born. But the little volume will serve its purpose, and will tell many a child something of the man to whom it owes so many happy hours.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

*A Child's Story of Hans Christian Andersen. By Paul Harboe. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.50.

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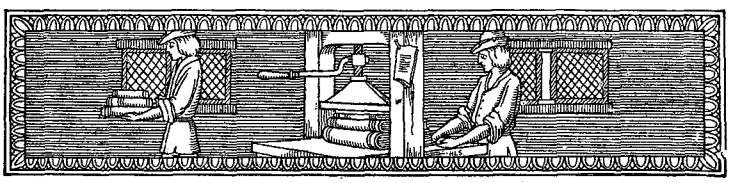
VIII

Jack London's "Love of Life."*

When a writer does what is apparently expected of him by the reading public, he makes the reviewer's task more difficult. We know now that we may expect virile, vivid stories of the North, stories of struggle with the elements, of struggle with savage men and savage beasts, when we take up a book signed by Jack London. Having said several times what there is to be said about them, it is not easy to find new phrases. Most of the stories in this volume have appeared in the magazines, but they are pretty generally worth preserving in book form. They are stories of the Alaskan North and of California; stories of the horrors of the Trail; stories of dogs that are more than human in their loyalty and affection, and of humans worse than brutes in their cruelty. All just what we have learned to expect from Jack London. But when we weary even of the well-told tales of man's struggle with the primal forces of nature, when we long for the greater conflict of man's struggle with his own nature, and the primal emotions, the talented author has prepared a little surprise for us in the story entitled "A Day's Lodging." Simply told, sketched in with a few pen-strokes, we have a tale of strong human interest, a happening remarkable in itself and yet sufficiently possible to hold our imagination. The closing scene of it, the man deliberately lowering himself in the eyes of the woman he once loved, that he might save himself from loving her again, is admirable as a bit of strong and simple writing, and still more admirable as a bit of soul-painting. It is bigger in some ways than anything else in the book. The little preface the author has given it leads us to expect something else, however, something less good. And might lead some cruder readers to expect something else also, and to be disappointed. But the story of itself is good, both in theme and construction, and excellent in the writing of it. The title-tale is a study of hunger, strongly written, and had its meed of praise when it appeared in a popular magazine. "The Way of the White Man" is a good bit of irony, and "The Unexpected" a thoroughly characteristic Jack London tale. "The Sun-Dog Trail" is an acknowledged "stunt," the author telling you in the beginning of the story just what he intends to do. It would be better were it more condensed in form. Taken altogether, these stories have all the good points of their author's work—strength, aliveness, vividness of colouring. They give us no new side of his talent, but they give us what we have learned to expect of him.

J. Marchand.

*Love of Life and Other Stories. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.



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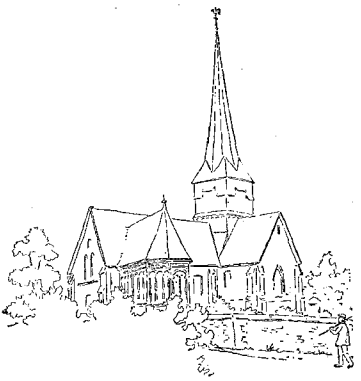
THE PHARMACY OF HOMAIS



THE CHURCH OF RY

THE BOVARY HOUSE FROM THE STREET AND GARDEN

THE GENESIS OF A MASTERPIECE

IT was in Ry (thinly disguised as "Y"), a village in the neighbourhood of Rouen, that Gustave Flaubert laid most of the scenes of his immortal *Madame Bovary,* and many of the names to be found in the pages of the romance still have a familiar ring to the people of the town and surrounding country. The present writer had, one day, occasion to go to Ry, and occasion is needed to make the trip, for to this day the village remains without direct communication with the outside world. From the moment of arrival one is impressed with the marvellous resemblance to the straggling community (*la bourgade*) so vividly described by Flaubert. There are the church, surrounded by the little cemetery; the market, "consisting of a tile roof supported by twenty posts"; the *Mairie,* constructed "on the plans of an architect of Paris"; the house of the chemist and the inn opposite. Everything corresponds to the letter. There is also the street (the only one in Ry), "long as a gun barrel," to use Flaubert's phrase.

The present writer had the good fortune of knowing the chemist of the place, who always maintained that Flaubert had described his father; under the name of Homais. Certainly the letters which the son showed bore out the contention. It was the same style, the same emphasis. Continuing our pilgrimage, we come to the site of the first home of Charles Bovary. The house no longer exists; it was torn down about a quarter of a century ago. There remain, however, part of the garden, and the tunnel and little staircase of stone leading to the brook crossed by Emma on her journeys to *la Huchette.* A little farther along, on the other side of the street, may be seen the house later occupied by the Bovary family, and the scene of the heroine's death. Unfortunately successive restorations have taken from the structure all its character, and little remains that recalls the novel.

One of the most interesting features of the trip was the visit to Père Thérain, the former driver of the Rouen diligence. In the book he appears as Hivert, and it may be remarked that this name is formed of nearly the same letters as Thérain. Suppressing the "a," we have Hinert, which Flaubert changed to Hivert for the sake of euphony. As to the name of Bovary, it was suggested by the name of a French hotel keeper whom Flaubert met in Cairo, at the time of his famous voyage to the East. This man's name was really Bouveret, but Flaubert altered it by giving the ending Ry, the name of the town with which the novel deals.

Émile Deshays.

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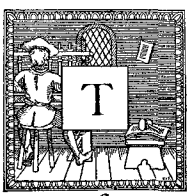
OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S LETTER-BOX

HOW A NEW YORK EDITOR WAS ACCUSTOMED TO GIVE OUT ADVICE



THE modern status of the author has in recent weeks been so thoroughly ventilated that there may be a timeliness in digging up the history of his treatment in this city seventy-five years ago. There was at that time a weekly review, the New York *Mirror,* that possessed a wonderful amount of snap and virility. In its columns were to be found the names of the best writers of that time. Bryant and Whittier appeared, N. P. Willis was a constant contributor, and others—some of them now forgotten—were Thomas Haynes Bayley, Theodore Fay, a novelist of the time; Fitz-Greene Halleck, William Jay, Park Benjamin, Mrs. Sigourney and William Dunlop.

In his dealings with the amateur author the editor of this periodical adopted a drastic and painfully sarcastic method, which he defined as the "Procrustean process." Beside it the polite printed profession of regret of the editor of to-day is like a feather duster compared with the Russian knout.

In each issue, at the head of his editorial column, the editor of the *Mirror* printed in italics his impression of the material submitted to him for acceptance. It saved postage, and also, in the absence of the modern newspaper humourist, supplied the material for a laugh—at the expense of the contributor. We shall see that the latter did not always accept it in the spirit of mirth.

We find an early application of the "Procrustean process" in an issue of July 9, 1836. This is an uncommonly gentle treatment, but in his closing words may be found a sample of the fine edge and point of the editorial stiletto:

"The Poetical Sketch," by "R.," requires a little correction and alteration; some of the lines are incomplete, and lack the requisite number of feet and harmony. We will subject it to the Procrustean process, after which it shall appear.—"A Woman as She Should Be" is filed for insertion. We shall not be able to make use of the three pieces forwarded to us by "H. A. G." We are, notwithstanding, much indebted to him for his attention.—We should like much to publish "Our Saturday Night," but are apprehensive that it is too metaphysical for the majority of our readers. It is well written, and a thing may be unsuitable without any demerit to the writer.—"A Vision" is too long for our "Sunday Evening Reading," and is not adapted to any other part of our pages.—The lines sent us by "A. B." are respectfully declined. We cannot say that they are not good; we are only conscious that we do not like them. —"Medora," by "C. S.," is in the same category, and it is really unpleasant to veto so much readable poetry.—We agree with "X." that the situation has its charms; but the incident is not interesting enough to blazon it. "St. John's Park" is certainly a pretty place, and children are pretty objects; but they are both too trite and commonplace to poetise about.—"R. S. C.," who sends us three quatrains, entitled "Anacreontick Song," has evidently but a small acquaintance with the bard of Teos; the characteristicks of whose poems are exquisite rhythm, sweetness of sentiment, and simplicity of imagery; in all of which this piece is deficient, for there is a difference between silliness and naivete.

Two months later the editor shows signs of being overworked, and his free expression of his feelings is likely to find many sympathisers. The ambitious author of that time was also looking for a pull. Probably the modern summer vacation had not reached its present perfection:

We would do much for "Crito," but hereafter we will not publish an article that we do not like, to oblige any friend breathing. We have made the vow, and it is registered. If "Crito" is generous, he will excuse us; we

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acknowledge our indebtedness to him, but we, and he also, owe more to the subscribers of the *Mirror*. "Come what come may," we are fixed in our purpose.—During the past week, we have read a novel, two tragedies, and one epick poem! (as requested by their respective authors), and appended to them such remarks as happened to occur to us at the moment. The writers may obtain them on application at our office. Notwithstanding our earnest desire to further the views of all our fellow-labourers in the literary vineyard, we implore them to have some pity upon us; we are not made of iron, and our nerves are as other men's. Let them remember that the bow that is always bent loses its elasticity in time, and that we are almost worn to the bone with a thousand cares necessarily attendant upon a publication like the *Mirror*. Have some compassion, my masters, and read once more the poet's description of his troubles in this respect, which were marvellously like our own; although, happy man! he did not conduct, and was not responsible for, the contents of a weekly periodical.

"Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigued I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out.
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden through the land.
Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross;
All fly to Twitnam, and in humble strain,
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain."

It may be inferred that on the day during which the copy found below was prepared the last straw had fallen on the editor's back. It is selected as one of the finest specimens of his art. The date of the issue in which it appeared was some time in August:

Belinda complains that she is still a spinster. We don't see how we can help it. She would never get married if we published her lines, and she were known as their author.—A "Young Man about the Country" had better be about his business, than taxing us with double postage for his ineffable nonsense.—All that is good in the "Ode to the Army of Texas" is borrowed from Burns's "Lyrick of Bannockburn"; the original portion is worthless.

The context does not supply us with the information whether any of the persons referred to in the following paragraph was one of these; but it only shows how tender even in those days was the skin of literary ambition:

A rejected correspondent has sent us a cartel, and dared us to mortal combat! Our avocations will not permit us to go to Montreal to meet our pugnacious friend, and it is against the law of the land to arrange these little affairs within the limits of the State; besides, we see no sufficient cause of quarrel in so simple a thing. If our querulous antagonist wishes a fight, we dare him to the contest with the only weapon we use—the pen. If he does not write good English, we can't help it, and it is certainly no fault of ours that his periods are clumsily rounded, as we did not superintend, and are, consequently, not responsible for, his education. Fight a duel, forsooth! and in the warm weather! and break the law to boot, merely to gratify a coxcomb's wounded vanity! things have come to a pretty pass, my masters.

The following excerpts, which are gathered from many of similar character, show the existence then of a species of author who, unfortunately, unlike the dodo, has not yet become extinct. The rising horde of editors of three generations has failed to diminish the multitude:

"The First Avowal of Returned Love" is a very pleasant thing to lovers, but a large portion of our readers having probably survived the shock of a declaration, would sicken at this souvenir of transport.

Censor Morum is thanked, but his communication is inadmissible. The creature he reprobates is not worth the powder and shot which would be wasted in his annihilation. We sometimes fire at eagles, but never at wrens.

The "Flirtation of a Country Coquette" appears to be written by a discarded swain, and we apprehend his complaints would find little sympathy were we to publish them to the world.—The unpublished anecdotes of General Washington have been told of every great man since the flood.

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"John Hoertreep, Bachelor," shall have his opinions upon kissing made publick in our next. We shall be glad to hear often from John.

We are afraid that we cannot lend the columns of the *Mirror* to the tender communications of the "love-lorn youth, J. B.," by inserting his piece addressed to Julia. It appears to us, moreover, that a proficiency in spelling is indispensable in the spinning of verses, although there are certainly some illustrious instances of great poets who did not pay much attention to these trifling details; it is essential, however, in the present day, as our compositors always follow copy.

The following is a bit of advice which is much needed in the editorial office to-day. The grain of gold referred to is seized with eagerness, for it may be the symptom of a real mine in the vicinity rich enough to encourage a painstaking "milling" to enable the editor to produce the refined metal of genius on his magazine. How many infant geniuses this literary Herod must have strangled!

It is with unfeigned regret that we feel so often compelled to reject articles of writers in many respects capable, but either careless or inexperienced. A man may have a fair portion of poetick talent, and yet be wanting in "the accomplishment of verse"; and the misery of it is that many such seem wholly unaware of the deficiency. It is the same with some prose writers. They think tolerably well, but are not able to put their thoughts together in a proper form. If they find a grain of gold among the various strata of their cogitations, they are apt to beat it and platify it till its weight is unperceived in "its widespread tenuity." We are obliged, therefore, to reject "Ellen Reeves," though the author is evidently possessed of considerable talent. It is not according to good taste to make inferior persons speak contrary to the rules of grammar. Very good English is hardly ever spoken by superiors; yet we never affect to make them speak as they are commonly accustomed to speak.

This gentleman was undoubtedly a little fussy. Did he not know that legibility of chirography and genius never moved in the same class? It enables us to reflect, however, that the typewriter has certainly been a great preserver of editorial nerves:

One word to all our correspondents. It is gross affectation to write a bad hand when one can write legibly. The object of writing is, that it may be read. To take up an hour's time in deciphering an article that might, if properly written, be read in five minutes, and to occupy a compositor's time in the same way, is monstrous. Time is money. If our contributors feel no pity for us, they must have some consideration for the printers. We shall, therefore, reject every article, henceforth, the chirography of which is not tolerably clear.

One more selection will be a gratifying proof of the improved manners among editors, or perhaps the true status of the law of copyright had not been fully developed by the decisions of the courts:

We are once more under the necessity of stating that Mr. Willis does not write for any other journal. The productions enclosed by "Shepherd Lee" are not new to us, as he supposes. They have all appeared in the *Mirror*, years ago, from whence they have been transferred into most of the papers throughout the country. Had the editors given us credit for them, as they should have done, Shepherd Lee would not have fallen into the mistake of supposing that Mr. Willis was writing for "several publick gazettes besides the New York *Mirror*." Will such of the conductors of the press as do us the honour to copy our editorial matter be kind enough, in future, to affix the credit to which we are so fairly entitled? Pray, gentlemen, "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

The editor of the New York *Mirror*, as far as is known, escaped a violent death. His frankness deserves a monument, and tapers made of rejected manuscripts should burn before his effigy! The author of to-day who has been indulging in so many complaints needs chastisement. He does not know when he is well off. Let him thank his stars that he lives in a safer, less cruel time, and although there is a world of falsehood afloat in the form of euphemistic printed slips of rejectment, there is also a more enlightened audience listening for the voice of genuine talent.

Stanley Johnson.

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Yesterday in Wall St

IN 1645 the Dutch West India Company sent over to their recently acquired Colony of Manhattes in the New Netherlands Peter Stuyvesant as governor. It had not been forty years since Heinrich Hudson had sailed over in the *Half Moon,* weighed anchor in the Narrows, landed on the island just above, and a month later, after exploring the beautiful river on the other side, went back to Holland to describe it all.

In 1623 the Dutch East India Company, sailing under its blue and yellow flag, established a colony there and put in charge successively Peter Minuit, Wouter van Twiller and Jacob Keift.

Wouter van Twiller partitioned the island back of the water front into six great farms (Bouwerie was the Dutch word). Two of them he is said to have kept for himself, and he built a Dutch house and called his confrères around him.

In the meantime the English said that as John Cabot, in the service of their government, had discovered the whole continent, no trading company had a right to make private bargains and that the West India Company had no right to the revenues accruing to it. Then a little later, when Jacob Keift took charge, the Indians asserted themselves, the Weckquaesgechs showed a barbarity worthy of their name, so at this critical point the company found they needed a man of great force to grapple with all the troubles and sent out Peter Stuyvesant. Stuyvesant hastened to give the colony better defences, putting up a stockade just where the great Bouweries began, so that the colonists could take refuge within. He superintended the building himself. It was a strong palisade and there were two gates, which were closed and opened night and morning. The gate by the water was called T' Water Poort and had a half moon for defence; at the other end was T' Land Poort, where those that lived on the great Bouweries could enter the town—this small town of New Amsterdam as it was called then.

All the land within the wall which had

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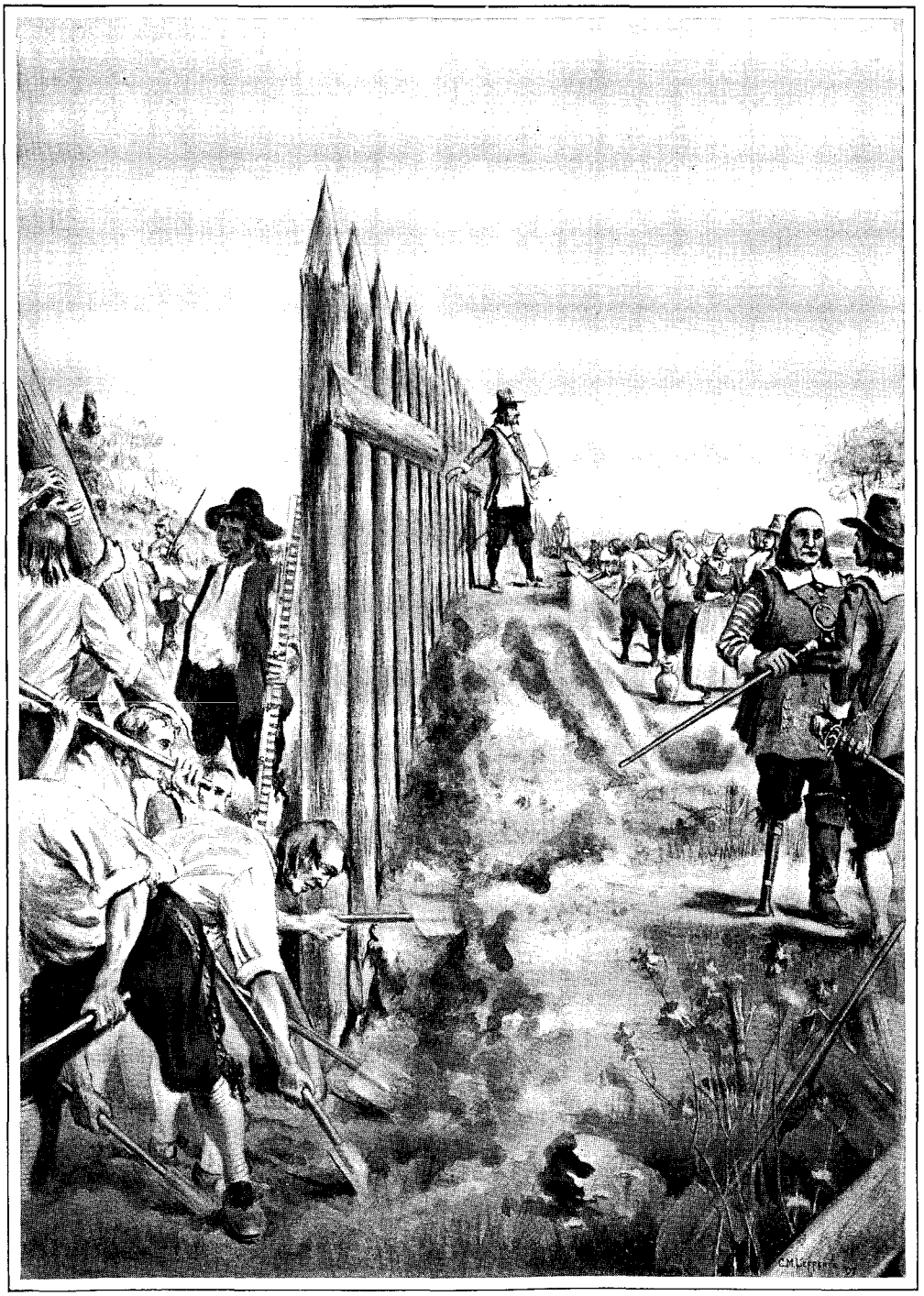

THE BUILDING OF THE WALL

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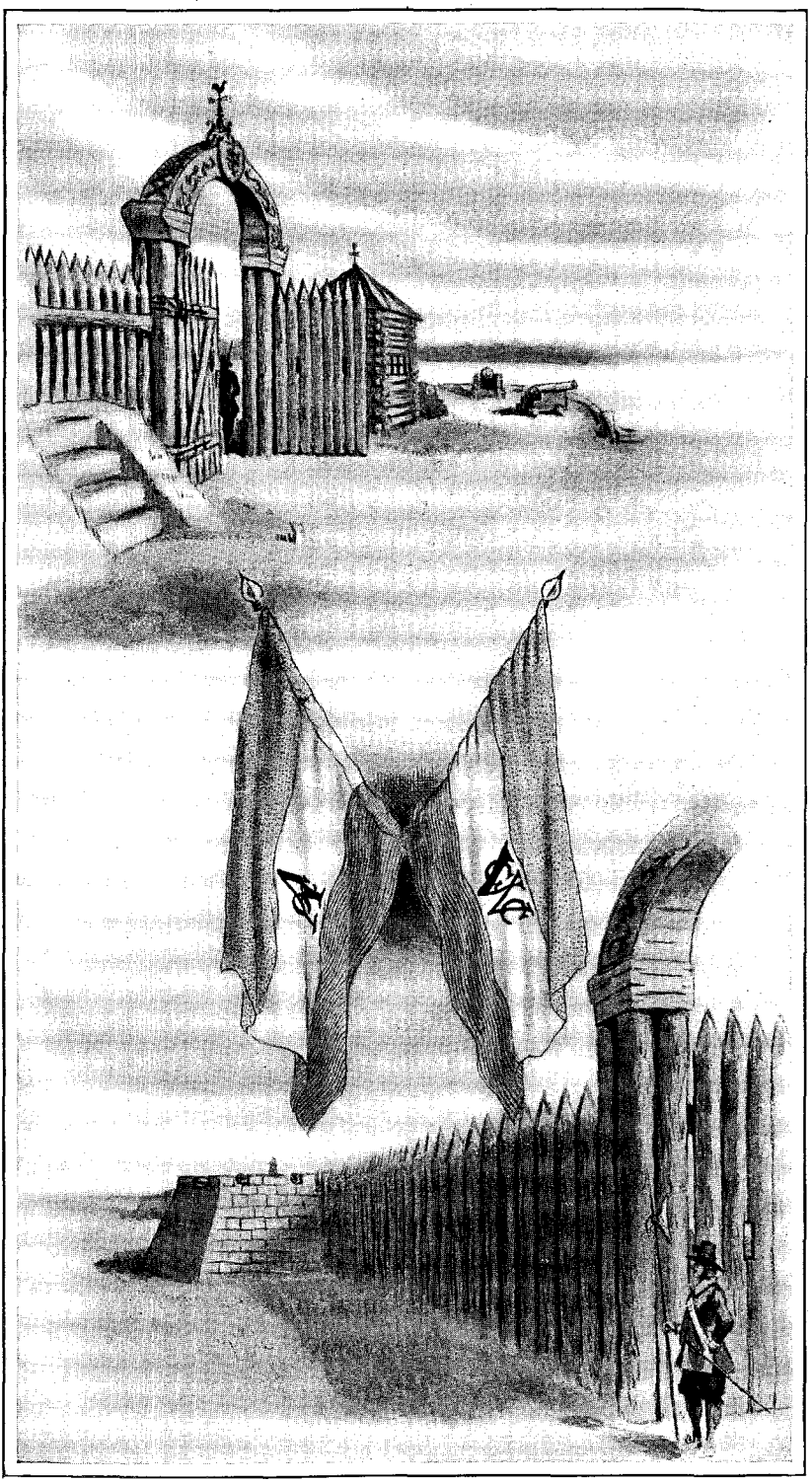

THE WATER GATE OF THE WALL. TO-DAY THE JUNCTION OF WALL AND PEARL STREETS

THE LAND GATE OF THE WALL. TO-DAY THE JUNCTION OF WALL STREET AND BROADWAY

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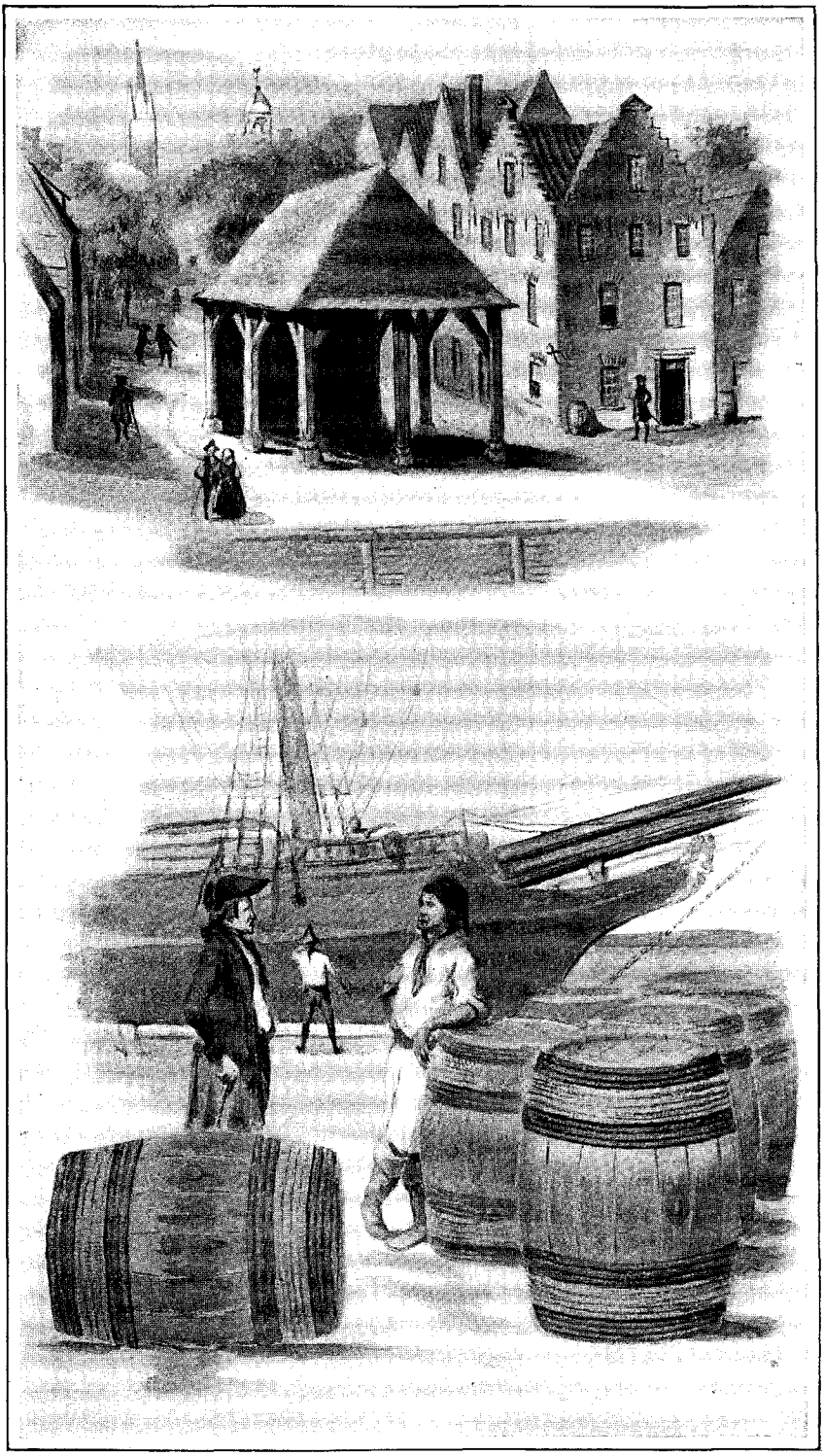

THE SLAVE MARKET IN WALL STREET

PUNCHEONS OF RUM

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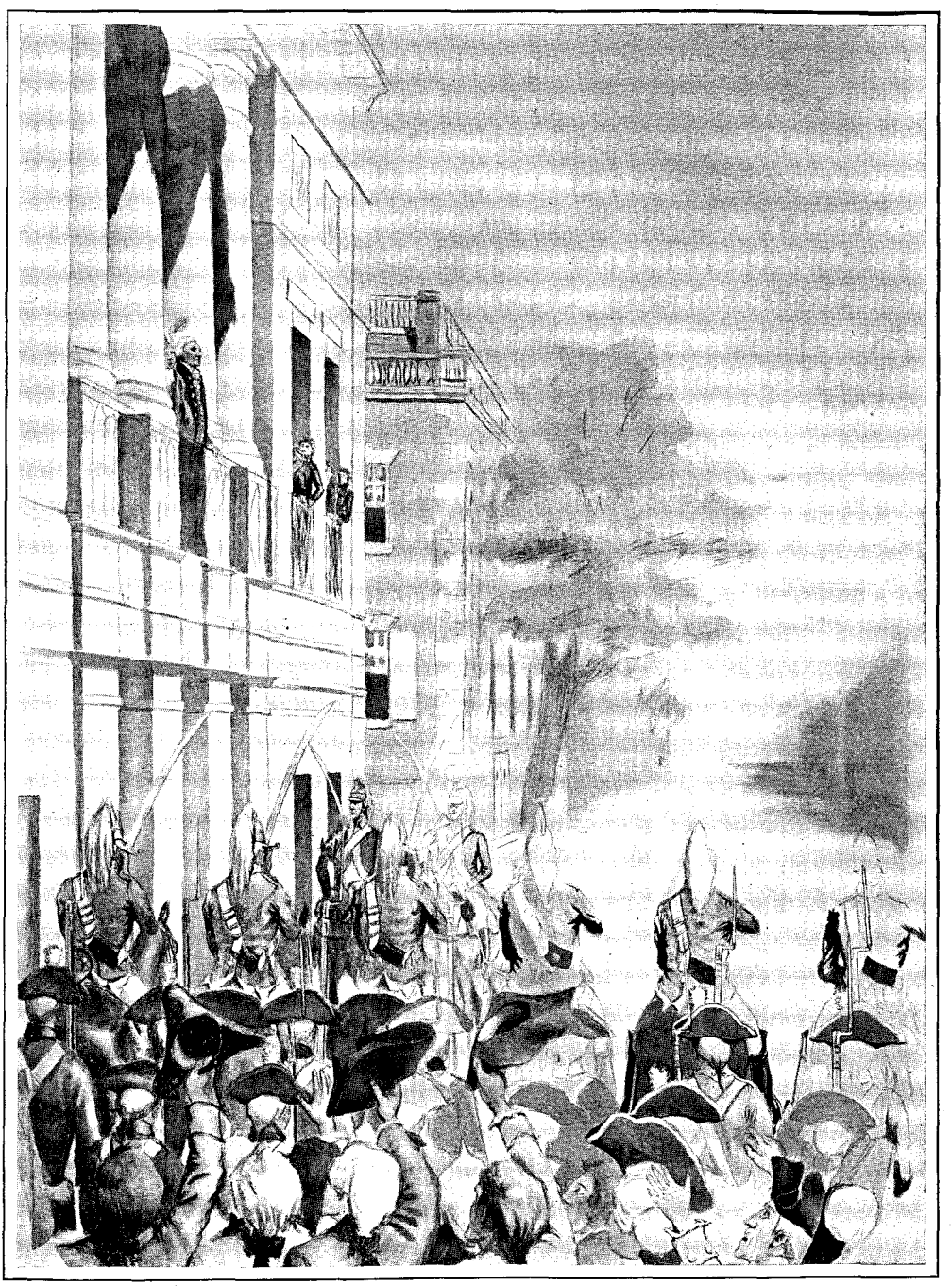

THE FIRST INAUGURATION

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not been granted was put in a big sheep pasture called T' Schaape Waytie. This ran down to the vlie (valley) market along the river on the south, on the north it touched the wall—the Cingel it was often called—for Cingel meant ramparts —De Cingel or Tingel after Stadt Waal.

Peter, or Petrus, lived out on his own great Bouwerie, farther to the north than the six of Wouter von Twiller's time, with Judith his wife—probably she suffered somewhat from his obstinacy. He had a strong religious nature and built a church on his Bouwerie, where Dominie Slevin read the simple Dutch service and would ride daily along the narrow lane—the Bouwerie Lane—in the little town of New Amsterdam, enter by the Land Poort of the Stadt Waal and settle with spirit and firmness the disputes of the people.

All this, however, availed nothing against the English, they wanted the colony and they sailed into the harbour in overwhelming force one morning, tore down the Dutch West India Company's flag and hoisted their own. It was a great blow to Peter Stuyvesant, but he loved so much the great Bouwerie that after going back to Holland for a short time he returned and was buried in his own little church, on the site of which to-day is St. Mark's.

In 1673 the Dutch made another effort to get back their New Netherlands and were successful. They sailed up the harbour just as the English had done and took repossession of the town. They carefully repaired the fortifications of the Stadt Waal, Dutch sentries were placed up and down its length and T' Land Poort and T' Water Poort were opened and closed every night and morning.

This lasted only till the next year, when by the treaty of Westminster the New Netherlands were ceded to the English.

One of the best governors was Thomas Dongan, the son of John Dongan, Bart., of County Kildare in Ireland. He had a pleasing address and a steadfast integrity. He was a Catholic, but even Dominie Slevin said he was "a gentleman of knowledge, politeness and friendliness." He made an official survey of the fortifications, narrowed the space in front of the wall to the thirty-six feet of to-day (one hundred feet had been left in front of it as a place for military evolutions) and sold the land to the north to Abraham de Peyster and Nicholas Byard. Abraham de Peyster laid his out in gardens, and we find on an old map "De Peyster's Gardens." These gardens must have been an advantage to the neighbourhood, for it is recorded that living "along the Waal" when the English took it were Dirck, the wool spinner, a shanty; Jan Jansen and Van Langendyck, a tap-room; Jan Videt, small building; Dirk Van Clyff, small building; Peter Jansen, a shanty; Jacob Jansen Moesman, a general store. In 1692 some bastions were added to the wall, for the people were afraid of attack during the French and Indian War. It was a task to keep these bastions and the wall in repair when the country relapsed into a peaceful condition and they gradually fell into a state of dilapidation, and in 1699 the people petitioned to have the wall entirely removed and to use the stones of the bastions for the foundations of the new City or Federal Hall. This was agreed to by Earl Billemont, the then English Governor, and the hall was built on land given by De Peyster from one of his gardens opposite the street called Broad because it had just been widened. In the middle had been a great ditch like a canal, which the Dutch called Gracht or Heeren Gracht, and had reminded them of their dear Holland, but it was now properly drained.

With the building of Federal Hall the whole character of the neighbourhood changed. It became the centre of the town. What had been only a space "along the Waal" made its first bow to the world as Wall Street! The street only went up a little way beyond the City Hall, for there was a hill on which a church (Trinity Church) had been built which blocked it. In front of the Hall was Broad Street and on the side a lane which had been known "as the street where the pie woman lived." Streets were now laid out from Wall Street as far as the Virgin's Path. This was the path along a little stream which the

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women took daily to do their washing. The Dutch had called it T' Magde Paat, and we now call it Maiden Lane.

In the cellar of the City Hall was a prison for criminals and the upper floor rooms where debtors were confined. A fire engine was kept on the first floor and the first library in New York as well. It was a very useful building this Federal Hall! Just below it, on the way to the river, was built a sugar house to conduct the "mystery of sugar refining." This was put up in 1729. In 1769 it became a tobacco factory. At the foot of the street was the ferry to Long Island, where the Dutch farmers lived and brought their produce daily to town. Not so far from the river was a slave market, for men and women were bought and sold yesterday in Wall Street! Later it was called the Meal Market, for commodities of every kind as well were sold. In 1750 we read:

To be sold at Public Vendue at the Meal Market, on Tuesday 13 of April, Cordial Waters—viz., Clove Water, Caraway Water, Orange Water, Geneva Water, all in gallon pigs. Also a negro boy. The sale to begin at 12 and continue till all is sold.

In 1762 it was petitioned that the market be removed, as "the said building greatly obstructs the agreeable prospect of the East River, which those that live on Wall Street would otherwise enjoy, and also occasions dirty streets, offensive to the inhabitants on either side. Wall Street had so grown in social importance since the days when Dirck, the wool spinner, lived "along the Waal," that the æsthetic tastes of its dwellers must be considered. Every year its prestige increased. In the Revolutionary days the British had headquarters in the Federal Hall and the young British officers would drop in to chat with the fair daughters of the loyalist families who lived there. General Morris wrote of the daughters of Henry White who had married Miss Van Courtlandt.

You must remember the Misses White, so gay and fashionable, so charming in conversation and with such elegant figures. I remember going to a party one night at their house and to have walked a minuet with my friend Mrs. Verplank. Singularly enough I caught cold that night riding home in a sedan chair with one of the glasses broken.

Minuets were danced and sedan chairs in vogue yesterday in Wall Street! Among the houses there were several that were used as places for auctions, notably Nos. 20 and 22. We find many advertisements of all kinds of articles to be sold in these houses in the newspapers just after the Revolution, when trade was increasing in the delight of peace. We read:

Private Sale, No. 20 Wall Street. Chintez and Jaconet Muslins, striped and plain.

And again:

Just arrived from Dublin well-assorted Irish linen of all prices by Smith & Bradford, 22 Wall Street. Also on sale a few pipes of Madeira and arrack 15 years old, a few cases of the finest quality.

And at another time:

St. Croix rum, 70 puncheons of excellent quality. From on board the schooner *Peggy*.

These puncheons of rum were ever salable to the descendants of the early Dutch settlers.

Samuel Verplanck lived in a big yellow house just next to the City Hall. Richard Varick, the recorder of deeds, lived at 52 Wall Street; Alexander Hamilton at 58. Just round the corner, on Pearl Street, was Chancellor Livingston with his daughter Janet, the widow of General Richard Montgomery. At No. 13 was John Lawrence; at No. 15 was a boarding-house kept by Mrs. Mary Daubigny, for gentlemen lodgers only. To her house came in 1789 Lambert Cadwallerder from New Jersey, Benjamin Porter and Michael Stone from Maryland, Richard Bland Lee from Virginia, Edmund Burke, Daniel Hager, Thomas Tudor Tucker from South Carolina, members of the Federal Congress who were to take part in the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States of America. The year before the Federal Hall had been thor-

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oughly repaired and renovated under the direction of Major L'Enfant. The entire building was be devoted to the Federal Government.

The inauguration of the President was arranged for April 30th, the springtime, when the trees that then lined Wall Street would be putting out their fresh young leaves. John Adams, the Vice-President, arrived first. He had started as early as April 12th from his home in Braintree, Massachusetts, for he had to travel by stage coach, and he stopped *en route* in Hartford, where the American woollen manufacturers gave him a suit of clothes made of American black broadcloth. He went to a house on the Greenwich Road. General Washington arrived April 29th at the wharf at the foot of Wall Street, and there were thousands of citizens to meet him. Chancellor Livingston was there and Richard Varick. A procession was formed to escort him to No. 3 Cherry Street, where he was to stop. They marched gayly down Wall Street. First a committee of Congress escorted him, then the officers of militia two and two, the artillery, the infantry, the German grenadiers and a troop of dragoons. Wall Street echoed to the tramp of their feet, but it was only the prelude to the great spectacle of the next day, April 30th. George Washington again entered Wall Street with ex-Governor Clinton, the Mayor and Aldermen of New York and the Rev. Clergy. Captain Scribe's German grenadiers came next, with their bear skins on their heads, and Captain Hawkins's New York grenadiers, composed of the best-looking young men of the city (they wore blue coats with red linings), then the Scotch Infantry with bagpipes. They marched to the Federal Hall and George Washington was solemnly inaugurated as President of the New Republic.

Mary Fay White.

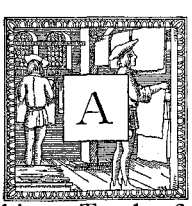
THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

BOOK III

CHAPTER XXIX

THE PROBLEM



MAN'S inheritance may be roughly appraised under three heads: his prehistoric heredity; his posterior heredity, or parentage; and the environment into which chance throws him. To the first belong those common qualities transmitted to all men from their remote ancestry in the palæolithic past; and, concerning Ives Pomeroy, it remained to be seen whether this anterior heritage was the "corpse in the cargo" destined to foul all and bring his life's history to ruin. Against it might be set the blood in his veins, and the companionship of his mother, who for eight-and-twenty years had been the ægis of his existence and the moral stimulant of his environment. It must yet appear whether her part in him would prove antiseptic enough to conquer and subdue that primal endowment unthinking persons charged upon Ives himself and blamed him for—those qualities anti-social and even brutal which belonged in full measure to him. By thousands of years the child is nearer than the man to his first direct ancestors; and thus it happened that this man, still largely a child in many directions, revealed familiar qualities usually masked or subdued at his age. He represented a very abrupt variation from his stock and was the most original Pomeroy the recent race recorded. His originality indeed might

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end the race altogether, for such a variation was not calculated to advance his welfare or prosper his progeny.

The time had come when a single-handed life's struggle must seriously begin; and those who knew him best regarded his future with the least hope. Peter Toop voiced general opinion in a picturesque phrase:

"Only his mother's ghost would ever keep that man straight," he said.

Pomeroy's neighbours gravely doubted for him; only his mother herself had died without doubt. In his heart it sometimes shone for a steadfast beacon, that she had trusted him. He remembered the failing tones of her voice and the flicker of strength that came into them when she spoke of his future.

Ives Pomeroy belonged to the order of fighters and he manifested an acute and ill-regulated sense of justice, founded on instinct rather than intelligence. Avisa had built her hopes upon it and upon her knowledge of her own young self; but whether now the man's environment and circumstances would breed new stuff of the soul and dull the better part in him, or serve to improve it, none could know. All foretold catastrophe and watched him with uneasy and unhopeful eyes as he still stood in spirit on the brink of his mother's grave.

Ives Pomeroy went through his mother's papers and found among them not a few evidences of her thought for the future. Everything was in order; she left all power to her son, and the knowledge that she had done so rejoiced him, because it spoke of her large trust. Among certain annuities was one for Emanuel Codd when he finally thought proper to stop work; but the amount had been left for Ives to determine, and while Emanuel took a black view of this circumstance, his master rejoiced at it.

"She understood me," he said. "You're safe enough in my hands. I know what she thought of you, Codd. You needn't put on that hang-dog look."

The old man growled and said something that Ives could not hear.

"I should like to know what the figure is to be, if it's all the same to you," he added.

"Plenty of time, plenty of time," answered Pomeroy. "You're not going yet awhile."

But Emanuel had no intention to stop. There were changes in the air and, like the rest of the household, he found Vixen Tor Farm a naked, mournful and twilit place now that the mother's sun had set. Ruth Rendle for the present went back to her cousins, and Peter was very glad to receive her, and Joel was not. A servant had to be engaged at the farm, and for the rest, old Mrs. Pomeroy surprised herself and everybody else by a great access of energy. She ceased to be an invalid and strove with much courage to take the place of her daughter-in-law. She pleased herself and nobody else. Ives openly deplored this sudden display of energy and begged his grandmother to be more restful; but she grew excited at her own rejuvenescence and insisted on controlling the inner life and order of the farm.

Lizzie stopped with her brother for the time that Arthur Brown had promised. Then she returned home and spoke hopefully of Ives and his altered attitude to life. She declared that he had become more solemn and more thoughtful. He was much alone; he was easier to manage; his grief had aged him a great deal; but he was very helpless in many minor particulars.

"Does he allude in his conversation to Miss Rendle?" Arthur asked.

"No; she went, and he said 'good-bye' without anything much in his voice. He said it before me, as though it was nothing. All the same he saw her again the next day and took her dear mother's beautiful inlaid desk for a keepsake."

Mr. Brown was gently annoyed.

"You ought to have had that. You ought to have insisted, Lizzie."

"It was left in the will for Ruth."

"Then, of course, I say nothing; still——"

"Dear mother left me her watch and chain and—the money."

"Far be it from me to criticise the dead, Lizzie. You will remember that

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when I heard what we—well, I said nothing."

"You were disappointed."

"I may have been; but all was just—from a woman's point of view. Justice is a condition of the mind very rarely to be met with in the female sex. However, we were talking about your brother. There is no doubt that Mrs. Pomeroy much wished to arrange a match between Ives and Miss Rendle. But these things never happen. In fact, with a man of the stamp of Ives, nothing ever happens but the unexpected."

"He was very grateful to her and I was wrong when I said he never spoke of her. I forgot he once told me that if I had as much brains in my head as Ruth had in her little finger, it would be a blessing. But that was before mother died. He's soft and kind now. I think if you was to ask him——"

"If I *were* to ask him, Lizzie."

"I think he'd come to us for Christmas, Arthur."

"We will see, my dear; we will see. The rites of hospitality——"

He proceeded, but her thoughts were with her brother, and Arthur was presently irritated to perceive that his wife had heard nothing concerning the rites of hospitality. She pictured Ives all day long and her heart ached for him. She prayed to God to send him to Ruth, and she longed, when his rare letters reached her, that they might contain the news of his engagement. Indeed, the man was thinking about Ruth and living over the last days of his mother's life with her. As he retraced them he perceived how large a part of the time Ruth had filled, and accurately guessed at her loyal labours and unceasing devotion of days and nights dedicated to the loved and fading presence. His heart warmed to her often, but he had in it no abiding place for love of woman at this moment. His mother's death grew daily into a thing more desolate and terrible. It submerged him abruptly at all times and in all places; it drowned his soul suddenly, like a seventh wave. Then he would battle up and out of his grief again and go on living and labouring; and he would forget altogether sometimes for an hour or so, when nature in pity loosed her grip on memory and gave a respite.

He fought the bitter fight that all have fought, and he came very slowly to a rational survey of his future and its duties. For a time he planned to leave Vixen Tor; then he decided not to do so.

He knew no other world than this and felt no immediate heart or hunger to seek one.

A month after Avisa's death old Mrs. Bolt came to see Jane Pomeroy, and she brought with her an item of news.

"If Peter Toop haven't over-mastered that girl Ruth and got her to go back in the bar!"

"I wish to God she'd come back here," said Mrs. Pomeroy.

"The lady they'd got didn't suit 'em, so it all fitted in very suent and comfortable. And now that chap, Matthew Northmore, may win her yet. He's been after her these years and years, so Samuel's wife tells me."

"I wish 'twas our Ives was going to take her."

"He ought to be married, for certain—time and more than time. And a sensible, steady girl, and dear Avisa thought a lot upon her. She told me once 'twould be, and that God had treated her like Moses and let her get a glimpse of the Promised Land—meaning Ives married to that maiden."

"She is a girl in a thousand. I only hope Northmore won't snap her up afore Ives gets sense and tries to have her. She'd take him, mind you; and 'twould be a great blessing as my daughter-in-law well knowed."

Mrs. Bolt sighed.

"'Tis a wisht house without her. God knows what you must have suffered. We ancient creatures be left lagging, Jane, and the useful ones are taken. 'Tis a strange way of Providence to leave us, that none wants and——"

But the other old woman interrupted sharply:

"Speak for yourself!" she said. "I ban't left lagging that I know about. I'm so busy and useful an old woman as you'll find in the kingdom, and my grandson could no more do without me than your boy could do without you. And all the eighty-four years what the

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Lord's given me—I've never wasted an hour of 'em! And that's more than some of us ripe folk can say."

CHAPTER XXX

MR. CODD RECEIVES NOTICE

Night hid the land as Pomeroy returned home from Tavistock. A single lamp burned at the cross roads known as Moor Shop; and above it hung the stars. The man turned now into unfamiliar paths of reflection. He did not follow them far, for abstract thought was largely foreign to his bent; but a wider outlook dawned from experience and at fitful seasons, as now, when alone and cut off from the world by the accident of night, he used his brains and dimly glimpsed at hidden things and analogies; at unsuspected wrongs within him and without him; at the ways of the world and the profound certainty of all human affairs. His mother's death had aged him and advanced her life's work in his heart. He believed in the religious dogmas she had most steadfastly held, and they quickened for a short season upon her passing; then they abated their force, and now they were hibernating through the winter of his grief. Church-going wearied him for the moment. He seldom went nearer the porch than his mother's grave; and there he stopped and listened to the Sunday humming from within and set every grassblade in its place above the dust of her.

Ives looked at the little oil lamp and he looked at a bright star that flashed aloft above the distant shoulders of Dartmoor. The higher light marked his way; at the lesser a moth wheeled and worshipped after her manner. And the man, with his mind for a moment empty, considered the case and perceived how a lamp might be a world for one earth-born wanderer, and a world might be a lamp for another. He pitied the moth and he pitied himself more; because his lamp was out and he went in darkness. The stars were cold. He was trying to do his duty with a lively hope that his mother knew it. He clung to the conviction that she watched and was not in reality so far off as he felt her to be; but life rolled dull and deadly. The soft moth tapped at the lamp and flashed hither and thither a while; then it vanished. Ives went on his way, climbed a great hill under Cock's Tor, hesitated about returning home immediately, and instead kept to the main road and presently descended into Merivale. He had been alone nearly all day and the mood was on him to see men and to see Ruth.

For the time she was back with her cousins and found Peter attentive and agreeable, Joel indifferent. Her position was altered and the distraction and steady work of the bar proved healthy to her.

Ives made fast his horse and entered the Jolly Huntsmen.

A man had preceded him by half a minute, and Moleskin was speaking to Mr. Peter Toop as Ives appeared.

"Just a hair of the dog that bit me, my dear. I was bosky-eyed last night up to Princetown, or, to put it honestly, a little drunk. All over an argument about a married woman! Of course I took her side, bless her, as I always do take the petticoat side in every argument; and I proved my case and showed she was as good as gold. But it took a power of words and made me uncommon thirsty."

Mr. Cawker was supplied as usual, and Ives, having bade the company "good evening," accosted his old friend.

"What's this about a threat to turn you out of your house?" he said.

"To be frank, it's true. As you know, I've stuck very close to the church now for pretty near on two years, and I've given work a fair chance and turned my hand to twenty honest trades; but for some high reason hidden from human eyes, matters have falled out crisis-cross, and I can't deny it."

"Something will have to be done."

"So it will. Don't you suppose I'm not giving my mind to it. A forehanded man me, with all my faults. I've gived parson a last chance to mend the job and do his duty. If he fails me, 'tis the church that fails me. I shall be very sorry to leave it; but with a wife and darter depending on my usefulness——"

"How you do deceive yourself!"

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cried Emanuel Codd from his corner. "All the same," he added, "I'm not blaming you. I've got a crow to pick with the Establishment myself, as all know. Every man's a right to justice, and since he don't get it in this world once in a generation, he must look to the next for it, and to Providence in general. But I, with my lifelong religion, ban't in any better case than you, as took it up at a whim and seem like to drop it again."

"What's the matter with you?" asked Peter.

"We've always reckoned you to be one of the lucky ones, Codd. Good work and good wages for over half a century, and good health and no relations—what more can a poor man expect from Providence? You've got a lot more than your share, if you ask me."

"As to good work—yes," said Mr. Codd. "Plenty of work; and the more I do the more I may do. A willing horse I've been all my life, and driven accordingly. But when you speak of good wages——"

He looked straight at his master and Ives was quite ready for the challenge. There had been half a dozen minor disturbances since the death of Mrs. Pomeroy, but her son, mindful of her methods, had exercised an unusual patience. To-night he felt not patient, and since others heard the indictment, he turned to Codd.

"Well, go on. What about wages?"

"Every man in this here bar knows what I get, I believe. You've always had money, and tons of it, Ives Pomeroy, so you can't tell what it is to be grey-headed and yet only scrape a few shillings a week like what I do. You can't live with money like you can with man, equal and friendly. It bosses you, or else you boss it. And it's bossed you more and more since your mother died. I will say that afore the nation. You're greedy of it, or you'd double my wages."

Moleskin spoke.

"You're a liar, Codd," he said. "This young man, whatever else he may be, don't care for money more than any other dirt. And I speak from my knowledge of him. The half-crowns——"

"Shut up, Cawker," interrupted Ives. "Don't come between me and this fool. He's been courting trouble ever since my mother went, and now, by God, he shall have it. Look here"—and he turned to Codd—"when you gave notice a month agone and I treated you same as my mother would have done and took no heed, what did you do?"

"I stepped on out of respect to her memory, that's what I did."

"You went poking round to every farm this side of Tavistock to see who'd take you on. And you found not half a dozen that wanted you and not one—*not one* who'd give you the wages I do."

Mr. Codd looked as angry as an old man can.

"You hound!" he said, "you've been spying upon me and hearing lies or inventing 'em. Work, indeed! 'Tis a damned disgrace to you as I should be expected to work at my age. Any other master would pension me off with full wages, as your mother meant to do, and told me so with her own lips."

"Then why for did she leave your pension for me to decide?"

"Be that as 'twill, I give notice," answered Emanuel. "Here, afore these men, for the last time I give notice and won't call it back. I go this day month."

"No, you won't call it back," answered the other, who was quite as wrathful as Codd. "You'll go to-morrow, and if you and your box ban't outside my gate afore noon, I'll set the dogs on you. You crooked-minded, evil old snake! How I've suffered you all these years the Lord knows. But no more. You've done for yourself now. *Take* notice—that's what you've got to do. I'm tired of hearing you give it."

"Find a better man, that's all," said the veteran.

"And that's what I shall do. There's better'n you on every hedge."

Mr. Codd departed and Pomeroy, under the genial influence of the inn, soon recovered his temper. He rather enjoyed the respect paid to him as a man of some means. He found himself with three hundred a year from money saved by his immediate ancestors, and he believed that Vixen Tor Farm might be made to yield more than was at present the case. Finally to have done with

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Codd was a relief to his mind, and those present were very ready to approve his definite action.

"A clever but a cranky man," declared Peter. "Looks at human nature in a very unkind, sour spirit, and always did. Nothing anybody does can have a good motive to it in his opinion. Why, he can't give a little child a smile—a sure sign of a bad heart that."

"And as for the female sex," declared Moleskin, "well, there's no doubt some dashing she must have used him shameful in his youth."

"And no doubt he deserved it," said the thin labourer.

"Certainly he did," continued Moleskin. "I've seen such men, though none with so much sloe in 'em as him. The world's a feast to the likes of him, because other people's misery and trouble be his food. A joke to him are his fellow-creatures; but he's no joke to them; and for my part, if I was set in justice, I'd knock such fellows on the head once for all and use 'em to manure turnips. Codd would be better in that shape than on two legs, running about to worry people."

None questioned these sentiments, and then Moleskin changed the subject. As for Ives, he soon returned to his horse and overtook Mr. Codd on the way home. He was passing without further speech when Emanuel spoke.

"Since I'm going after light to-morrow, I'll thank you to name my annuity. And I tell you man to man to be honest. Your mother and your father have gone, and I be left at your mercy, owing to your mother's weakness."

"Don't you say that."

"I do say it. She didn't know you, though she thought she did. What be you going to allow me for my natural life, that's what I ax you?"

"I'd give you the price of a rope if you'd promise to hang yourself."

"That would be to meet you t'other side the grave, and I've no wish to do it. I despise you and I defy you. I've done with you. I call on you for my lawful rights, and that's all."

"You can have more than that. You've no lawful rights, and if I let you go in the workhouse none could blame me. I'll give you half a crown a week while you live—for my mother's sake."

"You wicked rogue!" burst out the old man, "you damned robber. Enough to make your mother's bones——"

The younger roared him down.

"Leave my mother alone! You to mangle her name on your poisonous tongue. My mother never knew the man you were, or she'd have turned you adrift twenty year ago. And don't you come in my sight again, or, old as you are, I'll skin you with my horsewhip. You've tormented my life ever since I could walk, and I'm thankful to be rid of you; and half a crown a week is half a crown a week more than you're worth, and money ill spent."

"The kingdom shall ring with this! And you, pretending as you cared for your poor mother and laughing at her wishes the moment she'm in the ground."

For answer Ives struck at the other with all his might, but it was dark and Codd stood out of range. The whip hissed through the air and Emanuel hastened from the footpath and crouched behind a furze-bush.

"Don't you see my face again," cried Ives; then he went on his way, and not until he had returned home, put up his horse and entered the house, did the old man creep back and get up silently to his attic.

Pomeroy found his grandmother waiting and a bowl of soup on the hob. Jane was asleep and her grandson wakened her. He did not perceive her weariness and began a long and furious tirade against the world in general and the monstrous things that happened in it.

He mentioned a case of cruel injustice at Tavistock; he swore at Arthur Brown, who had lately thought it desirable to send him some pamphlets upon the subject of chemical manures; he blamed Matthew Northmore because the farmer had refused to oblige him in the matter of a sale; he cried out that the world was a hotbed of gross injustice.

"Look where you will, you see the poor bullied by the rich, the weak ill-treated by the strong. It's a damned world, grandmother, and nobody be doing anything to make it better."

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The ancient woman yawned and looked to the door.

"'Tis all in Higher Hands than ours," she said.

"Why don't the Higher Hands do something then? If God's a just God, why do these things happen?"

"Us'll know some day, Ives."

"Perhaps we shall; but that don't better it. Is it right for wrong things to happen? That's the big question. If we ban't allowed to do wrong, why can God Almighty?"

And up aloft Mr. Codd, out of the bitterness of a wounded and outraged heart, also arraigned his God on the subject of the annuity and this sequel to fifty years' hard work. He put his Sunday clothes into a wooden box that was covered with a spare piece of old wallpaper. The box was not large, but he owned hardly enough to fill it. There remained ample room for the old beaver hat that he wore on Sundays.

"If I ban't upsides again with that anointed scamp afore he'm a year older, may the Dowl forgive me!" he said to himself while he packed. "If I can't do it no other way, I'll burn his ricks come autumn. And damn his mother too! She ought to have had better sense; 'twas her womanly meanness done it. No saint, after all—just like all the rest of human creatures. She knowed well enough he'd do something like this."

At earliest dawn Mr. Codd took his box on his back and left Vixen Tor without ceremony. He went to the Jolly Huntsmen and had breakfast there; then he looked about to hire a room and to seek employment. The room he quickly secured in the house of a quarryman; but to find work was not so easy.

CHAPTER XXXI

NORTHMORE AND POMEROY

Ives Pomeroy had been endowed with such a wealth of parental sympathy as falls to the lot of few men, and the effect of this treasure became manifest in his relations with other people. He grew somewhat more considerate; he showed more reserve in his attitude to women generally. His mother's memory raised his respect for her sex; but he was fond of women and did not live without them.

The man's chief interest began to be permanent marriage, and in this connection he thought often of Ruth Rendle. His increasing sense served as a mirror wherein outlines, formerly indistinct, at last displayed their true contours. When she left the Vixen he missed her presence; but such a minor deprivation was merely felt as a shadow swallowed by the greater eclipse of his mother's death. Now Ives thought upon her a great deal, and her virtues grew more considerable to him in the light of his own ripening understanding.

Lastly, Ives never forgot what his mother thought of Ruth and what his mother once had hoped with respect to her and him. The man's interest matured slowly; then an event served to quicken it. As he became more occupied with the affairs of Ruth Rendle's life, he grew to understand that much was hidden from him, and he set to work to find the truth of the matters concealed. She was not a happy woman and he did not know the reason. In course of time he came approximately to see it and guessed that Matthew Northmore was in some measure responsible for Ruth's darkness. He watched, and he noted not seldom in the bar of the Jolly Huntsmen that Matthew's advent checked the girl's spirits and reduced her to uneasiness. Ives soon convinced himself that Ruth suffered persecution, and that Northmore continued to be a nuisance.

Doubt turned to certainty when Ruth finally left Merivale and took a situation in a pastrycook's shop at Tavistock. He tried hard to make her confess that she had fled from Northmore, but she would not. She parried his attack until she annoyed him.

"There were more reasons than one for my going," she said steadfastly; "but they are personal. I'm better here, Ives. Mrs. Foster is kindness itself; the work's interesting to me, and I shall do well, though 'tis a slow, heavy air after the Moor."

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"That man drove you away," he repeated, "and I've got a crow to pick with him for doing it."

He left her, and a day later, while still much concerned at Ruth's departure, Ives met Northmore beside the river. It was an encounter unfortunate in every respect, for here clashed two men who were moved by mutual secret resentment, and who both believed that the other was responsible for a personal disaster. To Northmore Ruth's departure meant tragedy; and he blamed Pomeroy for it; while from the standpoint of Ives, Matthew and only Matthew had caused the girl to depart. It was a bad day in the heart and temper of both.

Northmore on foot was passing Ives with an inarticulate grunt of recognition. They had never spoken since Mrs. Pomeroy's death until the present, but now Ives, in the vein to quarrel and much impressed with the justice of his cause, struck out into speech much as another man might have struck out into blows. He hungered to have a quarrel. His blood cried for it; and swiftly he got more than he bargained for.

"D'you know what you've done?" he began violently. "But I suppose you do, if you're not blind. I mean Ruth—why the hell couldn't you let her alone? Always after her in season and out, though you must have seen, if you had eyes in your head, that you was troubling her cruel. Why, cheerful though she might be in the bar, and merry even, for her, the minute you came in with your fiddle face she'd shrink up and her mouth would go tight and her eyes would go sorrowful, and she'd look at you out of the corner of 'em, as girls can without moving their heads an inch. Frightened her—that's what you did; and now you've frightened her away altogether, and be damned to you!"

Northmore gasped before this sudden and terrific attack; then he answered:

"Same as ever, I see. Always poking your nose into other people's affairs and reading everything wrong and trying to make mischief and hurt people's feelings. A bad day for you when your mother died, Pomeroy. She stood between you and many a well-deserved thrashing."

"Don't talk fool's talk about thrashing grown men. D'you think I don't know 'twas a bad day for me when my mother died? If I don't know it, who should? You can leave that and mind your own business; and the man who'd like to thrash me is quite welcome to try—you with the rest. What I say to you is you've ruined the girl's life with offering yourself to her when she don't want you; and if you were a decent man, instead of a selfish coward, you'd have kept away from her and let her bide in peace. Now she's gone and——"

"And—what? For the likes of you to talk! You—you, who know less about her than anybody living. You, who never cared for any mortal thing but your own selfish self and your own evil passions and amusements. Why, damn you, how do you dare to stop me and lecture me? You tell me to mind my own business, like your cursed cheek. And what about yours? Is the girl your business? Did you ever give a thought to her? Do you know what she is? She's an angel from heaven, too good to breathe the same air with such as you. And yet she did, and was under the same roof with you, and yet you couldn't see— But of course you couldn't, a vicious, low blackguard like you. How should a mind like yours understand the wonder of a woman like that?"

Ives was staggered at this answer, but he soon found words.

"Of course nobody but Matthew Northmore knows the good points in a woman. Such a clever chap at 'em as him! And so successful with 'em. Poor girl—no, I don't know how good she is—no man knows how good a woman can be—but I know she's got enough sense to give you a wide berth, and I hope you'll take the hint and keep away from her. And you'd better! She've got no chap to look after her and so I mean to—for my mother's sake."

Northmore, long convinced that Pomeroy had no scrap of affection for Ruth, was struck to absolute dumbness by this statement. The irony of it crushed him. Here was he ready to fight and shed every drop of his blood for the woman he worshipped, while

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this man, who cared not a jot for Ruth, out of regard for his mother, now proposed to play the part of her protector.

He stood silent, then burst into rage.

"You brazen rascal, to stand there before your betters and teach them! Get out of my sight, you and your mean knowledge of bad women! What have I to do with you, you worthless straw? And what have she to do with you; poor woman, if she only knew it! I wish to God she understood the truth of you, as she knows the truth of me—then— That girl's a million times more to me than ever she was or could be to your mother; and her good is more to me than my own, or any good on earth. Therefore you keep from her also! Herd with your kind; go on with your own worthless life and let her see the sort of man she puts before——"

He broke off, dimly sensible even in his extremity of rage, that he was saying too much. He stopped, choked down the torrent of words at his lips and went his way, while Ives stood and stared after him. He too had been beside himself; but he apprehended something of the possible meaning in these last syllables, and he cried out no last word. He stood still, his physical and mental heat both cooled, until the east wind broke into his thoughts and struck a shiver through him. Then he proceeded about his business.

The men were destined to meet again before the day was done. They elbowed by chance at the inn after nightfall, and the smouldering fires burst forth again at another point. They wrangled concerning a third party at present under arrest for some suspicious dealings with a pony, and Northmore spoke to Peter Toop.

"I've had my suspicions of that man a good long time. In fact, I told one or two to keep their eye on him."

"Your way," suddenly retorted Ives, who smarted for a further thrust—"your way to suspect evil and then tell it where 'twill hurt a man most."

"You mustn't be rude, Pomeroy," said Mr. Toop. "You know my rule in this bar."

"Why don't you check that man then? What's he saying but hard things against *one* who may be innocent? He's as bad and worse than that old blackguard I've just got rid of. 'Twas him, Northmore there, who got me put away back-along. I haven't forgot!"

"You pitiful liar!" cried the other. "All men know that's as far from the truth as can be. Yet, to make a case against me, you bring it up now. Clink! And where do the likes of you deserve to be—raving and ranting and misbehaving and bringing a whole district down into the dirt?"

"If I get clink again, 'twill be for you then," shouted Ives in a rage. "You're a low-minded, evil-thinking wretch, to goad a man this way. But I understand very well how 'tis; because a decent girl won't stand your slimy love-making——"

"Drop that, or I'll break your head in!" cried the other. He seized an empty pewter and lifted his arm to fling. Ives dashed forward and in a moment the men were rolling on the sawdust of the floor.

No immediate harm came of this meeting, however, for others were in the bar and Ives was pulled off Northmore, as one angry dog is pulled off another, by the scruff of the neck. He rose, cleaned himself and uttered deliberate threats.

"You'll rue this day, farmer, as long as you live; and let these who hear me, hear me. I've got to be even with you, and I will be. You wait and see, you that torment women and set the police on men! I'll punish you for to-day's work and the work of the past too. I'd have forgot it years and years ago, and I did let it go for my mother's sake. But now you shall be paid in full and God's my Judge!"

CHAPTER XXXII

MOLESKIN ON HIMSELF

After his mother's death Ives had eagerly sought for any recorded glimpses of her thoughts and opinions in the shape of letters. To every one of his relations and to many of his mother's friends, he had written on this theme; and he had been rewarded in several

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cases by receiving old communications on various subjects. Some sent copies, but would not part with the originals. The receipt of any such thing made a feast day for Pomeroy, and still they came occasionally. All interested him deeply and one saved him from a foolish error.

Ives had nearly promised Moleskin to put fifty pounds into a little enterprise for quarrying granite. Greater affairs of like nature prospered in various parts of the Moor, and Mr. Cawker, fired by the agreeable prospect of making some money without working for it, endeavoured to collect a few sanguine spirits and start a company. It remained with Ives to take a share, and he intended to do so until chance words in his mother's writing changed his mind. It was a letter written many years before to one of her brothers long dead; and it strove to dissuade him from trusting his savings to a copper mine. Ives knew the sequel. His uncle had speculated and lost all his money.

Having decided against the quarry scheme, Ives went to Moleskin's home, knocked at the red door and entered.

An incident happened to ruffle him at Merivale bridge, for there by chance he met Matthew Northmore. They had not been in one another's company since the fight at the inn, and now Ives stepped forward and held out his hand.

"I want to say——" he began; but Northmore, who was alone, put his hands in his pockets, turned away and looked over the parapet of the bridge. Ives felt his blood in a flame, but he could do nothing and went on up the grassy short cut from the valley to the hill.

Mrs. Cawker happened to be alone when he arrived, but she told him that both Mary and her father would soon return.

"I hear," he said, "that my man, Rupert Johnson, is going to be married to your young woman. Wish 'em joy, I'm sure."

"Yes," she answered drearily. "A nice young chap. You'd wonder what he could have seen in her, wouldn't you?"

Pomeroy felt uneasy and the more so that he was here with bad news. But when Moleskin and Mary arrived, the old man took his friend's decision with perfect good humour.

"You may be right," he said; "'tis always a doubtful speculation digging into Dartymoor. 'You scratch my face and I'll pick your pocket,' that's what the Moor says; and many an adventurer have found it so. Well, that ends it, for t'others won't go in without you. I must think of something else."

"I've just been saying how glad I am about Mary. Johnson is a very good fellow."

"I hope you'll see your way to raise his wages come presently," suggested Moleskin. "But I know you will—you're built in that large-minded plan, thank God. Poor maiden, she'm a bit down-daunted to-day."

Mary was indeed somewhat tearful.

"'Tis like this," she explained. "Us can never have even a week of all good without trouble to spoil it; and now, just because Rupert have axed me to name the day, what should happen but his reverence meets me and says a good few hard things about father."

"I'm disappointed in the man," confessed Mr. Cawker. "He've not done his share of late—in fact, things be coming to a climax between us. 'You must give and take, Vicar,' I said to him when last we met, and he allowed himself to answer that I was the sort who did all the taking and none of the giving. And me at the man's door with three pounds of trout, all for love and friendship, at the time!"

Mrs. Cawker spoke.

"A pity ever you took up with him, as I said at the time. You'll never make honest money. The power isn't in you."

"You'm always right, my old martyr," he answered; "but I'm not going to have a good wife go hungry for twenty parsons. Now I'll ask this young chap to lend me five shillings till next Saturday, and then I'll meet him at the Jolly Huntsmen and return it."

Silence fell upon the company as Ives produced a couple of half-crowns.

A week later he met Moleskin by appointment at the inn, and Mr. Cawker elaborated his philosophy for the benefit of a full bar.

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Moleskin was in a genial, expansive and egotistical mood. He preached his gospel and drank meantime, now with this admirer, now with that.

"A man's a fool to do any work he doesn't enjoy doing," he began; "but only enjoy it and then 'tisn't work at all, but play. In my opinion we was all put here to play, not to work. We'm all the Lord's children, and don't a parent like to see his little ones having a romp?"

"'Tis your grandfather's lazy gipsy blood in you, Cawker," said Mr. Toop.

"It may be, Joel. I won't say it isn't; but it's solid wisdom. Look at the high old life he led! Then they took the fine fellow, and shut him up, and broke his gallant heart. The Lord meant us to enjoy ourselves; 'twas His Almighty plan. We're the only creatures that like drinking when we're not thirsty; we're the only creatures that can make a joke, or see a joke; and we're the only creatures that understand the art of kissing our females. Think of all that! Be us to waste those great gifts? Let the beasts that perish work! We've got something better to do, I believe. Our first business is to be happy."

"A man ought to be useful before everything," declared Rupert Johnson. He handed his future father-in-law another glass of liquor as he spoke.

"Well, be useful, Rupert, if you feel called to it. Do what your nature craves for. The Lord who made you knows best. My experience is that the pleasantest companions ban't the useful men. They're apt to be puffed up with the work they do and give themselves the credit instead of their Maker. There's no credit in doing what you love to do. In my case, of course, I've got to work, but henceforth I'll do the work I like and combine business with pleasure so long as I can crawl about. Of course to do work that only makes money, spoils all and is a dirty waste of life. 'Tis only a makeshift and not real life. Well, nobody will come forward to me and say, 'Enjoy yourself your own way, Moleskin, and live out your days at my expense'; so I've got to make my pleasure my business and kill to live, like the varmints without souls. And that shows the order of things be wrong."

"You'll go back to poaching, in plain words," said Joel.

"I won't work. I've got no use for work, and not another stroke will I do. 'Tis only playing the hypocrite, and, to be plain, I should feel ashamed to meet the Lord come presently if I wasted any more of my time working."

"You'll meet somebody else more like," said the master of Stone Park, who had just entered.

"Not me, Matthew Northmore. I'm all right; but I shan't go to glory through the church door. That sort of thing makes all against my properer nature. I be going to be myself from this day forward."

Mr. Cawker drank and smoked and listened to various arguments against his philosophy.

"When I'm sober," he said, "I like to talk about sport and women, and when I'm drunk I turn to religion. And that brings me round to women again, because God's always on their side, as every married man knows, if bachelors don't."

"You've had a good one—in fact, a better one than you deserved," said Rupert Johnson. "I'm sure your poor lady be a wonder of sense and patience."

"When you speak of Mrs. Cawker in a mixed company, you go too far, Rupert," answered Moleskin. "Mrs. Cawker hasn't been a woman for the last five-and-twenty years. There's many a poor dear in the world you can't call a woman, but merely a fellow-creature, as have drawn a blank where us men be interested and clean missed love.

Moleskin was now becoming intoxicated, but nobody knew it yet excepting himself.

"And I'll say this also," he began again. "As a poor human man married to a saintly, bedridden ruin, I've suffered too. I may have looked round for consolation in a quiet way and not spurned the kindly hearts that rose up here and there by God's good grace. But be that as it may, nothing can atone for a wife like mine, and I'm only more sorry for her than I am for myself. And we shall both get our reward, and a rich one."

"You overlook the recording angel,

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as easy as you overlook your score in this bar," said Mr. Joel Toop.

"Not a bit of it," answered the poacher. "He is an angel—that's the main thing about the chap with the Books—and he's got the large experience of an angel. Lord love you, Joel, after all that recorder have had to set down against the account of the world, my little lot won't look bigger than a grain of sand on the shore!"

"To hear a human worm on such good terms with his hereafter is a caution," cried Joel Toop; "and I hope none of you young men in this bar will give another thought to him."

"I hope you all will," said Moleskin. "If you don't grasp the difference between big and little now, you never will. And then you'll go through the world with wrong opinions and be a terror to your neighbours forever. Suppose I was to come out on the wrong side and be booked for the bad place, what can they do then to the Stonehouse murderer that swung last week at Exeter for poisoning three women? Poison 'em! Bless 'em! I'd rather cut my throat ten times over than poison anything in a petticoat! What becomes of him, then, or of that beauty, Saul Ash, that stole his wife's mother's money, then knocked her on the head and burned down her cottage?"

"Hell's hotter in one place than another belike," hazarded Samuel; and Joel Toop applauded the ingenious theory.

Moleskin's eyes were closing, but he pulled himself together, emptied his last glass and made an end.

"Fire be fire, and hell fire lasts for eternity; and I haven't earned it; and I shan't get it; and more won't anybody in this bar. And now I be drunk, so one of you pious blades had better put your charity to use and see me home."

CHAPTER XXXIII

SAMUEL FALLS

Returning from his work at Stone Park, Mr. Codd chanced to meet Jill Bolt also on her way to Merivale. She rather desired to speak with Emanuel and now bade him a gracious "good-evening," because she knew that he cherished a bitter grievance against Pomeroy, and she too had not forgiven Ives. Her own dreary lot served daily to remind her of the past, and she kept her aversion warm. He continued to interest her more than any living man, and she felt that he had not ceased to be the spice of her life, though they no longer knew each other.

"Must seem funny to you being anywhere else than at Vixen Tor," she said; and Mr. Codd admitted it.

"'Tis a mournful, barren place after t'other; and Northmore ban't an easy man; but he's straight and don't change. Very different from that rogue in t'other place."

"Pomeroy, you mean? Yes, he is a rogue."

"He'll swing yet, and I should like to turn him off."

"Words don't break no shins. Why, you'm little better than my man. He talks a lot, but he'd not harm a mouse. If a man had treated me like that man has treated you, I'd never rest till I'd paid the score."

Emanuel Codd looked at her. She made no attempt to hide her passion.

"Ah," he said, "that's from the heart! I dare say you've got a crow to pluck with him too. I've always thought——"

"You've thought wrong then. 'Tis not that. He's tried to have his way with me, but I was too strong for him. Not my sort at all. All the same he did try, and because he tried I hate the man. I'll pay him out some day, and I don't care who hears me say so."

He looked at her with admiration.

"It shows a very proper, self-respecting spirit in you," he said, "and I feel the same. Don't think I've done with the thief. To rob me of my pension—grasping scoundrel. I'll pay him yet, sure as my name's Codd. The people all hate him. No honest man can do with him. My master won't hear his name, and quite right too. He threatened Northmore in the face of the company. Such an awdashus rip didn't ought to be at large. But I'll make him smart to his marrow yet."

Jill considered. The thought of an intrigue at the expense of Pomeroy at-

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tracted her; and here was a very ready weapon to her hand.

"It wants a brave man to stop him," she said.

He looked at her craftily.

"And maybe a cunning woman too—eh?"

"Two heads are better than one, of course. A woman can plan and a man can do."

"I'd ruin him to-morrow if 'twas in my power, and I'm only waiting to see how best to do it," declared Codd.

"Let me help you. Let him as ruined others be ruined himself. Anyway I'll help you if you like. I——"

The offer was not acknowledged and not renewed, for many things swept between Jill's proposal and Emanuel's answer. They had reached Merivale and marked a crowd at Samuel's door. The doctor's trap was standing there, and two of Mr. Bolt's fellow-workmen stood and talked to the people. Seeing her, the men pushed forward a woman. It was Mary Cawker who now, with a white face and trembling tongue, broke the news to Jill.

"Your husband, Mrs. Bolt. I'm cruel sorry to say it, but you must stand the shock. Something on the steam engine busted all of a sudden, and it took charge going down Tavistock hill, and he couldn't stop it, and it turned over, and he's—he's alive, but scalded cruel and broke his poor leg in the bargain. His mother's along with him and the doctor likewise."

Jill passed quickly and hastened to her husband.

Samuel was unconscious, and the doctor said that if his patient survived the shock he might recover. The burns were to be feared more than the broken leg. Yet though Samuel escaped sudden death by a miracle, a kinder fate had slain him instantly, for it was not destined that he should survive. He returned to consciousness in the evening and began to give his mother a detailed account of the catastrophe. His great anxiety was to explain that through no personal fault the thing had happened.

For a week he lived, and then his burns killed him.

Owing to the religious opinions of his doctor, he suffered for six days longer than was necessary.

But medical science, with the skill of the Inquisition, fed him and fortified him. The doctor said afterwards that the whole College of Surgeons could not have kept Samuel Bolt alive an hour longer. He was proud of his achievement.

Jill's husband returned to the dust at last and all Merivale attended the funeral. His mother also went, and among the bearers were Ives Pomeroy and the brothers Toop. A very general sympathy reigned for Rachel Bolt, but little overflowed for the widow. People doubted not that she would soon marry again, and it was generally understood how Samuel had not been happy in his home.

Jill had honestly and terribly felt her husband's sufferings; but not because he was her husband. His death was a matter of indifference, and it rose in time to a satisfaction. She was left poor, but she was still young. She found herself free, and her world appeared to be full of men.

Not until Samuel had sunk into the earth did she begin to build castles in the air; and then many possibilities awoke in her mind. Especially Ives Pomeroy occupied her thoughts, and her new attitude to the man appeared when next Emanuel Codd returned to the old subject.

A fortnight after her husband's death he met her and considered that it was not too soon to remind her of the last words that she had spoken to him. But he began by a general expression of regret at her misfortunes.

"A terrible time for you; still, the right chap will come along in due season. You'll forget all about this after a year or two. The young can forget easier than us old people."

"I shall never forget. I've had my dose of marriage, anyway."

"I saw the man—Ives Pomeroy, I mean—with Ruth Rendle a bit backalong. He's after her now, I do believe. It might save one more unhappy woman if we—if we did what we want to do afore he has his way. His mother always desired for him to marry her; but

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'twill be doing her a kindness if we can prevent it."

There was a great deal in the mind of Jill that she could not utter to Emanuel. He waited for her malignity to inspire his malevolence. He was ready to execute what she cared to plan. But the time was still far from ripe.

"It's a thought awkward for me to do anything for the moment, because the man was exceeding kind about Samuel. He called every day, and they great bunches of grapes he sent did comfort Sam's raging thirst without a doubt."

"Grapes! The fool always runned to grapes when anybody was stricken. He bothered his mother's life out of her about grapes at the end. However, that's neither here nor there."

"I couldn't do anything against him for the minute; I don't feel like it."

"He won't know 'tis you. This is all silly rummage you'm talking. You've got the same cruel grievance against the rogue as you always have had. But for him you'd never have married Bolt and had your baby die, and your husband die, and all the rest of the misery that's fallen to your lot. Can't you see as he is responsible for everything? And then to hold back for a bunch of grapes—bought, no doubt, to let the neighbours hear about it."

"I never saw him when he came to ask for Samuel, and he never saw me either. He couldn't at such a time. All the same——"

Codd sneered.

"I see which way the cat be going to jump. You think he'll come after Samuel's leavings—eh? You think you'll catch him again. Not you! He's going to ax Ruth, and she'll say 'yes,' poor fool. Mark me, afore you can look round they'll be tokened. Once he's after a girl, the grass don't grow under his feet. You'll sit and wait for him to come back till your fiery hair be white, but he'll not come."

She looked at Emanuel without speaking for a full minute. Then she answered slowly—

"Leave it a bit. You won't anger me, though you try to. I'll tell you more when I know more. It may pay you better to be friends with me than quarrel with me."

"You females!" he exclaimed. "Vanity's the backbone of you all. You think, even after all this, that you'll win him back again, with your red hair, and eyes on the ground! Don't you believe it! He's after t'other, or was a fortnight agone."

"I wasn't a free woman then. Now 'tis different."

It was Mr. Codd's turn to reflect awhile.

"Of course the likes of him do nothing but what you don't expect," he said. "He might turn from Ruth to you again—just because 'tis the last thing on earth a sane man would do."

"He wants a woman, not a slip of a girl like that."

"He wants hell," answered Emanuel; "he's earned it and it shan't be my fault if he don't get it sooner or late."

"Bluster is only silliness," she answered. "Think a bit and don't make such a row. What would be most use to you, to have the man come round and mend your pension, or to have him—well, to do him an ill turn—burn his ricks or what not?"

"To burn his ricks be a very good thought," declared Codd. "And nobody would be better able to set onlight to 'em in the proper place than me."

"But if he was to double your pension—that would be better fun than putting a match to his goods."

"Perhaps it would be, but he'll not do that."

"Not single-handed; he might if there was anybody to put it in his head to do it."

"I was an old fool to come to you, or any woman. Don't I know 'em well enough but I must be going to them to help me?"

"You might do worse. I'll see the man, or let him see me. We've been strangers lately along of one thing and another. But now 'tis different. I'll get at his inner thoughts if I can. I'm the sort that treat men as they treat me. If he wants me, he can have me. I'm in the market again."

"You'm a hard-hearted, selfish bitch, like all the rest," he said.

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Then he went off in great annoyance and disappointment. Anon, however, he reconciled his mind to the situation; because he felt assured that Ives Pomeroy could not be tempted any more by the widow of Samuel Bolt. He would decline her advances and then, without doubt, Jill must return to the former standpoint of enmity and prove the more bitter for his indifference. Mr. Codd was getting good wages and doing easy work at Stone Park. At this time, therefore, he liked better the thought of striking his old master than receiving from him any increase of pension. He cherished his grand grievance and would have regretted its removal.

(To be continued)

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Appreciation of Literature. By George E. Woodberry.

The fourth volume of the Appreciation Series. There are seven chapters, namely, First Principles, Lyrical Poetry, Narrative Poetry, Dramatic Poetry, Fiction, Other Prose Forms, and Practical Suggestions. The volume contains portraits of Keats, Byron, Milton, Goldsmith and Lamb.

Brentano's:

Letters from The Raven. Being the Correspondence of Lafcadio Hearn with Henry Watkin. With an Introduction and Critical Comment by the Editor, Milton Bronner.

This series of letters over the signature of "The Raven," a nom-de-plume of Hearn's, was written to Henry Watkin, the benefactor of Hearn's youth and his friend and adviser in later life.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Heroes and Heroism in Common Life. By N. McGee Waters.

A group of essays on the every-day things of life and giving glimpses of men who have lived greatly in their narrow spheres.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

Bernard Shaw. By Holbrook Jackson.

The author presents Bernard Shaw as a serious man with a serious purpose. He undertakes the task of interpreting him as socialist, critic, dramatist and philosopher.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Poets' Country. Edited by Andrew Lang.

The contributors to this volume, besides Mr. Lang himself, are Prof. J. Churton Collins, W. J. Loftie, F.S.A., E. Hartley Coleridge, and Michael MacMillan. The publishers state that the purpose of this volume is to trace the relations of the poets with the aspects of "their ain countrie" or with the scenes where they built their homes, or pitched their transient camps.

The Macmillan Company:

Character and Comedy. By E. V. Lucas.

A volume of short essays which have been collected by permission from various periodicals.

The McClure Company:

Great Writers. By George Edward Woodberry.

A collection of essays on half a dozen of the most noted authors of various nations—Cervantes, Scott, Milton, Virgil, Montaigne and Shakespeare. The striking features of their careers are given, as well as a discussion of their literary works and the chief characters therein.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

With Wordsworth in England. By Anna Benneson McMahan.

For this volume the author has gathered letters of Wordsworth and his sister in order to make a complete story of the great poet's love for his own country. She has also collected all of Wordsworth's poems that have to do with English history and English life.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Pleasures of Literature. By Robert Aris Willmott.

A volume containing advice to those

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who would make writing a profession and suggestions to those who love literature and still have no thought of producing it themselves.

The Altar Fire. By Arthur Christopher Benson.

A volume of essays in the form of a diary. Their aim is to win men back to joys of peaceful work, simplicity, friendship and quiet helpfulness. They are also a protest against the rule or tyranny of convention, the appetite for luxury, power, excitement, and strong sensation.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

When America was New. By Tudor Jenks.

The author here presents a picture of the first colonists of our country at home and amid the round of their daily employments.

From Gretna Green to Land's End. By Katharine Lee Bates.

A literary journey in England. The author takes her readers to various historic places and shows their connection with tradition, song and story. Trips are made to Carlisle, the border city, the Lake Country and the heart of England.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Historic Landmarks of America. As Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Collected and Edited by Esther Singleton.

The scenes described in this volume are such as have been made famous by decisive events in the development of this country. Miss Singleton describes such important landmarks as Plymouth, Jamestown, St. Augustine, Bunker Hill and Yorktown, Vicksburg and Gettysburg.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

From Sea to Sea. By Rudyard Kipling.

A new edition, complete in one volume, of the collected letters of travel written by Mr. Kipling at various times between 1889 and 1899.

Fiji and its Possibilities. By Beatrice Grimshaw.

Miss Grimshaw has penetrated into the interior of the Cannibal Islands and in this volume gives an account of her adventures. She tells of the conditions among the savages and sets forth the history, the government, the trades, and the customs of the more civilised parts. She also points out the possibilities of Fiji as a land of promise where living is cheap and riches abound.

Harper and Brothers:

Decisive Battles of the Law. By Frederick Trevor Hill.

The story of eight famous cases of trial and arbitration. The first case taken up is The United States versus Callender, "a fight for the freedom of the press." Then comes the Aaron Burr Trial, The Trial of John Brown, The Dred Scott Case, The Andrew Johnson Impeachment Episode, The Alabama Arbitration, The Hayes-Tilton Controversy and The Trial of the Chicago Anarchists.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Spirit of Old West Point. By Morris Schaff.

The author was at West Point just at the outbreak of the Civil War. He has caught the spirit of the hour and his book breathes the spirit of patriotism that fired young American manhood in the days of the great national struggle. General Schaff gives anecdotes of student pranks and pen portraits of distinguished officers. The reproduction of photographs showing the appearance of West Point in the early days and at present is an interesting feature of the book.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

In Search of El Dorado. A Wanderer's Experiences. By Alexander Macdonald.

The author of these stories is one of a company of miners who have spent some years together in search of gold, silver and pearls. They have travelled to British New Guinea, Australia, the Klondike, and other remote regions in their quest for the precious metals and gems. And Mr. Macdonald in this volume has recorded their adventures and experiences.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Egyptian Sudan. Its History and Monuments. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A. 2 vols.

In Part I. the author describes the results of his missions to the Egyptian Sudan, on which he was sent by the British Museum, and gives an account of the temples and pyramids between Wadi Halfa and Khartum. He also tells the story of the excavations made by himself. In Part II. he gives the ancient and modern history of the Sudan.

The History of the Squares of London. By E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A.

A history of the various squares with short accounts of past inhabitants and anecdotes bearing on them or the localities in which they lived. Among the squares included are Berkeley and Grosvenor, Cavendish and Hanover, St. James's, Westminster, etc. The volume contains illustrations showing early views of many of the squares.

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Nooks and Corners of Old Paris. By Georges Cain.

An account of the old landmarks of Paris; with more than one hundred illustrations. There is also an introduction by Victorien Sardou, who gives his memories of Paris through many eras and administrations.

Little, Brown and Company:

Napoleon's Young Neighbour. By Helen Leah Reed.

A story of the warm friendship between the great general and Betsy, the little daughter of Mr. Balcombe, at whose house Napoleon spent ten weeks of his exile on the island of St. Helena. Interwoven with the story of their conversations and their frolics is much of Napoleon's military history. Later in life, when Betsy was known as Mrs. Abell, she wrote her "Recollections of Napoleon," which is the basis of Miss Reed's volume.

The American Indian. As a Product of Environment. By A. J. Fynn, Ph.D.

The author devotes special attention to the habits and development of the Pueblos. After describing the lands and homes, Mr. Fynn takes up such questions as food and clothing, government and social life, education, industries, arts and sciences, religion, dances and festivals.

The Macmillan Company:

Florence and the Cities of Northern Tuscany, with Genoa. By Edward Hutten.

The author is devoted to everything Tuscan and here describes the places he has seen and loved. The volume contains many full-page illustrations in colour.

The McClure Company:

Old Indian Days. By C. A. Eastman.

A collection of sketches relating to the American aborigines by one of their own descendants. The book is in two parts; the first deals with the feats of the warriors and the other relates to those of the Indian women.

The Outing Publishing Company:

Camp and Trail. By Stewart Edward White.

A book for the nature lover, summer camper, and the practical woodsman. The author tells just what is necessary and what is unnecessary for comfort and convenience in the camp and on the trail. Some of the topics on which Mr. White writes in this volume are Common Sense in the Wilderness, Personal Equipment, Camp Outfit, Camp Cookery and Horse Outfit. There is also a chapter devoted to canoes, in which the author describes the different kinds of craft, tells of canoe packs, portaging, and many other things which the canoeist ought to know.

James Pott and Company:

Norway and its Fjords. By M. A. Wylie.

The author takes his readers on a cruise, as it were, from Christiania Fjord to the North Cape, and in and out of the beautiful inlets with which the coast of Norway is intersected. Many interesting subjects are discussed on the way.

Scott, Foreman and Company:

A Short History of Rome. By Frank Frost Abbott.

The author states that the primary purpose of this volume is to give the important facts of Roman history and to bring out clearly their connection with one another.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Narratives of Early Virginia, 1606-1625. Edited by Lyon Gardiner Tyler, LL.D.

A new volume in the series of Original Narratives of Early American History. It reprints the most important accounts of Virginian history from the formation of the colony to the dissolution of the Virginian Company.

Paris and Environs. By Karl Baedeker.

A handbook for travellers. With routes from London to Paris. A new and revised edition with maps and plans.

Holland Sketches. By Edward Penfield.

A book of travel in Holland, illustrated appropriately by sketches, reproduced in full colour, of the canals, windmills, streets and people.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

Sadie: The Story of a Girl, some Men, and the Eternal Fitness of Things. By Karl Edwin Harriman.

It deals with the life and love of Sadie, a young girl who waits on a lunch counter, and who finds her luck in the far West.

The Medusa Emerald. By George Gibbs.

The Medusa Emerald is a carved gem owned by Wharton Alexander, a rich New Yorker, who regards it as a talisman. The hero of the story admits having a similar gem which he says is a replica. He is regarded as a thief by his sweetheart and others. A search for the hero and the gem is at once begun, in which private detectives, the New York police, the governor of the State, and even the President take part.

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The Tents of Wickedness. By Miriam Coles Harris.

A picture of so-called "smart society" in New York as seen through the eyes of an American girl brought up in a French convent. Leonora reluctantly leaves the convent, where she has been for twelve years, and returns to America with her father to be "brought out." She has wealth and standing, but in her previous training she has not been prepared for the conditions she finds existing in her father's "set," and they pain and shock her. Her way would have been a thorny one had it not been for Paul Fairfax countenancing her rebellions, the priests counselling filial duty, and the Quaker cousins in Connecticut affording temporary respite in their own green pastures. In the end Paul and Leonora are happily united, with all their wrongs righted.

The Adventurer. By Lloyd Osbourne.

A tale of South American treasure-hunting. The hero goes into the enterprise a penniless vagrant and comes out richer by one splendid girl and $437,000. He goes through mutinies, battles with the savages and other wild experiences.

The New Religion. By Maarten Maartens.

In this volume the author aims to show the present conditions of medical science and what slaves people are to medicine. The story deals with a young Englishwoman who is sent by her husband to a Swiss sanitarium. He later follows her, contracts tuberculosis, and dies. Her son and a noted specialist play an important part in the life of the widow.

The Radical. By I. K. Friedman.

A story dealing with the development and struggles of Bruce McAllister, an eager, high-minded young Chicago statesman, who finds political life in Washington a hard proposition. McAllister is honest and he works for needed reforms, such as the child-labour bill, with all his heart and spirit, refusing to compromise his ideals even when steadfastness means the bitter displeasing of Inez Hammersmith, with whom he falls in love.

Mortmain. By Arthur Train.

A collection of eight short stories. Most of these are well known, having been published in magazines and periodicals. The titles are "Mortmain," "The Rescue of Theophilus Newbegin," "The Vagabond," "The Man Hunt," "Not at Home," "A Study in Sociology," "The Little Feller" and "Randolph, '64."

A Gentleman of Fortune. By H. C. Bailey.

This gentleman of fortune never knew his surname, his father having been killed in battle when he was a child. Raoul is carried off and held as a page for sixteen years. This was in the latter half of the sixteenth century, when the Dutch were fighting against Alva. When Taddeo, Raoul's capture, was killed, Raoul started out on his own account and called himself Raoul de Tout le Monde. After his last adventure, which landed him in England with a charming bride, he changed his name to Raoul Bonfortune.

Richard C. Badger:

A Prodigal. By Mary Wallace Brooks.

The "Prodigal," who has been for years an outcast from his home, is the son of a highly respected divine. The story tells of his changed feelings through the influence of a delightful girl who visits his home village for the summer, and of his suddenly awakened interest in the welfare of his younger sister, who is sought after by an undesirable acquaintance of his.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The World and the Woman. By Ruth Kimball Gardiner.

A story of modern life in Washington, D. C.

A Voyage with Captain Dynamite. By Charles Edward Rich.

A story of adventure just before the Spanish-American War.

Filippo, the Italian Boy. By Laura B. Starr.

A tale of Italian child life.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Lion's Share. By Octave Thanet.

A modern tale the scenes of which are laid chiefly in San Francisco. The principal character is Edwin Keatcham, the millionaire "Lion." Cary Mercer, a lamb in the stock market, is neatly shorn by Keatcham. He determines to "get even" with the financier in some way, and his cousin, Mrs. Rebecca Winter, elderly and rich, lends her aid. The result of their scheming is the kidnapping of Keatcham, who is kept a prisoner until Mercer has won his point and regained his fortune. The "Lion" finally comes to see his despicable career in the true light. He is fatally wounded in the San Francisco earthquake, which the author describes.

The Heart Line. By Gelett Burgess.

This is a romance of San Francisco before the fire and earthquake and deals with palmistry, the hero being proficient in the art until he meets and loves the heroine, Clytie Payson, when, through her influence, he gives up the business and devotes himself to the exposure of the cheats and driving them out of the city.

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The Broken Lance. By Herbert Quick.

An American story based on the contention that it was Christ's purpose to establish an earthly kingdom and that his ideas if followed to-day would regenerate society.

The Best Man. By Harold MacGrath.

Stories of politics, ambition and love. In each of these stories, despite scheming rivals and ambitious parents, the "best man" gets the girl. While the three tales in this volume do not deal with weddings there is an immediate prospect of such a ceremony at the finish of each.

The Apple of Discord. By Earle Ashley Walcott.

A tale of old San Francisco during the beginning of the anti-Chinese anarchistic riots under the leadership of Denis Kearney and the "sand-lot" hoodlums. The "Apple of Discord" is Moon Ying, the Chinese girl.

The Century Company:

The Red Reign. By Kellogg Durland.

Mr. Durland presents Russia to-day through American eyes. During the past year he has visited every section of European Russia, crossed the Caucasus with a group of fourteen Cossack officers, and penetrated Siberia. The sole aim during all these journeys, the author states, was to acquire as nearly as he could an accurate picture of Russia in revolution, and in this volume his purpose has been to present as nearly as possible an accurate and truthful picture of what he saw and learned.

A Fountain Sealed. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

The heroine in this story is a charming woman who has lived happily in England for several years. Upon the death of her husband, from whom she was separated, she returns to her daughter in America. But between mother and daughter there is a wide gulf which the mother's love strives in vain to bridge, for under the girl's beauty and surface sweetness she is really self-centred. There is a young lover in the story and an elderly English wooer. The scenes are laid in New York, Boston, and the Vermont hills.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Lure of the Dim Trails. By B. M. Bower.

A lively story of the West, beyond the Mississippi, where the trails of men are dim and far apart. The volume contains three-colour drawings and pen-and-ink marginal pictures by Charles M. Russell (the cowboy artist).

Doubleday, Page and Company:

In High Places. By Dolores Bacon.

The scenes are laid in New York among the busy people of the financial district. One of the chief characters is an up-to-date business woman, Jean Meredith, who has become the right hand of a financier. She is let go because of the jealousy of his wife, but watches over his affairs and in a crisis comes to his rescue.

The Tracks We Tread. By C. B. Lancaster.

The scene is in New Zealand and most of the men whose "tracks" are laid bare are capable of big things and prove their capability. They are a rough and undisciplined lot to whom danger and excitement are the breath of life. Considerable romance is woven into the story.

Paul Elder and Company:

A Ball of Yarn; its Unwinding. By Robert Rudd Whiting.

A book of ingenious yarns exchanged around the stove in the village hotel. Illustrated and decorated by Merle Johnson.

Empire Book Company:

The Powers and Maxine. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

A story of mystery the scenes of which are laid in London and Paris. Maxine is a brilliant young actress and also a secret service agent for the British Government. She carries on a daring series of love affairs and political intrigues at the same time.

Dana Estes and Company:

Grandmother. By Laura E. Richards.

The story of a young girl who is taken from harmful influences by an old man who makes her his wife. The old man's daughter, Rachel, being displeased when the girl is brought home nicknames her "Grandmother." The name sticks and she becomes familiarly known by it, but it grows to be a term of endearment rather than scorn.

What Robin did Then. By Marian Warner Wildman.

The story of the doings of three orphans—Robin (short for Roberta) and her two brothers—who were compelled by circumstances to seek a home among the mining camps in the mountains of northern California.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Knight of the Silver Star. By Percy Brebner.

A love story the scenes of which are laid in an isolated kingdom. There is a beautiful Princess and a strong and valiant hero. The numerous perils they encounter are exciting and varied.

Harper and Brothers:

From Van Dweller to Commuter. By Albert Bigelow Paine.

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The story is told in the first person, the hero being a Western man who has gone to New York with his wife, whom he designates as the "Little Woman," and two children, the "Precious Ones." It tells of their trials and tribulations in househunting, moving and settling within the city and then the settlement in a near-by suburb. The landlords, janitors, movers, servant girls of all nations, carpenters, gardeners, etc., all have a part in the story.

An Encore. By Margaret Deland.

A story of the youthful love of Alfred Price and Letty Morris and how stern parents brought about their separation. Each married and almost forgot one another. Forty-eight years later they meet again as neighbours, one a widower and the other a widow, each with grown-up sons and daughters. The romance deals with the reawakening of love in the old people's minds and their efforts to overcome the objections of their children to the marriage, their subsequent elopement and the ceremony performed by Dr. Lavendar.

A Horse's Tale. By Mark Twain.

A story of the West, dealing with officers, soldiers, and a delightful little girl and a horse.

The Fair Lavinia and Others. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

A volume of eight short stories—sketches of country life and of old-fashioned modes of thought.

Walled In. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

The hero, Professor Myrton Ferris, while standing high in his profession, is an adept at golfing, climbing, fencing, sailing, rowing, swimming and automobiling. Suddenly, through an automobile accident, he is stricken down and, while retaining all his faculties, is literally "walled in." The story tells of the professor's wife, a dainty, pleasure-loving woman, of her husband's love for her and how she gradually weakens and destroys it by her own selfishness. Also of Honora, the sister-in-law, a thoughtful, unselfish woman, who, as a trained nurse, greatly relieves Ferris's suffering. Honora wins the professor's love, but they are both true to the ties that separate them. Life swings back to strength and usefulness, and finally, in spite of tragic disaster, to happiness.

Emerald and Ermine. By the author of The Martyrdom of an Empress.

A story of mystery, love and passion, by an authoress who prefers to remain anonymous. The scene is laid in Brittany. A beautiful young woman has been left a widow by a middle-aged duke who was also an admiral. She believes if she marries again the old castle and estate will pass into the hands of the profligate new head of the family. The interest centres about her struggle to protect the house and the manor folk—a struggle in which she has to put aside her own feelings.

The Secret Agent. By Joseph Conrad.

A psychological story of a group of anarchists in London. The principal character is a Mr. Verloc, the secret agent in London for a foreign government. He poses as one of the anarchists and worms himself into their confidence. In this way he is able to keep in touch with their plans and their plots. There are minute and lifelike descriptions of the lives of the anarchists and the inner workings of their associations.

Henry Holt and Company:

A Turnpike Lady. By Sarah N. Cleghorn.

A story dealing with the daily life of the people of Beartown, Vermont, just before the Revolutionary War.

The Luck of the Dudley Grahams. As related in extracts from Elizabeth Graham's Diary. By Alice Calhoun Haines.

The Grahams were poor people and kept a boarding-house. The little sister, Ernie, persisted in looking for a contract which had been lost. She eventually found it and then all their troubles were over.

Gunhild. A Norwegian-American Episode. By Dorothy Canfield.

The scene of the story is laid in Norway. It tells of the experiences of a small party of American tourists. Gunhild is a Norwegian girl whose early youth had been spent in Kansas. A rich American falls in love with her.

Poe's Raven in an Elevator and Other Tales. By Charles Battell Loomis.

The third edition of what was formerly known as "More Cheerful Americans." The title is taken from the tale that has proved most popular in Mr. Loomis's public readings. The volume also includes burlesques on novels and on popular music, with Miss Flutterly papers and numerous tales of Americans who were cheerful under trying circumstances.

On the Heights. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Simon Adler Stern.

A new one volume edition of the famous German novel. The story of a noblewoman and a peasant girl and their contrasted fates. It gives a vivid picture of German life in court and cottage about the middle of the last century.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Old Peabody Pew. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

A Christmas romance dealing with

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the courtship begun and ended, after many years, in the "Old Peabody Pew." The book opens with a meeting of the Dorcas Society in animated discussion of worn church carpets, leaky roofs and smoky chimneys, and how to repair them from the empty treasury before the Christmas festival.

Mr. Tuckerman's Nieces. By Helen Dawes Brown.

An old-fashioned love-story. The plot centres around a professor who, as a bachelor uncle of three orphaned girls, is suddenly called upon to act as guardian to them. The girls come to live with the professor in the East, and, according to his way of thinking, completely upset the quiet current of his life. Although the professor's fine old colonial house sees many unlooked-for happenings, the outcome is not as unwelcome as he had anticipated.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The Code of Victor Jallot. By Edward Childs Carpenter.

A romance of old New Orleans at the beginning of the last century. The central figure is the chivalrous Victor Jallot. The story is told of his efforts to win his way through life and also a proud woman's love.

Little, Brown and Company:

Susan Clegg and a Man in the House. By Anne Warner.

The man in the house in which Susan Clegg lived for so long a time alone is a boarder, Elijah Doxey, nephew of the village grocer. The story is told of Elijah's novel ideas as to the conduct of a newspaper, the visit of Susan Clegg to a woman's convention, her views on the Democratic and Republican parties, a celebration of Independence Day, etc.

By Neva's Waters. By John R. Carling.

An historical romance dealing with an episode in the street history of Alexander I., Czar of Russia. The wife of Czar Alexander plays a prominent part in the love drama of the story.

The Cruise of the Make-Believes. By Tom Gallon.

A philanthropic young Englishman who has tired of the social life of his "set" goes into the poorer quarter of London, where he befriends a young girl, Bessie Meggison, who is endeavouring to make a living by taking lodgers. Gilbert Byfield offers the girl's father the means of a holiday for her. The irresponsible father takes advantage of this and decides that it will be necessary for him to accompany his daughter on the outing. The shiftless brother and other relatives, as well as some of Byfield's fashionable London friends, join the party and go on "the cruise of the make-believes," which ends in a shipwreck on an island.

The McClure Company:

The New Missioner. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

The Missioner is a woman, Frances Barton, who leaves the city to carry the Gospel to the people of the Rocky Mountains. She finds most of the women sordid and insensible to the beauty around them, while others are touched with a gleam of the wild free beauty of their surroundings. The story is told of her work among these people and of her influence for good.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Immensee. Translated from the German of Theodore Storm by George P. Upton.

The picture presented here is that of a man far along in life who reviews, as in a dream, the episodes and progress of the love story of his youth. The volume is illustrated and decorated by Margaret and Helen Armstrong.

The Crimson Conquest. By Charles Bradford Hudson.

A romance in the days of Pizarro's conquest of Peru. The hero is a Spanish cavalier whose soul revolts at the cruelty and wickedness imposed upon the natives. He finally makes common cause with the natives and leads them in battle. He falls in love with the sister of the Inca.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Helen's Babies. By John Habberton.

The Author's Edition. With some account of their ways—innocent, crafty, angelic, impish, witching, and repulsive. Also a partial record of their actions during ten days of their existence.

A Bachelor's Baby, and some Grownups. By Thomas L. Masson.

A volume of short stories, the first of which is "A Bachelor's Baby." This tells of the adoption of a circus performer's baby by a wealthy bachelor.

L. C. Page and Company:

Clementina's Highwayman. By R. N. Stephens and G. H. Westley.

A romance of love and adventure. Clementina's lover, a gallant gentleman, leads her through adventures that endanger his life and her reputation. But he finds that her spirit matches his own.

The Young Train Dispatcher. By Burton E. Stevenson.

The story of the rise of an industrious youth. He enters the railroad service as a messenger, his duty being to deliver mail through the yards. As a

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result of his carefulness he climbs to good fortune. He is a self-taught telegrapher and meets with unusual success.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Folk Afield. By Eden Phillpotts.

A collection of short stories of love and adventure on sea and land. Most of the scenes are laid in the south of France, in Italy and in North Africa.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

A Prophet in Babylon. By W. J. Dawson.

The story of a strong man of great courage, a man who has the brain to grasp and the boldness to execute, and who finally succeeds. The Rev. John Gaunt is minister of a New York church. He makes it a strong church where it had been a weak one, but again it gradually declines with the decline of the neighbourhood and the removal of the members to a more prosperous section of the city. Gaunt is criticised by his board of managers. Their meeting to "consider the situation" grows out of an independence of thought and an advanced intellectual effort in his sermons. Gaunt determines after another meeting, in which he is severely criticised, to take no fixed salary from the Church, desiring to be free in his teachings. He renounces his pulpit, sells his property, and launches a movement for a new Christian organisation. He rents Madison Square Garden, announces his purpose, and on the first night finds it filled to the doors. He forms a "League of Universal Service" whose emblem is the cross and whose creed is the union of all who love in the service of all who suffer. The tale involves interesting characters in various professions and its object is to teach the joy as well as pain of sacrifice for others.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Grandissimes. By George W. Cable.

The new edition of Mr. Cable's great novel is illustrated by Albert Herter in a number of full-page drawings and head and tail pieces reproduced in photogravure.

The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

A simple tale of an artist who, standing steadfastly by the ideals on which his own true love rests, is able to forward to a happy consummation the case of fresh young love that comes under his care.

Major Vigoureux. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.

The scene of this story is on one of a little group of islands off the English coast. Major Vigoureux, its hero and an old-fashioned and soldierly gentleman, is in command of the island. His adventures and experiences together with those of the other people on the island make an interesting tale.

Days Off, and Other Digressions. By Henry van Dyke.

A collection of short stories on out-of-door life, telling of days spent in fishing, hunting, etc.

A. Wessels Company:

Father Felix's Chronicles. By Nora Chesson.

Father Felix, of the Order of St. Benedict, the supposed writer of the narrative, is a scribe belonging to the priory house of Norwich. His chronicles include the period between 1400 and 1444.

JUVENILE

Richard G. Badger:

Comrades Courageous. By Russell Whitcomb.

A story for boys. The incidents which will hold the interest of the young readers are a shipwreck, a dynamite explosion and the San Francisco earthquake. The hero is a stowaway.

Brentano's:

School Days. A Memory Book. Arranged and Pictured by Josephine Bruce.

Each page is decorated with pictures of boys and girls engaged in the various occupations and amusements of school life. Blanks are left for the children to keep records of their work and play in the schoolroom. An appropriate and helpful quotation is to be found on each page.

The Century Company:

Father and Baby Plays. By Emile Poulsson. Illustrations by Florence E. Storer. Music by Theresa H. Garrison and Charles Cornish.

A book of music, pictures and rhymes teaching father, mother and the babies how to play together.

Tom, Dick, and Harriet. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

The scenes and many of the characters are the same as in the author's previous book, *The Crimson Sweater.* Roy and Harry continue to be leaders in the life at Ferry Hill, but there is a new boy, Dick, whom Harry persuades to leave Hammond for Ferry Hill and who stirs up things in a wholesome way at the school of his choice. The account of the game between Ferry Hill and Hammond, which wins Ferry Hill its much needed endowment, is interesting and exciting.

Dana Estes and Company:

Chatterbox for 1907. Founded by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A.

Another volume of stories, articles, rhymes and pictures.

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Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. By Selma Lagerlöf.

A fairy story. Nils is a boy of fourteen, who, because of his abuse of an elf, is turned into one himself. Thus he understands all that the animals say about him, and his small size enables them to take revenge on him for the way he abused them when he was normal.

Duffild and Company:

Stories from the Old Testament. By Harriet S. B. Beale.

Told for children. With pictures in colour by Roscoe Shrader and Herbert Moore.

Harper Brothers:

Little Girl and Philip. By Gertrude Smith.

The story of two children who live next door to each other in houses exactly alike. Little Girl is quick and full of mischief and Philip is quiet and clever. They have some great times together.

Favourite Fairy Tales. Illustrated by Peter Newell.

The stories are those which won the love, as children, of some eminent American men and women of to-day. With each fairy tale is given the name of the one whose favourite it was.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Princess Pourquoi. By Margaret Sherwood.

A volume containing five stories—parables written in the form of old-fashioned fairy tales.

Harry's Runaway and What Came of It. By Olive Thorne Miller.

The experiences of a mischievous boy, who persuades one of his playmates to run away with him. It contains a moral for young readers. Besides this episode there are other stories all planned to give Harry a lesson, and each one deals with the adventures of a runaway.

John Lane Company:

Fairies I Have Met. By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell.

Illustrated in colour by Edmund Dulac.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Next-Door Morelands. By Emily Westwood Lewis.

The story of how the Morelands, five merry children, befriended Corinne, an orphan who came from her home in France to grow up under the care of her American uncle.

The Diamond King and the Little Man in Gray. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft.

The author places her little heroine amid the elves, gnomes, and giants of a fairy kingdom, and tells of her queer adventures through the "Land of the Midday Moon" and the "Land of the Starlit Days" to the "Country of the Afterglow."

Betty Baird's Ventures. By Anna Hamlin Weikel.

The second volume in the Betty Baird Series. The first volume gave her experiences at boarding-school. In the new volume Betty's friends meet the same bright, wholesome girl. Her ventures are financial ones, because of a mortgage on the home. She also bends her efforts toward clearing up misunderstandings and bringing together young people who, having quarrelled, are not easily brought back to friendship.

Little Me-Too. By Julia Dalrymple.

A story for small children, describing Me-Too's nursery, his plays, his mischief and his fun.

Dorcaster Days. By A. G. Plympton.

A story for young girls. The principal characters are young people living in Dorcaster. At first they appear to be totally ignorant of the fact that there is good to be found anywhere outside of the community in which they live. A young doctor comes into their midst who believes that his duty does not lie entirely in healing the physical ills of his patients. He reaches some of the people of the village in a way that is of vast good to the poorer folk of a neighbouring village in which most of the residents are hands from a large factory. The possibilities and advantages of the simple life are illustrated in Thea Croft, the heroine of the story.

Theodora. By Katharine Pyle and Laura Spencer Porter.

An interesting story for young girls dealing with the experiences of the little heroine, Theodora Winthrop, in a boarding-school where she is sent while her father goes abroad. She meets in the school many other little girls of varying dispositions, including Susie, an unfortunate orphan. Theodora's dislike for Susie changes to love and devotion, and when it comes time for them to leave they have become inseparable.

Boys of the Border. By Mary P. Wells Smith.

A new volume in the Old Deerfield Series dealing with the struggles of the colonists of New England and telling the story of the French and Indian War as it affected the northwest border towns of Massachusetts.

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Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

The Boys of Pigeon Camp. By Martha James.

The second volume of Pigeon Camp Series. The three friends who came together in the first volume, "Jimmie Suter," now camp for the summer in a tent on the shores of a lake and are caretakers of a vacant home. They are manly youngsters, whose characters are happily contrasted in taking care of pets, in building a houseboat, and in other ways calculated to make them better physically, morally and mentally.

Long Knives. By George Cary Eggleston.

A story of adventure dealing with the George Rogers Clark Expedition and the conquest of the great North West.

Four Boys in the Land of Cotton. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

The second volume of Our Own Land Series. Four young students spend their summer vacation in a southern tour which begins in Virginia and takes them through Tennessee to the Mississippi River and on through Arkansas to Indian Territory. They come to appreciate their own country by seeing it and learn history by visiting historic places. Incidentally they have a good time.

The Macmillan Company:

Nina's Career. By Christina Gowans Whyte.

Nina is the ward of three unmarried sisters who possess a very small income and out of it set apart regularly a share for the little girl in order that she may be educated for a "career." The story tells of the life and experiences of Nina, as well as her companions Maud and Gertrude.

Redcoat Captain: A Story of that Country. By Alfred Ollivant.

A story of the imagination. Redcoat is a captain in the army of "That Country," which is the land where, so long as you are good and loving, you never grow old. It is difficult to classify this book. It has been described as a book for "grown-up children."

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Improving Songs for Anxious Children. By John and Rue Carpenter.

A book of songs, music and illustrations.

The Reilly and Britton Company:

Ozma of Oz. By L. Frank Baum.

A book for children that tells about the adventures of Ozma with Dorothy, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and with some new characters, such as the Hungry Tiger, the Nome King and Tiktok.

Policeman Bluejay. By Laura Bancroft.

A fairy tale for young children. The author writes in the preface that many of the traits of the feathered folk described in this volume are in strict accordance with the natural history teachings and will serve to acquaint her readers with the habits of birds in their wildwood homes.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

American Unitarian Association:

The Democratic Ideal. By Milton Reed.

A calm and rational survey of the democratic methods of government. The author indicates those respects in which the American people are not living up to their highest principles and points out the simple truths needing recognition to hold them true in their course of apparently triumphant democracy.

The Water-Star. By George H. Badger.

A volume of essays in which the author uses the ways of nature as parables to illustrate moral and spiritual lessons, and to impart courage and optimism.

The Human Harvest. By David Starr Jordan.

A study of the decay of races through the survival of the unfit.

The Soul of the Bible. By Ulysses G. B. Pierce. With an introduction by Edward Everett Hale.

The author has selected passages from the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha and arranged them as synthetic readings. Each reading is a literary unit, dealing with but one subject, and intended to make a definite religious impression.

David Libbey; Penobscot Woodsman and River-Driver. By Fannie H. Eckstorm.

The fourth volume of True American Types. The purpose of this series is to show "the sterling American manhood which travels along the by-paths of life rather than the highways of fame." This volume tells of the experience and career of one of Maine's expert lumbermen.

The Immortality of the Soul in the Poems of Tennyson and Browning. By Henry Jones, LL.D., D.Litt.

An analysis of the poems of Tennyson and Browning with reference to their evidence on immortality. The author is professor of moral philosophy in the University of Glasgow.

D. Appleton and Company:

The Moon. By Garrett P. Serviss.

This book contains a popular descrip-

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tion of all the principal features, mountains, and landscapes of the moon, preceded by an account of its origin, its phenomena and its relations to the earth. The volume is illustrated with photographs taken at the Yerkes Observatory.

The Parables. By Lyman Abbott, D.D.

The scriptural text is given in these parables. There is an introduction which the author offers as a clue to be used in interpreting the message of the "veiled truth." The illustrations present the parables in modern scenes and costumes — the modern prodigal, the modern foolish virgin and the present-day house builded upon the sand.

David; Warrior-Poet-King. By the Rev. W. S. Richardson.

In this narrative, which is told by means of various scriptural passages, the author lays special stress upon the qualities of the man David, the frailties over which the might of character triumphed, the friendship for Jonathan, and the anguish over Absalom. His development in character is traced through the years of prosperity and adversity as king over Israel.

The Broadway Publishing Company:

The Teachings of Thomas Henry Huxley. By Irving Wilson Voorhees.

The book is in two parts, the first being devoted to the life of Huxley, and the second to his teachings—Biological, Theological, Educational, Moral, Psychological; also teachings concerning the Gospel of Work and Individual Rights.

Cambridge University Press:

Cambridge Bible—The Book of Esther.

For schools and colleges. With introduction and notes by Rev. A. W. Streane, D.D.

J. H. Furst Company:

The Æsthetic Doctrine of Montesquieu. By Edwin Preston Dargan.

Its application and his writings.

Harper Brothers:

From Sail to Steam: Recollection of a Naval Life. By Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N.

This volume contains personal reminiscences and also tells the important story of the change from sail to steam and the results of the change.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Temple of Virtue. By Paul Revere Frothingham.

A volume containing six sermons on "Virtue in General," "Self-Control," "Courage," "Prudence," "Magnanimity" and "Love." These cardinal virtues are set forth in their individual importance and in their relations to one another and to a virtuous life.

The Macmillan Company:

British Colonial Policy. By George Louis Beer.

A study of British policy during the "critical period of the old empire"—the transitional years in which, in North America, were generated the ideas which led to armed resistance and the formation of the separated United States of America.

Presbyterian Committee of Publication:

Studies in the Life of Christ. By J. B. Shearer, D.D., LL.D.

It is stated in the preface that the author's aim in this volume has been to make a wide and exhaustive induction of the facts, in the Gospel and elsewhere in the Scriptures, which throw light on the person, character and work of Christ.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Virgin Birth of Christ. By James Orr, M.A., D.D.

The publishers state that the lectures included in this book were delivered by Dr. Orr in New York during the month of April, 1907, and that their aim is to establish faith in the Incarnation, to meet objections, and to show the intimate connection of fact and doctrine in this transcendent mystery.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Art of Living in Good Health. By Daniel S. Sager, M.D.

A practical guide to well-being through proper eating, thinking, and living in the light of modern science.

The Vedanta Society:

Vedanta Philosophy. By Swami Abhedananda.

A new and enlarged edition. Five lectures on Reincarnation by a notable Hindoo religionist and lecturer.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

The Century Company:

Old Spanish Masters. Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole, with text by Charles H. Caffin, and notes by the engraver.

Each block has been cut by Mr. Cole in the presence of the original paintings. The critical and descriptive text is an interesting story of the work of the great masters of Spanish art. The notes of the engraver are also an interesting feature.

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Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. By William Shakespeare. Edited, with notes, introduction, glossary, lists of variorum readings, and selected criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

Duffield and Company:

The Holy Grail, and Other Fragments. By Richard Hovey.

The uncompleted parts of the Arthurian Dramas of the author, to which are added an introduction and notes by Mrs. Richard Hovey and a preface by Bliss Carman. It contains Richard Hovey's outline of the entire nine volumes of the Launcelot and Guenevere Series as he had projected it; also perfected and beautiful parts of the unfinished plays.

Harper Brothers:

Stories of Symphonic Music. By Lawrence Gilman.

A guide to the meaning of important symphonies, overtures, and tone-poems from Beethoven to the present day.

John Lane Company:

The Wagnerian Romances. By Gertrude Hall.

The object of this book is to give a better and more complete knowledge of the original poems.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Stories from the Operas. By Gladys Davidson.

Tales of some of the popular grand operas — *Cavalleria, Pagliacci, Aida, Traviata, Huguenots, Fidelio,* and others. There are also given brief biographical sketches of the composers whose operas are represented.

The Opera. By R. A. Streatfield.

A new edition—revised and enlarged. The work has been brought down to date and includes descriptions of the most recent operas.

Chats with Music Lovers. By Annie W. Patterson.

The author here discusses many subjects of interest to the music lover and the professional musician, including, "How to Enjoy Music," "How to Practise," "How to Sing," "How to Compose," "How to Become an Organist," "How to Appear in Public," "How to Organise Musical Entertainments," "How to Publish Music," etc.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Ibsen Secret. By Jeannette Lee.

A key to the prose dramas of Henrik Ibsen. The author here points out the symbolism that pervades each of his plays.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Light-fingered Gentry. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. His Own People. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) 90c.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Romance of an Old-fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Love of Life. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Lion's Share. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Domestic Adventurers. Bacon. (Scribner.) $1.00.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Lion's Share. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.50.
2. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) $1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Crimson Conquest. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Lion's Share. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Man Who Rose Again. Hocking. (Jennings and Graham.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Light-fingered Gentry. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Lone Star. Lyle. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.

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DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lion's Share. Octave Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) $1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.50.
5. The Ancestors. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.75.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Weavers. Parker. Harper. $1.50.
2. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
3. His Own People. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) 90c.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of an Old-fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. Stokes. $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Romance of an Old-fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. Harper. $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

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NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Helpmate. Sinclair. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. Beth Norvell. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Alice-for-Short. DeMorgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Romance of an Old-fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. Von Arnheim. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Ancestors. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.75.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Lion's Share. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyles. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Best Man. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Arethusa. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Traitor. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Car of Destiny. Williamson. (Musson.) $1.25.
3. Arizona Nights. White. (Musson.) $1.25.
4. Bar-20. Mulford. (Outing.) $1.50.
5. The Way of a Man. Hough. (Outing.) $1.50.
6. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Musson.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Barbary Sheep. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
2. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Fruit of the Tree. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Stooping Lady. Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Crested Seas. Connolly. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Helena's Path. Hope. (McClure.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Weavers. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.	366
2. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.	288
3. The Daughter of Anderson Crow. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.....	177
4. The Younger Set. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.....	155
5. Satan Sanderson. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.....	128
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.....	103

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